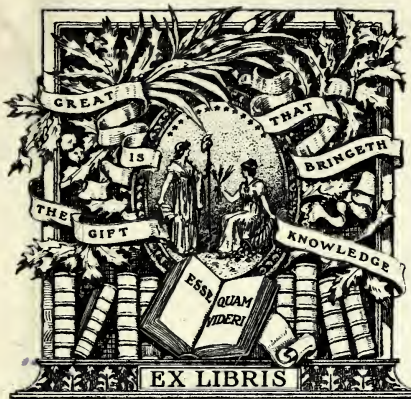


EX LIBRIS

STEPHEN B. WEEKS
CLASS OF 1886; PH.D. THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
THE WEEKS COLLECTION
OF
CAROLINIANA

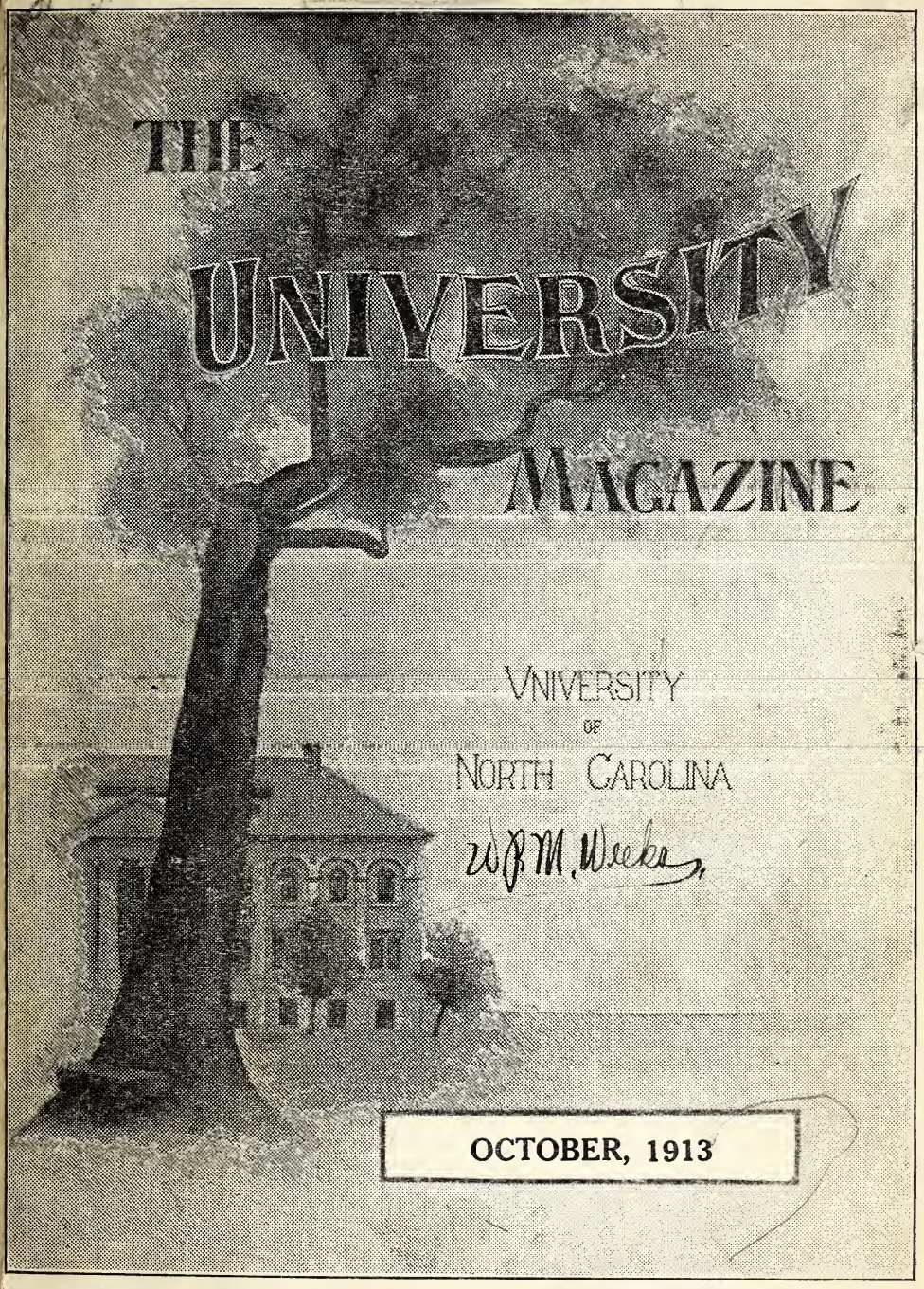
C378
UGm
v.44-45, 1913-14

This book must not be taken from the Library building

3 Mar '31 CK
20 Apr '31 C
15 Apr '32
20 Apr '32
30 Apr '36 Z
15 Mar 43 RA
3 Apr 43 SQ
9 Apr '43
JAN 1 / 1954
MAR 14 1958

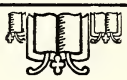
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/universityofncmag19131914



WHAT THE UNIVERSITY AIMS
TO BE AND WHAT IT IS

The University of North Carolina



Young Men Trained to be Leaders in Their Communities in the State

Faculty Numbers 94. Library of 65,000 Volumes
Equipment Valued at $900,000.00

Special Training for

Teachers, Lawyers, Physicians
Chemical, Electrical, Mining and Civil
Engineers, Pharmacists
and for Educated, Useful
Citizenship

For Catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR

CHAPEL HILL - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

THE JEFFERSON

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Most Magnificent Hotel in the South

European Plan ∴ 400 Rooms ∴ 300 Baths
Rooms Single and En Suite, with and without
Private Baths ∴ Turkish and Roman Baths

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS

LARGE CONVENTION HALL

RATES $1.50 PER DAY AND UP

O. F. WEISIGER, MANAGER

WE UNDERSTAND that you are looking for a printer who can put the ink in think and the "comp" in competency. [That is the big aid in trade] and it might not be amiss if he also put the fact in manufacturing and the pay in paper. So when you want to get a sing in your advertising, see

The Seeman Printery

110-112 Corcoran Street

DURHAM, N. C.

P. S. As we have been at it 30 years we also feel qualified to put the edge in Knowledge.

The Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company

LIFE ═══ FIRE

INSURANCE

Real Estate Bonds Loans

The Hill-Stockard Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TAILORS **HABERDASHERS**

"At the Sign of the Scissors"

EVERYTHING FROM HAT TO SOX FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN. EVENING WEAR A SPECIALTY. WRITE US YOUR WANTS—MAIL ORDERS WILL HAVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION. OUR SUITS ARE TAILORED TO SATISFY THE MOST PARTICULAR. OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE ON THE HILL WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF FURNISHINGS FOR SPRING. OUR CUTTERS WILL BE THERE TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE FOR THAT SPRING SUIT.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

Jolly & Wynne's

JEWELRY, CUT GLASS, CHINA, FLAT, HOLLOW AND FANCY STERLING WARE

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, COLLEGE JEWELRY WEDDING PRESENTS

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Company

128 FAYETTEVILLE STREET : : : RALEIGH, N. C.

The University Press

ZEB. P. COUNCIL, Manager

PRINTING

THE KIND THAT PLEASES—ON STOCK THAT LOOKS GOOD

Phone 158

THE ASSOCIATION STORE

All Kinds of Athletic Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Tobaccos and Drinks,
Student Supplies

J. L. ORR, Manager

MANAGER'S NOTE

The University Magazine is published by the two literary societies of the University of North Carolina. It is issued six times each collegiate year, and its purpose is to foster literary spirit among the students of the University. It exists as the organ of our alumni and student body. Every student and alumnus should be on the mailing list.

If a subscriber desires to have his copy stopped at the expiration of his subscription, notice must be given to that effect; otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of subscription is desired. Always notify us when you change your post office address.

Subscription price $1.00 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

The following is a list of those who have made the existence of this **Magazine** possible. Were it not for the friends of the University who advertise in our college publications, this **Magazine** could not exist. Our subscription amounts to only about one-third the cost of **Magazine.** If you are a Carolina man, show it by patronizing those who patronize Carolina. Here they are:

CHAPEL HILL

University Press
The University of North Car.
The Association Store
Chapel Hill Ins. & Realty Co.
Bank of Chapel Hill
Kluttz's New Haberdashery
Kluttz's Book Store
Bill Jones
E. A. Brown
Gooch's Cafe
Patterson's Bros.
Pickard's Livery Stable
Eubanks Drug Co.
Andrews Cash Store Co.
H. H. Patterson
W. B. Sorrell
Lloyd's Cafe
People's Bank
Strowd & Tilley
Foister
C. S. Pendergraft

DURHAM

The Seeman Printery
Hotel Lochmoor
Royal Cafe

GREENSBORO

Hill-Stockard Co.
Odell Hardware Co.
Southern Life & Trust Co.
State Normal College
Hennessee Cafe
Schiffman Jewelry Co.
Columbia Laundry Co.

WINSTON-SALEM

Hotel Webster
Phoenix Cafe
Zinzendorf Laundry
Winston-Salem Southb'd Ry.
Chamber of Commerce
Salem Academy

RALEIGH

Jolly & Wynne
Giersch's Hotel and Cafe
King's Business College
Citizen's National Bank
N. C. College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts
Tucker Building Pharmacy
Union Barber Shop

MISCELLANEOUS

N. Hess' Sons, Baltimore, Md.
Cotrell & Leonard, New York
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Southern Railway
Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.
Hotel Lexington, Richmond, Va.
Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
A Modern Eliezer	*B. F. Auld*	1
O Man of Fickle Mind (Poem)	*D. H. Killeffer*	5
The College Student (a la "Life")	*E. B. Marsh*	6
The Old Familiar Cycle	*Walter P. Fuller*	8
Carolina (Poem)	*Lowry Axley*	17
Books and the State	*Jesse Forbes Pugh*	18
Wanted: an Answer	*Tom Boushall*	23
Shoes	*Tom Linn, Jr.*	26
A Wish (Poem)	*J. L. Orr*	28
Hoss-shoe Bend	*A1*	29
In Memory (Poem)	*Jesse Forbes Pugh*	48
Samuel Wirt	*Marcellus*	31
Personality in Regard to the Attainments of True Education	*W. Raymond Taylor*	33
Sketches		37
Editorials		44
Around the Well		49
Exchanges		57

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1913

Old Series Vol. 44 No. 1 New Series Vol. 31

A MODERN ELIEZER*

B. F. AULD

Reddy was a favorite from the moment he first poked his red head through the office door and winked slyly at the clerks. He was one of a dozen who had come in answer to an advertisement for an office boy. He got the job on account of his sunny smile and retained it for no other reason. For I must tell you that Reddy was not as bright as his name would indicate, but his cheery countenance and laughing blue eyes brought into the office a ray of sunshine which wholly atoned for his faulty memory and his stupid blunders. Moreover, he was willing and eager to do anything he was asked. During his first month, however, we repaid his submission by many funny pranks, at which he laughed as much as any of us.

His most important work, however, did not consist of his office duties, but he assumed the burden of providing sweethearts for the two unmarried clerks. Reddy had a firm conviction that there was a helpmeet for every man and that she contained the essential qualities the man lacked. He also believed that neither the man nor the woman could be truly happy until they became one through matrimony. He followed his conviction with actions and searched the city for girls that would suit our two celibates. He had a mental image of the girls he sought and found them, after a month, in the persons of a stenographer and a factory operator. During the next month he bore pictures

*This story won the Freshman prize in English last spring.—THE EDITOR.

79260

to replace
163943

and messages back and forth and finally arranged the introductions. As the proof of Reddy's judgment or intuition, they fell in love with each other at once and Reddy's work was ended.

One month later one of these men stayed away from the office for two days and came back with the happy and sheepish expression on his face that told the tale of marriage. His happiness changed to chagrin, however, when he appeared before the boss, who, although only forty years of age, was a confirmed bachelor. The boss then proceeded to express his opinion of a man who had no more sense than to be trapped by a woman. He cursed and swore and said that the only aim for woman was to marry and to make her husband uncomfortable. He laughed exultingly as he told of the many times he had escaped the wiles of scheming mamas and the snares of beautiful daughters. He then solemnly warned the other clerk not to get married under penalty of immediate discharge.

Reddy was visibly unhappy. He moped around the office for a week, and we seldom saw him smile. Then he brightened up a little, but we knew that he still had something on his mind. Six weeks after the boss's outburst Reddy came back from his regular morning trip with the old smile on his face. He had been trying to find a match for the boss and this day he returned triumphant. She was the associate editor of *The Literary Review*. He had gone to the office of *The Review* in order to renew a subscription for one of the men and he knew she was the one as soon as he saw her. He made her acquaintance and became quite intimate with her, for his red hair and smiling blue eyes were a passport anywhere.

He then went into the boss's office and had a long talk with him. He informed the boss that all girls were not seeking husbands, and, in proof of this statement, he produced the *Literary* magazine which contained an editorial pointing out the reasons why woman should not marry. He further stated that she was no dried-up old maid, but a

young woman of thirty years, with black hair, black eyes, a fair complexion and a perfect set of teeth. She was well built and looked taller than she was on account of her proud bearing.

It wounded the boss's pride to think that there was a woman who would not marry him. He had not thought it possible, but here he saw her words with his very eyes. He couldn't help being interested—black hair, black eyes,—he sat and thought for hours at a time, still holding the magazine in front of him. He had frequent consultations with Reddy, who described her over and over again for the boss's satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Reddy spent more time on his trips than usual. He sat for hours at a time in the office of *The Literary Review* and informed the associate editor of the peculiarities of the boss. He told her what the boss's ideas of women and matrimony were. He told her that the boss would marry no woman on earth. He told her that the boss was a tall, strong, handsome man of forty. She listened to Reddy and asked questions when he stopped.

One day Reddy induced the boss to put an advertisement in *The Literary Review,* and consequently this magazine was asked to have a representative call in order to draw up a contract. Reddy knew that the associate editor looked out for advertisements, and he also knew that the manager and the editor were out of town. It, therefore, fell to the lot of the associate editor to call on the boss with the contract. This was nothing unusual, however, for she had done the same thing many times before. But this time she was somewhat embarrassed and insisted that Reddy accompany her.

Reddy stalked into the office with the beautiful associate editor of *The Literary Review.* She was certainly beautiful and as majestic as a queen. The boss walked eagerly forward to meet her and led her into his office. Reddy went to his desk near the telephone and gave a sly wink in answer to the titters of the clerks. They stayed in the

boss's office for two hours and must have settled the matrimonial problem, because they were married three months later.

On the day of the boss's return to the office from his honeymoon Reddy received a clerkship. When the boys twitted him about match-making, he said with a smile:

"Well, boys, it's the same old trick Eliezer played way back in Abraham's time."

A MAN OF FICKLE MIND

D. H. Killeffer

EXPECTATION

O Time, thou ag'd and slothful wretch
  Why dost thou not speed on?
Canst thou not see I tire of such delay?
  Impede thy laggard steps
Not once for hoary locks or weakened limbs.
  Of Hermes borrow wings.
Haste thou thy creeping pace above all things.
  I charge thee, Time, speed on.

REALIZATION

Thou craven Time, why dost thou hasten so?
  Save thou thy speed. Spend not
Thy ebbing strength to hurry thus in vain.
  Canst thou but speed at times
When I am glad, and slow thy rapid pace
  When sadness fills my heart?
Relentless Time, pray cease thy maddening rush.
  Give Hermes back his wings.

THE COLLEGE STUDENT (A LA "LIFE")

E. B. MARSH

When a man can't spend enough of his father's money at home, he is sent to college. He is called a college student. The duties of a college student are to smoke cigarettes, play poker, and talk about actresses. He is invariably a lover of animals, especially women and dogs. The walls of his "den" are covered with "bare facts" from the latest musical comedies. He is intimately acquainted with every girl one can mention, but they have just had a little quarrel and don't speak.

He is always a spendthrift, and to show his disdain for expenses he has his trousers cut off about six inches too short, for which he doesn't get any reduction in price. He always wears the most horribly colored socks and neckties to show that he doesn't care what people think of him. He is a most modest person, and he tells what he has done and what he can do, not in a spirit of braggadocio, but because he thinks his experience will help mankind.

The college man's father is always the president of a bank, or the mayor of a town, and the owner of any number of automobiles, *et cetera, ad infinitum,* until you visit him; then he has just sold his automobiles, somebody else is running the bank for him, or there has just been another election.

The college student always comes from the city. He never has lived in the country. He doesn't know what a plow looks like. If you should visit him in the summer, he may be living at his summer home only five miles from town.

In prehistoric ages the college student is supposed to have read and studied those things called books. We have very good proof of this state of affairs as books entitled "Economics" or "Mathematics" have been handed down to

us from antiquity. This practice, however, was found to be very injurious to the student and incompatible with the dignity and seriousness of his college life, and was consequently abolished.

THE OLD FAMILIAR CYCLE

WALTER P. FULLER

"Never start or close an article with a quotation." If it were not for this axiom, I would quote a sentence from a scrap of printed paper picked up by the roadside down which I was walking one time from somewhere to another place. It was "You cannot tell a person a thing until he alreads knows it." I didn't believe this until it was proved to me that "There is nothing new under the sun." Then of course I believed both, which I previously had not believed. Now the cause of all this was a week spent in the Library last summer looking over the old files of the *Tar Heel.*

In almost the first editorial ever printed in *The Tar Heel,* Baskerville, the first editor-in-chief, said, "And they could be taught the rudiments of the game this spring and save the coaches a wonderful lot of worry next fall. Then the backs might———." That was March 23, 1893. The same thing was said in 1913. The first advertisement ever printed in *The Tar Heel* had as its first line, "A. A. Kluttz." Do you weep for the condition of the MAGAZINE now? Listen, "The copying of an article from another college publication seems rather to advertise a dearth of original work than critical ability." 1893. "The splendid battery work of Stephens and Oldham called forth loud applause, indeed it could not have been better and *if* the rest of the team had supported them there would have been weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth up at Charlottesville." April 27, 1893. And now don't this sound natural?

Financial statement of *The Hellenian* (now *Yackety-Yack*):

Cost of 300 copies		$519.00
Collected from ads. and sold copies	$347.62	
Deficit	171.38	
	$519.00	$519.00

In '94 the Sophs conferred and solemnly allowed the Freshmen to meet and elect officers without interference. *The Yackety-Yack* of 1912 says: "An important step was taken by our class when we adopted a resolution allowing the Freshman class to organize in Gerrard Hall, a privilege which no former Freshman class has ever been permitted to enjoy." "We would ask our subscribers to pay up their subscriptions at once. Mr. Roberson will be glad to receive your subscription. We need the money." Shades of Euless! And thus it goes. We think we have started something new or have faced a new situation—until we look back. An *Alumni Quarterly* was started in '94, a co-operative store was under successful operation, a State Prep School meet was held on the track in '98, every week or so came the wail of "Lack of College Spirit." Even lack of hot water was then a boon to the editorial staff. And thus it still goes. Many editorials actually could be reprinted now in *The Tar Heel* and cause no undue comment because of lack of fitness. All that we are doing is coiling up a cable that at regular intervals touches the same spot but goes a little higher.

On February 23, 1893, *The Tar Heel* first placed its tender foot to the ground and made its first print. It is an interesting little four page, four column sheet, twelve by eighteen inches in size. The head lines—what there were of them—were in type a size or two larger than the regular print. There were usually one or two headlines to the page, "Baseball" being a common one.

It had no advertisements. It excused its existence in the following manner:

"SALUTATORY

"The growing demands of the University have shown the need of a weekly paper (one had starved to death the year before). The University Athletic Association regarding itself as the means by which the need could be supplied; at a stated meeting elected a board of editors (chief and five subs) and a business manager. With this apology

only the first issue of the first volume of *The Tar Heel* makes it appearance."

Its aims, "Issued every Thursday morning it will contain a summary of all accurrences in the University and village of Chapel Hill - - - a brief account each week of the occurrences in the amateur athletic world with especial attention to our own athletic interests and progress in football, baseball, tennis, etc." The first editors were George Baskerville, Walter Murphy, A. C. Ellis, W. P. Wooten, Perrin Busbee, J. C. Biggs, and A. H. McFadgue. Baskerville soon went to Europe and Walter Murphy, then managing editor, and last year business manager of *The Alumni Review,* became editor-in-chief. During the first few years the Athletic Association elected six men to take charge of the paper and they decided among themselves, who would be chief and who managing editor. The first issue had 231 subscribers at $1.50 a year. Many of these were townspeople.

Of course the paper could not live without advertisers. The second issue had three: "A. A. Kluttz, Books, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Etc." "B. King, Boarding House, $8.50 per month." "W. W. Pickard, Livery, Feed, and Sale Stables." There was little advertising done the first year, however, seven ads. being the greatest number running at a time. Two of these deserve mention:

"PROF. THOS. DUNSTAN
Tonsorial Artist
Get his estimate before you employ anyone else
to get up your Banquet."

"REV. J. J. JONES
Shoe Maker."

George Trice, the shoe man, and Willie B. were also regular advertisers. The statement at the top of the editorial page had this at the bottom: "Advertising rates according to the amount of space wanted."

THE TAR HEEL.

VOL. I. UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 23, 1893. NO. 1.

The Tar Heel,
University of North Carolina.

EDITORS
CHARLES BASKERVILLE,
WALTER MURPHY,
A. C. ELLIS,
W. P. WOOTEN,
PARKER BUSBEE,
J. C. BIGGS,
A. H. MCADOO.

Editor in Chief
CHARLES BASKERVILLE.

Managing Editor
WALTER MURPHY.

Business Manager
A. H. MCADOO.

THURSDAY, February 23, 1893.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist Church.
Rev. J. L. CARROLL, D. D.
Preaching every Sunday morning and night. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Presbyterian Church.
Rev. J. E. BOGGS.
Preaching every Sunday morning and night. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Methodist Church.
Rev. N. M. WATSON.
Preaching every Sunday, morning and night. Sunday School at [illegible] Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Episcopal Church.
Rev. FREEMAN TOWERS.
Sunday services at 7, 11 and 8 o'clock. Week-day services at 4 p. m. Friday. Sunday School at 4 p. m. During Lent services daily at 4 p. m.

UNIVERSITY DIRECTORY.

University Church.
Pastor: KEMP P. HARRINGTON, Leader.
Organists: A. MAXWELL and Miss. KNOX.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,
EIGHT ISSUES A YEAR.
EDITORS.

PH. D.	D.
W. P. Wooten,	W. P. M. Currie,
J. E. Ingle,	J. M. Cheek,
A. H. Koone,	T. J. Wilson.

Business Manager,
Prof. Collier Cobb.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.
Dr. BERNARD [illegible] Librarian.
[illegible] Student Librarian.
Open every day except Sunday, from 8:30 to 1:30 and from 3 to 5. Open Sunday from 3 to 6 p. m.
Reference Reading Room.
Open every day. Reading papers published in China and State [illegible]

Assembly Association.
A. Smallbones, president,
[illegible] Whitaker, Secretary.
Dr. D. H. Whitaker,
[illegible] Moore,

Object is to further the dissemination of news relating to the University.
Meets at the call of the president.

University Athletic Association.
H. B. Shaw, president.
Jed. Pugh, [illegible] and treas.
Meets regularly the second Saturday in September and January. Other calls subject to the president.

University Foot Ball Team.
Michael Hoke, captain.
Charles Baskerville, Manager.

University Base Ball Team.
Perrin Busbee, captain.
W. R. Kenan, manager.

University German Club.
J. C. Biggs, president.
C. B. Turner, sec'y and treas.
Meets at the call of the president. Leader selected for each German.

University Glee Club.
[illegible] F. Parson Willard, president and leader.
Charles Roberson, manager.
Prof. Karl P. Harrington director.

Shakespeare Club.
Dr. Thomas Hume, president.
J. M. Cheek, sec'y, and treas.
Meet in the Y. M. C. A. hall the third Tuesday night in each month. Library open one hour each day.

Kemp Mitchell Scientific Society.
Prof. J. A. Holmes, president, 2. Prof. J. W. Gore, Vice-president.
Dr. F. P. Venable, secretary and treasurer.
Meets in Person hall second Tuesday night in each month.
Journal issued twice a year.

Historical Society.
[illegible]
[illegible] corresponding secretary.
H. M. Thompson, secretary and treasurer.
Meets at the call of the president.

Philanthropic Society. (Secret)
Meets every Friday night in Phi. hall new east building.

Dialectic Society. (Secret)
Meets every Friday night and Saturday morning in Di. hall, new west building.

The Order of Gimghoul. (Secret.)
Junior.

The society meets in February, October, Banquet Thursday night of commencement.

Fraternities. (Secret)
Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Kappa Alpha, Zeta Psi, Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Nu, Phi Kappa Sigma, Psi Delta Theta, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Phi. Beta Theta Pi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, meet in their respective halls every Saturday night.
Y. M. C. A.
F. C. Harding, president.
George Stephens, secretary and treasurer.
R. E. Zachary, organist.
Meet four times a week in Y. M. C. A. hall. Members appointed to lead. Hand books issued every September.

Philological Society.
Dr. Thos. Hume, president.
Prof. Karl P. Harrington, secretary and treasurer.
Meets first Friday night in each month.
The Hellenian. (Annual)

THE TAR HEEL.

A weekly paper published at the University of North Carolina, under the auspices of the University Athletic Association, devoted to the interest of the University at large.

Issued every Thursday morning. It will contain a summary of all occurrences in the University and village of Chapel Hill.

Space will be assigned for the thorough discussion of all points pertaining to the advancement and growth of the University.

A brief account each week of the occurrences on the amateur athletic world, with special attention to our own 'athlete interests, and progress in Football, Baseball, Tennis, etc.

All society notices, personals and every subject of interest both to the students and citizens of the village, will be treated each week.

The columns will be open to discussion on all appropriate subjects, while an endeavor to do full justice to everyone. The chief and his associates will decide as to appropriateness of articles. No anonymous articles will be accepted without our authors name being known to the chief, which will be in confidence, if desired.

Advertisers will note that this is the best, quickest and surest means by which they can reach the students. For rates address the "Business Manager of TAR HEEL" Chapel Hill N. C. or drop him a card and he will call.

Subscription one Dollar and a half per session. This spring 75cts.

SALUTATORY.

The growing demands of the University have shown the need of a weekly paper. The University Athletic Association regarding this as the means by which said, a need could be supplied, at a called meeting elected a board of editors (chief and five subs.) and a business manager.

With this apology only, the first issue of the first volume of the TAR HEEL makes its appearance.

This new venture is necessarily entered upon by the present board with no little trepidation, nevertheless with a determination to make a success which can only be done through the indulgence and assistance of our faculty and fellow students. Therefore we invite honest criticism and urge aid in the advancement of this new project will be thoroughly appre-

THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE VISIT THE UNIVERSITY.

The following members of the legislature composing the visitation committee arrived at the University on a special train Friday morning, February 9th:

Messrs. Battle, chairman; Cheek, Aycoke, James, Pou, of the senate; and Messrs. Holt, (chairman) Buse, Parker, Starnes, Walker, Ward, of the house.

After breakfasting, the regular chapel exercises were attended, then visits were made to the reading room, libraries, and various lecture rooms where classes were assembled. The numerous laboratories were inspected as well as some of the students' rooms. In the afternoon meetings of both the societies were held and the gentlemen who were not alumni were made honorary members.

Just after prayers the boys called repeatedly for speeches from our visitors, a majority of whom responded in an enjoyable and gave words of encouragement for the future outlook of the university, from a legislative appropriation standpoint. All saw the need of a sufficient appropriation to fully equip this the most useful and important of all the State properties, and give to a university of whose past brilliant record and whose future prospects are such as would make any State in the Union proud to be the possessor of such an heritage, a hand to posterity, a sufficient appropriation to put the university on a financial basis equal to its rapid expansion and growth. When some of the committee expressed their deep regret at not having had an opportunity of receiving an education, in their youth, we could not but feel that it was a duty that was owed to future generations, and which has been due to those that have passed away, that the supreme law making power in the State, ought to make tuition at the university free to North Carolinians as is done at the University of Virginia to Virginians and the only way to do this is to appropriate a sufficient amount to keep the university up, until resources from outside States and the technical courses shall make itself sustaining, and, too, we could not but think what a shame and loss it was to North Carolina, that it had failed to open the doors of the university, in the past to such sterling manhood as represented the legislature on the committee. The body of the students were well pleased with our friends of the legislature and we hope that a fair sample of the legislators that visited Carolina in the year [illegible]

THE FIRST TAR HEEL PRINT

The news contained in the paper is often amusing and as frequently instructive.

Extracts from a ball game in '93: "Stevens comes up, and was cheered, and cracked it over the fence for a home run; the first over the new fence: he came in home amid much applause . . . Oldham, with a sardonic smile, caught Andrews' high foul, which ended the game." Seventeen bases were stolen, three men walked. More: "The football team of last year traveled about 2,000 miles, visiting Richmond, Charlottesville, Atlanta, and Nashville, and saved some 10 or 12 dollars over and above expenses." Then this significant statement: "At the expressed request of the young men themselves, these finanacial matters are under the supervision of an Alumnus or a member of the Faculty."

The Glee Club had a successful trip that year. It went as far west as Asheville and when they returned the members of it calmly divided and pocketed the proceeds. The editor comments that the club "has been severely criticised." Still that is about what some of the Dramatic Club wanted to do not so long ago.

One issue states with pride that there were nineteen couples at the spring dances. The costume of each young lady was described in detail, and from what I could gather from that I still believe "There is nothing new—"

In the second year of its existence *The Tar Heel* steped into hot water. Politics and "Frat" feeling started the whole thing, the trouble dating back to early in '92. *The Tar Heel* was accused of being a "Frat Organ." This charge was made also in another college's paper and answered by *The Tar Heel.* Things finally got so hot *The Tar Heel* officially refused to discuss the matter. Then all the Non-Frat men resigned from the staff on March 30, 1894. As a result there appeared an opposition paper called *The White and Blue,* which was issued on Friday—usually. But more of that anon.

In place of *The Tar Heel's* sub-head, "Official organ of

the Athletic Association of U. N. C.," *The White and Blue* had, "America means Freedom, Freedom means Equity of Opportunity." Its avowed aim was, "To revive the literary societies and represent the whole college." *The White and Blue* charged the fraternities with destroying the prestige and work of the societies, and *The Tar Heel* with fostering the frats and catering to a class. There was only one frat man on *The White and Blue* staff, although there were several non-frats on *The Tar Heel board.*

The struggle between the two was apparently very bitter. There is absolutely no mention of *The White and Blue* in *The Hellenian,* then entirely a frat publication. *The White and Blue* did not include *The Tar Heel* or the fraternities in its official directory. *The Tar Heel* failed to mention *The White and Blue.*

The younger paper professed to be more of a literary sheet than anything else. It discussed the literary societies, plans for improvements, and debates; and ran essays, long Y. M. C. A. articles, lectures and similar things—at first. Toward the last we see athletics on the front page, first column, with heavy type. In fact as far as news went there was hardly any difference between the two after a while. It is mighty hard to sit on a pedestal when it is dry. They were the same size, had about the same amount of ads., and each made about the same number of "scoops." One would have an "exclusive" article on a Y. M. C. A. talk. The other would even up with a glowing description of a lecture. *The White and Blue* had one great advantage, however. If a game came on Saturday it did not mind in the least holding its columns for a day or so to get an account of it. It also had a startling habit of changing the style of lettering of its title. It changed three times within a month. It gave one the impression that the type setters did it all over every week and forgot which size they had used the time before or had lost one of the letters.

In its *Tar Heel* attitude *The White and Blue* was un-

compromising. Its columns were full of bitter attacks on its opponent. In open letters, editorials, and news items it called upon reason, justice, precedent (in 1842 fraternities had been forbidden at the request of the societies) and trustees to abolish them. The trustees finally agreed to give the matter its attention and in the meantime strongly "urged" the opposing sheets to find something else to talk about, until after their decision. In contrast to *The White and Blue, The Tar Heel* had said nothing about the matter. One is led to believe strongly that this attitude was due more to better policy than to better manners. In truth, *The Tar Heel* simply ignored the existence of its enemy. Here is about the only mention made of it excepting the first notice of its appearance: "We thank *The White and Blue* for calling our attention to—," etc. "The author of the article in last week's *Tar Heel* had not seen what *The White and Blue* said or else had forgotten it." A kind brotherly statement, isn't it? A typographical error in *The Tar Heel* shows the strained relations existing. In discussing an approaching baseball game *The Tar Heel* said, "We predict a shut out." By mistake it was printed, "sheet out," and was taken for a veiled dig at the irregular appearance of *The White and Blue.* Challenges and apologies followed.

Nevertheless *The Tar Heel* made offers of consolidation and conciliation from time to time, but they were promptly and publicly declined. Finally the trustees decided not to abolish the fraternities. They, however, provided that Freshmen should not join or pledge themselves to a fraternity. This seemed to quiet things down as most of the trouble had been caused by a certain class of Freshmen who are not all dead yet. Given a year in which to get the proper perspective, they caused little trouble. *The White and Blue,* its cause of existence removed, agreed to the consolidation, and *The Tar Heel* took over its liabilities and assets, subscription list and half its editors; and after a year and a half of troubled existence *The White and*

Blue expired. As a fitting obituary let me say that the only permanent thing *The White and Blue* accomplished besides the "Freshman Rule," was the starting of County Clubs in opposition to frats. "Man is a social being."

In the end *The Tar Heel* seems to have prospered by the disturbance in a financial way. The strife increased ads. and subscriptions wonderfully. In the meantime the sheet had changed in appearance.

It was enlarged to its present size but set up in four instead of five columns. Gradually little changes were made in its general appearance until in 1897-8 it looked almost exactly like *The Tar Heel* of today, excepting in the amount of advertisements and in head lines. Until 1910 there were never over five columns of ads. In 1911-12 there were about eight, in 1912-13 about ten. 1910-11 was the only year in which the paper had ads. on its front page. The paper has always carried a good percentage of "foreign" or out of town ads., which speaks well for the popularity of it.

During the first year there were practically no headlines. As before stated the first column would start off with "Base Ball" or "Foot Ball" as the time of year demanded. After all about that subject was exhausted, another subject would be similarily heralded and started where the other ended. Gradually, however, the papers began to appear with a head line for each front page column. By 1907 they were getting into regular journalistic shape. It has not been until the yast two years that the headings had the regular sub-heads as does the city sheet.

On May 2, 1896, appeared the first of four numbers of *The Tar Heel* to be printed in blue ink. This stunt has always been reserved for celebration of some signal victory. In this case it was the defeat of Virginia in baseball 14 to 6. Then on May 7, 1903, appeared the second. In the preceding week Carolina had won the Johns Hopkins debate, had defeated Virginia once, had tied her once 15 to 15, and had scalped Washington & Lee and Georgetown.

Carolina had made 51 runs, 57 hits, 5 home runs, and 7 errors in four games in one week. Opponents 23 runs. In 1903 and 1905 the football victories over Virginia were duly celebrated with blue ink.

In 1895 an extra six page Commencement number was issued. It contained extracts of all of the more important speeches of the exercises. There have been five since then, the last being in 1910. Twice Y. M. C. A. "Uxtras" have appeared; the first in 1903 to boom the plans and campaign for the new building and the second in 1907 to celebrate the completion of that building. N. W. Walker, as editor-in-chief of *The Tar Heel* in 1902-3, deserves special notice. His year is the only one in which all three of these kinds have appeared. His athletic extra was undoubtedly the best ever gotten out, as also was his graduation special, with the possible exception of that of 1907-8 in the latter case. The Y. M. C. A. number also was full of good cuts and other interesting matter. If I were to give my vote to anyone for getting out the best paper I think it would go to Mr. Walker and his staff. Of course they played in luck in having the things to celebrate but the other numbers show a high order of editorship. They had the goods as well as the market.

The change in subject matter in the paper has progressed along certain definite lines. In a word, athletics have become more and more prominent. While even at first athletics was on the front page it rarely had to be said, "continued on page three." The arrival of a coach was announced in a paragraph instead of a front page column. There was little advance "dope" on games. In '98 a meeting of the Elisha Mitchell got a column, now it often gets forgotten. When E. K. Graham and W. J. Brogden defeated Georgia in debate in March, 1898, all but three columns of all the printed matter in the whole paper was occupied by an account of that debate. A picture of each debater and a liberal synopsis of his debate and rejoinder was given. In 1913 Carolina defeated Johns Hopkins

and Virginia at the same time and columns were printed. Understand I am not lamenting this state of affairs or trying to blame the more recent editors. I simply make the comparison to show the change of interest. Not one man in ten would read a paper full of a debate that had already been won.

In conclusion, there have been issued 617 numbers of *The Tar Heel* in 21 years; the smallest number in one year being thirteen. This was in 1893 and was due to the fact that the paper was started that spring. 1909-10 holds the record—55. The paper was changed to a twice a week sheet on October 20th, and was continued so until the 6th of June. The paper that year was both a financial and literary success. If it hadn't been for the advertisements on the front page they would hold first place in my mind. The usual number of issues have been 30.

Now to live true to my title, I should close as I began—by saying that there is nothing new. In the sense that at one time or another the same thing or something almost like it happened or was tried it is true. But in the large sense it isn't. The patched place on the old wheel may return to earth ever so often but it never leaves its print in the same place. It's always moving on. The tendency to run down hill is always strong. The power slows down sometimes too. But there's always that chance that those wires may cut into the earth at a time and spot that is just suited to it and the print remains permanent. This hoping toward the future is what makes the same old revolution never monotonous. And even if you are going through the same county, some tree may have died or some creek changed its course. Then you can crush a bush of thorns sometimes.

[*The second number in this series will appear next month by four authors.*]

CAROLINA

Lowry Axley

ON THE OCCASION OF UNIVERSITY DAY

All hail, Carolina!
  Thy sons greet thee to-day;
Thy sons o'er all this land
  To thee their tribute pay.

From labors of the past,
  From battles fought and won,
Thou standest on this day
  With triumphs but begun.

A new strength, a new hope,
  A faith to do or die
Are thine: before thy might
  The hosts of error fly.

Strong men to thee have come,
  And by thy pow'r have been
Rechristened at thy shrine
  As nobler, stronger men.

All hail *Alma Mater*—
  Our hope, our joy, our pride—
Our love for thee grown great
  Will greater yet abide.

BOOKS AND THE STATE

JESSE FORBES PUGH

So much has been said in praise of the larger activities which the University has recently undertaken, such as the High School Debating Union, that one is likely to take it for granted that the University has only of late come into real and personal contact with the state at large. We are liable to overlook the fact that one of the University's assets which contains the greatest possibilities for being one of service, perhaps, has long been endeavoring to help the public in sundry ways. But the Library, under the Extension Bureau, has caught the prevalent fever of expanding its usefulness, and is actively planning toward this end. It is my purpose to sketch briefly the beginning of the Extension movement, its possibilities, and its aims.

The State Library Association held its first meeting in Greensboro in May, 1904. Dr. L. R. Wilson, of the University, was one of the leading spirits of the meeting and drew up the Constitution of the Association. The purpose of this Association as declared in its constitution was to build up a library sentiment in the state—to encourage the reading of books worth while among the general public, to enable the people to secure such books, and to aid in any way which suggested itself. This organization from lack of experience and a need of funds was forced to work rather slowly. A change was to come, however, with the establishment of a state library commission.

This change came about in the following manner. In 1906 the American Library Association held its annual meeting at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island. Dr. L. R. Wilson represented the library association of this state. He laid before this national assembly a plan for holding the next annual gathering in Asheville in order to stimulate the library sentiment in North Carolina. The next meeting was held in Asheville and on the strength of the

interest awakened in its work the members of the State Library Association carried on a campaign during the years 1907-09 to secure the establishment of a North Carolina Library Commission. As a result of their efforts a state office was created in 1909, and the commission appointed to fill it had the following duties to perform: The promotion and the establishment of free public school, and college libraries, and the maintenance of an office for the collection and distribution of library statistics. Dr. Wilson was appointed chairman of that commission, a position which he has held ever since. The fact that the head of this Commission and of the University Library were the same explains why the two were so closely connected, and why the library so early was placed at the service of the commonwealth. This article is concerned, however, only with the work of the library.

In 1904 Dr. Wilson gave the first course in library instruction ever given in the South. This was continued with the result that it has a place in the Summer School. Several lectures are given before the teachers by Dr. Wilson on the various phases of a library; how to start a library, the best method of securing books, how to catalogue books, and how to work up a debate. These lectures are well attended. Different articles are also sent out occasionally to the "North Carolina Library Bulletin" on how libraries can be best made to serve schools. A class in library instruction is also offered during the academic year.

Because of the splendid equipment of the library it offers unusual attractions to those who wish to do special and research work. The University offers the use of this equipment to all who desire to avail themselves of this privilege. Consequently many investigators come to the University. Students come from Trinity, Davidson, Elon, from the Greensboro and the Raleigh high schools, and from all over the state and from other states, to secure material for debates. Nor is the furnishing material for de-

bate the only service which the library renders. Men from the different levels of life come to gain information on various subjects and for varied purposes. For instance, Hon. J. Y. Joyner came here in 1910 when he was president of the North Carolina Educational Association to prepare an address to deliver before that body.

The library has also sent as much information to outsiders as its means would allow. It always endeavors to fulfill any request to the best of its capacity. Material has been forwarded for essays in high school, for debate, for investigation in history; and books have been sent on the drama, teaching, child reading, and agriculture. Letters are continually received from all sorts of people. Recently the writer saw on the librarian's desk a letter from a professor in one of our neighboring colleges, another from a mayor asking for municipal information, and still another asking for literature on a certain branch of agriculture. To all such inquiries Dr. Wilson sends the best the library contains. During the first month of this collegiate year some five hundred and fifty letters have been sent out by the Extension Bureau. There is no way to ascertain just how many letters are sent out during the year, but the mere number of letters would not and could not measure the amount of the work done by the library.

But as was stated at the beginning of this article, the Bureau of Extension is planning even greater things for the library; though the Bureau and the library are almost synonymous terms, since Dr. Wilson is the leader of both. In fact he was the moving spirit during the summer in working out the outline for the increased activity of the Bureau, of which two series of bulletins have already been printed and sent to every part of the state. During the first month of the collegiate year some five hundred and fifty letters have been mailed from the librarian's desk to county superintendents of public instruction, to trustees and to others, as a preliminary to the work of the Exten-

sion Bureau. A brief outline of the proposed work is as follows:

To send out information concerning any reading matter; to give instruction by lectures to any community paying the traveling expenses of the lecturer; to give correspondence course to teachers; to offer guidance in debate and declamation; to furnish aid to those communities which are trying to improve their economic and social conditions; to give aids in the study of municipal and state legislation; to help communities to secure excellent teachers, and to furnish teachers information concerning schools.

Those who know North Carolina best are those who can best see what the proposed work means to the people within her borders. In the course of his lecture University Day, Secretary Daniels named the characteristics of North Carolinians; he could have said also that we are characterized largely by ignorance. It is a striking fact that over one-third of the students at University make no use of the library whatever; and the reason for this is that those students have never acquired a taste for reading. For the first time the library has a regular budget. So that now it is possible for any community to borrow a selection of books from the library, the only condition being that the transportation charges must be paid by the borrowers. These "traveling libraries" are a well-mixed assortment of books among which are generally placed the unquenchable "Mrs. Wiggs," Mrs. Alcott's "Little Women," the "Jungle Book," "Hans Brinker," and besides a few other of the immortals, more serious works on agriculture, geography and history. If a child runs into contact with such a set of books, he is bound to be inspired to higher things. And when such a child comes to the University he will know how to use a library.

The outlook for achieving in this field is more inspiring than in any other thing undertaken by the Greater University, because people are reached who have no other avenue for entering into the intellectual light of the world.

And there is a reason why we think the results will be satisfactory. First, because there is a live force on the job. Drs. Raper, Hamilton, and Wilson are interested in the work. Lastly, the library with its 65,000 bound volumes and its 18,000 pamphlets is second to none in equipment in the South. This is the first southern library to have a trained assistant. The contents of the library are classified to such a degree of excellence that material which the library contains on any subject may be easily obtained. Then we are fortunate in having a librarian who is so sympathetic as is Dr. Wilson. He is trying to use a great library as a means toward the making of a greater people.

[*The second number of this series will appear next month.*]

WANTED: AN ANSWER

Thos. C. Boushall

The man leaning over the peculiar looking apparatus he was working on had the appearance from a side view of being overworked. He was thin, and though seeming to be young, yet streaks of gray ran through the locks of hair around his temples. As he straightened up I walked toward him with outstretched hand. He wore a worried expression on his face, but in his eyes was the light of joy, as if he had just mastered the problem of his life.

"Well, I sure am glad to see you still alive, Fred," said I, gripping his hand with the old familiar shake of college days. "I was about to give you up, for I thought you would have worked yourself to death by now on your fool ideas."

"Not so bad as that, but I'm glad to see you. You're just in time to be the first one to see my greatest achievement. Wait till I wash up and we will go to the club for dinner. I'll tell you all about it then."

When we had finished a royal repast at the Empire Club and the coffee and cigars were brought in, Fred began to tell me of his wonderful work. This was it: He had invented a machine that would separate the elements of the air and give them out in concrete form. These elements were useful in agriculture, but also good for many other things. His last remarks in explaining it were these, "The trouble is I haven't any money to put the plan in operation."

"And I am the man to do it for you then," I replied, "for I have just inherited a big fortune from my aunt and I can't see that I could invest it in a better proposition."

In a few months the Electrohydrostatics Company was in full working order. I was president and Fred was general manager. We were hailed as the benefactors of mankind, the leading scientists and business men of the age.

Commerce and industry would be increased tenfold. I was happy, for I was young, prosperous and popular. In the very midst of one of my happiest moments on a hot summer day, Fred strolled into the office with a preoccupied air. Seeing me, he smiled sadly and went out. In a few moments he returned, beckoned me to follow and led the way to the shops. We wound in and out among the complicated machinery, finally coming to a small, stuffy looking room. "Step in," Fred ordered. I did so and he shut the door, locking it behind him.

"Now," he said, "I want you to see just what kind of a business you are engaged in. I'll turn this switch and you'll see the effect." He snapped on a current and one of our machines began to operate. In a few moments I began to feel my heart beating faster; the blood rushed to my head; I became dizzy.

"What's this you're doing?" I cried. "Stop it, you're killing me."

"No, no," he said. "You see it is just this way," and snapping off the switch he opened the door. "We are using up the air and are not giving anything back in its place to breathe. When we get in the office I'll show you some figures."

Fred had it all worked out. When I realized the full significance of the figures before me I was aghast. Inside of six years the machine we were manufacturing would use up all the available air in the world, and that air being generated from the rocks and earth would be too fresh for man to breathe. "In six years all men will die!" were the appalling words Fred spoke next. "We've invested everything in this plant, we've put industry upon a new basis, agriculture has been revolutionized. Stop these machines and the greatest panic of the world will be the immediate result. Now what are you going to do?"

I must confess that at first I did not know. We would be condemned and cast out on the world should we shut up our plant. Men would turn from us in horror at our heart-

lessness in bringing ruin on the world; but on the other hand, in six years all men would be dead and we with them.

I went back into the factory. I inspected one of the machines. There it seemed to be a harmless piece of machinery, but with the current on I knew it was using up the life-air of all the human race, yet I knew at the same time that it was doing more for mankind that any invention since the world began. Walking back to the office I thought of all the future I had planned—how hard it would be to give it all up now! I looked out of the window at the stream of people passing in the street below—in six years they would all be dead, or in two weeks they would be suffering from the greatest panic the world had ever known. Was it better to live six years longer and die physically, or was it better to die socially and morally tomorrow? Four years ago I would have gone to my father and asked him what to do—now I must fight it out alone and stand or die by my decision.

When I realized this startling fact I was panic stricken. All this happened yesterday. In six years from now the world may be devoid of human inhabitants—two weeks from now there may be the greatest panic of the world's existence—I can't tell, for I haven't made up my mind yet.

SHOES

T. C. LINN, JR.

Did you ever notice carefully the different kinds of footwear to be seen in Chapel Hill? They are as diversified as the kinds of feet within them, as varied as the characters of those that wear them. Consider for a moment a few specimens of the different types.

The shoes worn by Old Henry constitute a type in vogue among the colored population of Chapel Hill. They are of antique design, copiously large, and worn down at the heel. The successive seasons with their resulting change in styles do not alter Old Henry's preferences for high, button shoes of patent leather. I have noticed, however, that at the approach of warm weather the old bellman cuts a number of slits in the toe of each shoe, through which his colored digits peep darkly forth. Henry's shoes are old and wrinkled as a mummy face. They have a wearied unambitious aspect, as if every little movement were a great exertion. It is readily apparent that they would relish being placed in some secluded corner, there to rest, to become dust covered, and to disintegrate.

These shoes are quite unlike those worn by the Chapel Hill department of Justice. These latter are sleek and trim, low-heeled, and made of soft leather. They are fastened with neither lace nor button, but are spliced up the sides with black elastic. This holds the shoe firmly on the foot by tightening around the ankle. The Squire's shoes have a bland and courteous aspect, modest and unoffending. This type of shoe we frequently see here.

Another style of footwear which is frequently seen on the campus is the new, highly-polished tan low-quarter. This is worn by the college student. How different from the other two types is this shoe! There is nothing modest or retiring about it. A self-assertive manner pervades it—an attitude of independence. It seems endowed with life

it moves so ceaselessly, so vivaciously, so confidently. That shoe is youthful and ambitious. That shoe would resent being placed in a corner to become covered with dust. "Let me be tattered and torn in the open fray of the highroad," it seems to say, "but spare me the ignominy of idle disintegration."

The last type which I shall mention is seen not nearly so often as the preceding ones. The type to which I refer is the little satin slipper, the queen of the dances. How dainty, how small, how brilliant in the illumination of electric lights! It flits around the gym, quick and agile, now here, now there—in sympathetic accord with a black pump of patent leather facing it. I wonder if those sparkling beads are sewed on the satin toes securely. Won't the single thread with which they are attached break some day? Won't the stiff net bows wilt and fall down? They will; and the satin will become soiled and will split. Then the slippers will be cast away. How beautiful now, how fragile.

A WISH

J. L. ORR

I'm lonely, dear, without you here,
And by the fire alone,
I watch the blaze in purple haze
Build you a purple throne.

I wish that you might watch it, too,
From right beside me here;
Then dreams I dream could never seem
So dismal, dark, and drear.

HOSS-SHOE BEND

A1.

We shore have some of the most peculiar people around Hoss-shoe Bend, in fact, Hoss-shoe Bend ain't no ordinary kind of a place hitself. Our population ain't nothing extraordinary but we do a pretty pert business around those parts. Fer instance there is Hank Smithey's store. Hank does a good deal of trading and I have heard it said by some purty reliable parties that Hank did as much as nineteen dollars worth of biziness a month, but I calkilate myself that he don't do a cent over seventeen. However true our calkilation may be, Hank makes a fair living for his wife and eight kids—and Hank lives right fastidious, too. There was some talk of one of those city chaps putting up a concern to compete with Hank, but it was all hot air and busted. It would a bin a good thing fer the community, too, fer Hank is powerfully high on his stuff. This shows that we are by no means backward as a commercial city.

Our city has been pestered rite considerable here lately with ottermobiles passing through. The tarnal things go through so blamed fast you can hardly see them. One of them came near as the dickens killing Silas Hinkley the tother day, and Silas is one of our most respected and influential citizens, too. Silas said he thought his time had come ter pass off this mortal globe. Its a dinged nuisance the way they exceed the speed limit in Hoss-shoe Bend and hit oughter be stopped and that soon.

Ike Tompson, who keeps boarders down our way, shore had his goat got the tother day. One of those nice looking chaps from the city came down to our section for his health (so he said) and put up at Ike's. Being as he looked so prosperous, Ike he charged him rather stiff, but the feller seemed satisfied and willing ter pay it. One day, after he had been eating off Ike fer

about two months, he told Ike he was going off ter see some parties and would be back that evening. Well he went all right, but he aint never been seen or heard from since. All Ike got fer his fancy boarder was an old pair of "peg-top" pants. Ike looks mighty funny with them on, too, fer they just reach about half way ter his knees.

We came purty near having a sad misfortune down our way last week. The widow Jones had a feerful attack of the rheumatism. It were hoped that she had gossiped her last time (fer that woman shore can use her tongue) but she recovered and is worse to gab than ever.

We have an interesting character at our city by the name of Moze Williams. Moze ain't nothing ter brag about fer looks and is a big, awkward kind of a feller. He has been courting Lucy Tucker fer nigh about twenty years, and the widow Summers said the other day that she had been informed by a certain party that they were engaged and soon to be jined with the holy bands of matrimony. We all hope it so, fer Moze is sorter unsettled in his ways, and we think Lucy will be able to straighten him out, fer she has a rite strong temper.

I guess you would all like to hear about the most interesting thing in Hoss-shoe Bend. Well, taking everything into consideration, big and little, the most interesting and the most peculiar personality in our city is Gabe Moore. Gabe is built like a beer keg, and is so cross-eyed you cain't see nothing but the white of his eyes. Besides these deformaties, Gabe is bow-legged and pigeon-toed. It shore is one funny cite to see Gabe coming down the road. And when he gits drunk (fer Gabe sure does like his licker) he is a plum cite. When Gabe gets drunk he tries to dance. Have you ever seen a bow-legged, pigeon-toed man try to dance? It shore is a funny cite. If you want to make Gabe mad, just tell him about some of his peculiarities and you will have a fight—Gabe is a mighty good scrapper too. Well this is all the latest happenings around Hoss-shoe Bend.

SAMUEL WIRT

Marcellus

Women are running around Samuel Wirt's house in an unprivileged manner. They are on the porch, they are in the hall, they are in the front room—they are everywhere; but Samuel can say nothing—Samuel is dead, lying in his coffin in the little front room. There all the neighbor women are standing around looking down at him, looking at his bald head, his narrow wrinkled brow, his flat nose, his protruding chin, contemplating the inharmonious effect of his combined features.

Samuel is dead now, everything is over with him. But if Samuel knew that these neighbor women were wantonly invading his house and satiating their curiosity on his dead body, he would scatter them like a flock of vultures, shaking his fist at them and screaming out words of condemnation. Samuel always hated women. He considered them wanton spendthrifts, being devoid of intelligence and stability. Ah! There lay the trouble. They liked to spend money, and Samuel liked to hoard it. Because he had always let women alone he had money—plenty of it. But his money can do him no service now; everything is over with Samuel.

How he would hate to leave his money behind, were he conscious of the act — that money accumulated only through grasping and penuriousness, through cheating widows and poor negroes! At the age of twenty, Samuel, a clerk in the country store, possessed nothing. By saving every cent he could earn he gradually amassed a small sum of money, which he invested in negro houses. These gradually increased in number until they became the source of no mean revenue. Toward his renters Samuel practised no kindness. Inability to pay rent was inevitably followed by ejection. Thus his business methods could be no other than profitable.

"I'm losing money on ye," he would say every month as he went from house to house collecting rents. "Pay or git out. You black devils expec' me ter let yer live here fer nothing', an' me ain't got nothin' myself. Ye can do like I tell ye, pay or get out."

Then after all the rents were collected, he would deposit his money in the bank. Any pay day he could be seen trudging resolutely down the street on his way to bank. His step quick and firm, his shoulders leaning forward, his face turned straight ahead, Samuel rarely stopped until he reached the depository. Gruff and reticent, he would push his money over the counter, watch the cashier record the figures, take back his account book and start homeward.

What a home was Samuel's! What a yard, what a house, what dirt, disorder, darkness! A toothless old fence, an overgrown walk, a drooping porch, a sagging door, books, papers, plates, chairs, dust, cobwebs and darkness—Samuel's home. I can see Samuel now sitting at his dusty table. The candle burns steadily in its greasy receptacle. It shows Samuel eating supper. It lights up his avaricious face against a background of cobwebs and shadows. It shows his mean diet on cracked plate. Great mouthfuls he bites, rolling the food around with his tongue. With avidity he eats and with celerity the food disappears.

No, Samuel is dead now. He is lying in his coffin in the front room. Women are standing around whispering in the hall, on the porch, everywhere. Samuel is dead now; everything is over with Samuel.

PERSONALITY IN REGARD TO THE ATTAINMENT OF TRUE EDUCATION

W. Raymond Taylor

In considering education, that is, the enlargement of the mind, the power to think straight, and to think with facts for a basis we must take into consideration personality, and its power over education, its power in creating an educational equilibrium, or its power over keeping all men from reaching the same conclusions. Personality may be considered as the prism through which the reflections of facts reaches us and through which our thoughts as portrayed by our actions gain exit to the world, a prism colored with that which makes us what we are and a prism which transforms all the incomings and the out goings of our minds to conform with its conditions. This may be proved, I think, by simply giving a process of the mind in taking in a bit of fact. For instance one may be reading and see clearly the idea of the author yet he says to himself, "I can't agree with him in this fact." At once he begins reasoning and studying out the relation of this fact to those which the prism of his personality has allowed to sift through to the inner cells of his belief. Its non-conformability to the rest of the ideas of his personality makes it impossible for him to receive or believe it. On the other hand how often we have come in contact with an idea which at once struck us as being true and which seemed as if it it had been hidden back in our minds and only waiting the touch of expression to awaken it, and make it burst forth as our own. Thus as time goes on this process of receiving, placing in its proper position, referring to all things in the universal system, and likewise of rejecting what the personality cannot accept goes on throughout the whole life of man. And inasmuch as his mind, his personality, has the power to receive, to harmonize the thoughts

that are in conformity to his nature, and to reject the things that are not conformable to his being, his personality, just that much does his mind become enlarged, just that much does he become truly educated.

It would seem then that if the above is true that any one who makes his mind merely a storehouse for facts really has no true personality. Or in short his mind has become the property of anyone who can inject his ideas therein, and his personality is that of the things that he comes in contact with. Consequently in proportion as a man's personality is strong does he have power to rise above the circumstances of his environments,—if perchance, they are not congenial to it,—and become what he was really intended to be, the product of his personality.

We can thus clearly see the value of personality toward keeping a mental equilibrium. Gaze out into the world and behold its sons: David, the man of war; Solomon, the man of peace; Napoleon with his dreams of physical kingdoms; Martin Luther, with his visions of spiritual kingdoms; Demosthenes, Newton, Goethe, each a master in his own field of human endeavor. How can we account for this difference in the natures of these men, this difference in their opinions, in their choice of all things, in their powers of reasoning, and of viewing out the relation of the facts in the universal system, and of their action based on this philosophy, for so it may be called. I repeat, how can we account for this difference but that each action is the child of their different personalities and differs only as their personalities direct, or in other words only those things which were conformable to the prism of their personalities and had really gained true access to their minds could be their product.

This is especially true of literature. The author's personality is the parent of his style. His choice of words, his manner of using them, the subjects chosen, the figures of speech or in short the style itself is due to that thing which distinguishes one man from another man man, his

personality. And indeed there are certain characteristics in every writer's works, it matters not what the subject, that can be identified as belonging to this writer and can belong to no other. One distinguished rhetorician has said that "style is the man. And the man is the product of the thoughts which his personality has gleaned for him."

Some one may argue that the lines of Milton's L'Allegro,

> "Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful jollity,
> Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
> Nods and Becks and Wreathed Smiles,
> . . . . . .
> Come and trip it as ye go
> On the light fantastic toe."

do not agree with his lines of the Il Penseroso,

> "But Hail Thou Goddess sage and Holy
> Hail Divinest Melancholy."

and the high theme of Paradise Lost.

I say that it only shows the deep grasp of Milton's mind. It only shows that his personality was broad enough to assimilate the ideas of diverse minds. But can anyone doubt that Milton was referring to himself in the Il Penseroso and giving the other man the right to his opinion in the L'Allegro? Such, I think, is true enlargement of the mind, true education. And how dependent on personality it is!

Let us consider the broad personality in another character. For instance, look at the winning statesman. His personality is broad because his mind has been strong enough to digest facts related to all the people. "He is a part of all that he has met." His personality has something in common with everyone of his followers. Consequently his utterances both of speech and deed are congenial to their personalities. And he is a man whose strength lies in his broadness.

We have considered diverse men and have found that their actions lay within the bounds of their character. We know that we are that which God breathed into us with the breath of life. We have seen that we can only do as our personality directs. We know that he was all-wise in making us different and in establishing this mental equilibrium. We have seen that true education is the harmonizing of foreign facts to our personalities, and allowing them thus remade to go back to the world whence they came with the touch of ourselves in them.

SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY TOM LINN, JR.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

In his own opinion he was a real "Bloody Soph"; he realized the importance of his station in life and longed for an opportunity to tell the world of it. Consequently, he made the best possible display on all occasions, and, as most of his courses were in Freshman work, he was succeeding in giving the impression of being a "Big Noise." But he did not take heed of the college proverb that says "Bigheadedness preceedeth a bump."

It happened that the instructor in German was a new and youngish man. He was evidently late at the first meeting of the class, for no authoritatively academic person sat at the desk. Our bold Sophomore entered the room in "big force," dropped his books with a clatter and took a seat beside a retiring little man in the corner. For two whole minutes he created no more confusion than a lively conversation with his class-mates in ignominy concerning the appearances of the Freshmen present. And the quiet fellow aforesaid came in for his full share of attention. Then, bethinking himself simultaneously of the pleasures of a "grat" and his task of making himself known, the Soph exclaimed peevishly:

"Wonder when that fool instructor's coming? I can't wait here all day—I got work to do."

No response forthcoming, and as he was certainly the center of attraction now, he felt inspired to pull out his watch and burst forth again:

"Five minutes! This ain't no waiting room. Let's go." And he started out.

Just at this juncture the quiet little man arose and announced with a faint smile:

"The assignment for next time is the first five pages."

The lordly one surveyed him from tip to toe before he spoke in tones of supreme disdain:

"So? It is, it it, *nicht wahr? Danke sehr, mein Herr.*"

But, happily, a ray of light just then filtered through. With staring eyes and open mouth, he subsided into a seat. And he is not yet much in evidence in that class.

—GEORGE W. EUTSLER.

SOME FRESH

It was at the 1916 class meeting for the election of a Freshman baseball manager. The usual racket was being made by the members of the class who were gathered in the chapel, flying song books, thrown by Sophomores from the galleries, being conspicuously absent. A noisy Freshman arose and nominated W. L. Hunter for the office of baseball manager for the class. Another nominated D. W. Hunter for the office. Then W. R. Hunter was immediately put forward as a candidate. Everyone began to look around to see the family and if possible to find another of the species to nominate. Only three Hunters were to be seen. Then the bright little freshman arose and waited for a drop of silence. As quiet fell upon the gathering the jewel began.

"Mr. President, as it seems that we must have a Hunter, and I don't like the looks of these three, I move that we go and hunt er-nother one."

—MCDANIEL LEWIS.

A THRILLING RESCUE

Completely awed I sat on the river's bank, watching the violent stream twisting and whirling along. In a very few hours the naturally swift river had become an angry and raging monster—dreadful, appalling to look upon—greedy for something to crush over its merciless rapids and draw down into its hideous depths. Driftwood, dead limbs and chips—even mighty forest kings, torn from the river's bank by the awful force of the ungovernable tor-

rent, rushed past, crashing to pieces over the sharp rocks of the rapids—some continuing their tortuous course down stream, others returning to the shore in the below-rapids back current. I had entirely forgotten my two friends, my companions on a camping trip to Boone's Cave, an historic spot on the Upper Yadkin; the sight of such stupenduous power turned loose—absolutely free—had made me entirely unconscious of other surroundings.

Suddenly out of the midst of rubbish rushing down the current, I described a body, now only feebly struggling against the treacherous flood. All three of us, completely awakened to the dangerous condition of the fighting one, hesitated at the water's edge. A boat was at our feet, but the stream was tearing to pieces trees far greater in strength than the mere shell of wood before us. Closer the struggler was swept toward us, and horrified we recognized a very dear friend of ours, Melon, whose home was up the river near Boone's Cave. He had probably fallen in or been caught by the unrelenting water and hurled down stream toward us. Fortune had now placed it in our power to save one so dear to us. No longer did we hesitate, but pushed the boat out into the river. Furiously we fought until we could reach out and grasp the one almost lost to us.

We had checked the dire power of nature; we had made a rescue in spite of overwhelming odds. Angrily roared the frustrated stream along as we pulled ashore that sweet, beloved one—water melon.

—P. Woollcott.

A GREAT POEM

A black crow sat in the top of a tree
Beside the creek, and wunk at me,
  As I started to clog on the old foot-log,
  As gay as a flea on a fattening hog,
Or a fly in a cup of tea.

He says to me as he crossed his legs,
Like the old man does when he's reached the dregs,
"Do you think," says he, as he wunk at me,
And rocked on his limb like a boat at sea,
"That rabbits will ever lay eggs?"

"Thou fool!" says I, as I wunk one lid
To even up with the way he did,
"You've heard, perhaps, of the Easter chaps
Who color their eggs with various wraps,
And lay for the little kid?"

He scratched his head and laughed with glee,
And mockingly said, says he, "Tell me
Just this, at least: if a thing is East,"
(And here he wunk once more and ceased)
"How can it Easter be?"

—J. L. ORR.

THE LITTLE SENIOR

In the past years a Freshman was a being to be despised. The name in itself was to be detested; to be called a Freshman was an insult not to be overlooked. In those days a Freshman was compelled to wear a coat and hat, to speak only when spoken to and then to answer briefly, "yes sir," or "no sir." The Freshman was not noticed on the campus, few upper classmen spoke to him.

The only time he was popular was at night, rather in the early morning about two A. M. At this uncouth hour he had the pleasure of entertaining in various forms of dancing, singing, and making speeches, a dozen or more Sophomores who hid their faces behind sheets. After this entertainment the Sophomores, to recompense the Freshman for his trouble, would either kindly rub him with a blacking brush until he resembled a tar baby or put grits in a soaped bowl and turn the Freshman around and around in the bowl.

Alas, those old days are gone. No longer is the Freshman to be despised or pitied. Things have undergone a revolution—yes, a great revolution. We do not see the freshman alone on the campus or holding early morning matinees. Instead we see him with coat and hat off, red socks and green tie, a cigar stuck in his mouth with an incline of 52 degrees, with high trousers he dashes through the campus familiarly slapping some upper classman on the back. So great are the privileges that a new man now enjoys that he is not known as a Freshman but as the Little Senior.

—J. P. Stedman.

THE HUFFMANIAC

One morning during last year's spring term exams the Huffmaniac was raving. He was seated in one of the windows of his parlor bedroom chewing his weed and trying his skilful tongue on those whom he espied below him. Looking around, he beheld a Freshman seated in a chair, beneath a tree, studiously engaged with a math book. Immediately he began his bombardment, using words captured from thoughts of the tree.

"Hey there! you freshman, you! Who gave you leaf to get roots out there?"

No answer from the Freshman.

"I'll bark at you, and if that won't do, I'll turn the trunk over on you and break your limbs."

The first-year man arose and moved his chair farther away and beneath another tree. As he was leaving he heard:

"You seem to be quite a chairful fellow."

—McDaniel Lewis.

JUST BEFORE SUPPER

Every afternoon at twenty-five minutes after six o'clock, two hundred boys, either because of hunger or through force of habit, gather around the door of Commons Hall. This crowd is composed of all the different types of hu-

manity known to the college world. The frat. man, the Y. M. C. A. worker, the athlete, and the Phi Beta Kappa man jostle and push each other in good natured playfulness. The fresh Freshman, the fresher Sophomore, the good natured Junior, and the wise looking Senior disturb the quiet and peacefulness of the atmosphere with cries of "Open Up." They all join together in pushing and kicking the door, as if Commons Hall were Paradise, and they were afraid of being left outside. They know that the door will not open until six-thirty, but that makes no difference for they have a principal at stake, a duty which they must perform. At six-thirty the bell rings, and the door is opened. The crowd push and shove with increased vigor and are soon safely within that land of "Bull and Beans." The few timid stragglers, who remain behind, follow the suit of their more impetuous brothers, and all is quiet.

HUBERT M. BLALOCK.

LATIN I

Painstakingly he translated the words on the University seal:

"Seal—university—Carolina—north. Lux Libertas, what can that mean? Oho? I have it—Let us have liberty.

—GEO. W. EUTSLER.

THREE HOURS AND A METAMORPHOSIS

First Hour

I walked out thinking just to see,
And finely was I feeling.
I climbed a fence and climbed a tree:
An hour I spent in peeling.

Second Hour

I came back home and sat me down
Enjoying all creation.
And feeling fine I spent, I own,
An hour in meditation.

Third Hour

Then soon my joy began to wane:
My girth began to swell.
So with my insides full of pain
I spent an hour in *Hell!*

Metamorphosis

I laid and rolled and sat and stood.
I did not like creation!
I'd not have spent, e'en if I could,
A second in meditation.

—F. F. Bradshaw.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

BOARD OF EDITORS

W. P. FULLER, Philanthropic, Editor-in-Chief
LOWRY AXLEY, Dialectic, Assistant Editor-in-Chief

DIALECTIC

G. W. Eutsler, Literary Editor
T. C. Linn, Sketches

PHILANTHROPIC

J. S. Bryan, "Around the Well"
C. A. Boseman, Exchanges

T. C. BOUSHALL, Philanthropic, Literary Editor
M. R. DUNNAGAN, Dialectic, Business Manager

J. V. WHITFIELD, Philanthropic
P. WOOLCOTT, Philanthropic,
} Assistant Business Managers

EDITORIAL

AN OBITUARY AND A SALUTATORY

Four men have been elected Editor-in-Chief of this MAGAZINE for this year. Mr. Blake Applewhite, the first, is unable to return this year. He is general manager of the Carolina Advertisement Agency at Wilson, N. C. Undoubtedly the best man for the place, he will be greatly missed. J. L. Orr, editor-in-chief two years ago, was elected to fill his place. He is taking heavy graduate work and is assistant manager of the Athletic Store. He felt that he would be unable to do justice to the work. So he resigned. Mr. George Strong was then elected. This came as a total surprise to him. Feeling that, under the circumstances, he was unfit for the job, he resigned. I was then given the office.

"It is with much fear and trembling that we take up this work." "We offer this first number, fully realizing its defects. But is the best we have, so we feel, etc." "We deplore the lack of interest manifested in our literary publication." The above are typical editorial beginnings. To me it always seemed a cowardly way of dodging responsibilities. So the following are my opening sentiments:

I am interested in the work and have a hard-working staff behind me which is interested too. It is true that we are a "baby board," as one of us expressed it, but a baby usually gets what it wants. We know that we are sure to make mistakes, but that don't worry us much. Abe Lincoln made them. Several others did too. And we aren't afraid of work either. In fact, we are glad we have it. It's lots of fun.

We know this isn't the best magazine we can turn out either. That's why we feel so good about it.

INTEREST

From the minute I entered College to this day, I have heard the plaint, "There is no interest taken in THE MAGAZINE. No one will write." The trouble is that no one has aggressively and intelligently gone after material. This summer I wrote to some twenty students, asking them to write *something.* I wrote "follow up" letters, cards, and still more "follow up" letters. The response was rather feeble. This fall I changed plans. Having decided on an article that I wanted, I picked out a man to write it. To date, I have not had a refusal. I am going to call on you some day and I want to keep the record clean. That, then brings us to our

POLICY

It is clear that 800 students cannot supply the fiction to support the class of magazine we want. We then, will use facts to some extent. They are interesting, too. We intend to run three series of articles treating of interesting things concerning the University that are little known. One series starts with "The Old Familiar Cycle." Mr.

J. F. Pugh begins another. We are unable to start the third in this issue for lack of time. We have three of this series in sight, however, and believe it will be the most interesting of the three. Do you know anything about your University that you think would amuse or inform your fellow students? Are there any interesting historical memories about your dormitory room that you know? Are you acquainted with any of the old legends of Chapel Hill? Are there any anecdotes concerning former Faculty members that you know? Sure you do. Well, write about it.

"Around the Well" has been changed slightly or rather enlarged. We still invite discussion of college questions at large, but we also wish comments, criticism, and discussion of any article appearing in THE MAGAZINE. You don't like that article by Smith about the price of eggs? Tell us why—on paper.

Heretofore the exchanges have been a criticism of other college publications. Nobody reads them except other exchange editors. What do you care if the author of "The Co-ed's Excuse" had the hero propose at the wrong time? You will never read the story. This year we intend to reprint the best we find in these other magazines. As there are no exchanges as yet we submit selections from old numbers of our own MAGAZINE, and *The Tar Heel.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The two societies have established for this year a $15 Short Story Contest to close early in December. This is open to every man in college except THE MAGAZINE editors. There is no limit to the number of manuscripts that one man can submit. There are no restrictions to length or subject of the story. I would suggest, however, that you lay your plot in a college. Did you ever notice how popular "College Life" films are at the "Pick?" Take a hint. And say, don't try a love story. It takes a past master to write a good one. I believe you are pretty good—still don't try it.

The English Department has agreed to raise the grade one point of all students of English 1 and English 2 who get two articles in The Magazine this year. This is designed especially to develop the Sketch Department.

INSTITUTIONS

Thanksgiving has been set aside by a special proclamation of the president of the United States as the day to play Virginia in football at Richmond. We all go and come back. About a week after, we begin to get to work. Nobody objects strenuously, because it is an "institution." "On to Richmond" is a student necessity.

University Day has been set aside by a special proclamation of the President of the University as the day for everybody who can to go home or to somebody else's home. Those who cannot, stay. This year we had an excellent program plus a fine student spirit. Most of the students stayed because they wanted to. Now if that Davidson game had been played in Chapel Hill, instead of Greensboro, wouldn't it have capped the climax? Now, just wouldn't it? Well, let's make a football game on the Hill on University Day a custom as strong as the Richmond cry. We, as students, should rejoice at the birthday of our college more than that as citizens we should rejoice over the abundance of turkey and corn in Massachusetts some two or three centuries ago. In fact, Thanksgiving is a dead issue, kept alive by custom. University Day is a live issue, deadened by the same thing. Davidson is a mighty good enemy of ours. Let's play them here next University Day. True, it will not come on Saturday very often, but then neither does Thanksgiving.

"On to Richmond!"

"Also on to Chapel Hill."

IN MEMORY

JESSE F. PUGH

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY

Tenderly gather we here to-day
With hearts that are filled with loyal pride
For our young heroes who went away,
And bravely fought, and as bravely died.

Tributes of roses and loving hearts
We bring, while our eyes are proudly dim
For those who so grandly played their parts
And struggled and lost to failure grim.

In the spring-time, when the budding world
Like their young lives was joyous and free,
When War his chafing hell-dogs hurled
To fury, Duty said, "Follow me."

And the boys followed—'tis their glory—
The red star with its setting of gray.
But I need not tell their "famed story"
For history has claimed it for aye.

But they are gone, and little they care
Whether they sleep under gilded frills
Of carven stone or on the lone, bare
Side of their Carolinian hills.

So bring a green of cypress sad
And twine in many a rare bouquet
Fresh lilies and roses. And be glad,
That nobly our heroes wore the gray.

AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY SHEP. BRYAN

The sole purpose of this department for the year 1913-14 is to serve as a medium through which the students of the University may express themselves concerning the vital questions that touch our college life. We want it to be a live medium,—one in which discussion is free and outspoken. We want this department to be such that when a fellow reads what is in it he will feel refreshed.

The Magazine this year will publish articles in each issue bearing upon the history of the different college organizations, the growth of college publications, and it will discuss the vital questions of campus life. Now what we want the students to do is to use the "Around the Well" department of The Magazine to add to the discussion of these topics, to suggest other topics, and to criticize anything that deserves to be criticized. We wish especially to emphasize this because the Greater Council, has to a large extent, taken the place of the old "Around the Well" idea. Do you know anything about an article that wasn't said? Say it.

We want this department to be more than a means of improving one's English composition. We think it can be made to be a vital force here—the means of accomplishing something in the University.

The leaders of the various student organizations are especially invited to use this department to bring before the students the attractions of their fields. And we hope that any student will give us anything he may have in mind that he thinks will better conditions in our midst.

In short, "Around the Well" has for its mission this year to stimulate and enliven the student body; to get hold of something new—to really accomplish something.

—Editor of Around the Well.

THE SKETCH DEPARTMENT

To be a success, any college magazine must be a characteristic output of the institution. It must be a publication abounding in articles which treat of the various college activities, games, classes and organizations. A college magazine which attempts to deal with matters outside the students' range of interest will be a failure. This is necessarily so, because, first, the men who contribute to the magazine are interested most in what goes on immediately around them and naturally can write most convincingly and most interestingly about those things; secondly, the students, on whom the magazine depends largely for support would take little interest in articles of a deeply intellectual nature although they might be well written. For instance, if this MAGAZINE should publish an issue which treated of scientific matters largely, the subscription list would hastily decrease; first, because a discussion of such matters would not interest the students, and, secondly, not an editor of THE MAGAZINE nor anybody in college, with the exception of the Faculty, could write such an article so as to make it anything but sketchy and incomplete. Nor would they interest the general public, because there are too many periodicals of long standing and reputation which treat these matters thoroughly. Even though our minds were mature enough to write such articles, still we wouldn't write them well, because we are not interested in them. The whole matter resolves itself into writing about something which interests us, and with which we are well acquainted.

With the ambitious desire to make this MAGAZINE a success, we intend having it abound in local color. Our hope is that it may express the joys, sorows and ambitions of every student; that it may communicate to every man in college his fellow's viewpoint and that it may afford the stranger out in the world a glimpse of our college life.

The Sketch Department of THE MAGAZINE appeals chiefly for these writings of local color. Every fel-

low in college is expected to contribute something toward achieving its aim. *Write something,*—no matter how long, how short;—write it, and hand it in. You will be doing every fellow in college a service by acquainting him with some little episode which occurred in college and of which he would have been unaware except for your telling him about it in the Sketch Department.

—T. C. Linn, Jr.

A VITAL AND INDIVIDUAL DUTY

Fellows, I want you to let this little suggestion seep through, and after reflection, you can take it for what it is worth. Most of us are heart and soul behind the plans that look toward bringing the University into closer touch with the state and her advantages to the attention of more men. Toward this end the county clubs are in many cases sending the *Tar Heel* and Magazine to the high schools of their sections—an excellent idea, as all agree. Now you just stop and consider the *Tar Heel* that the janitor sweeps out of your room every Friday morning after you have read it through and thrown it aside. It is of no earthly account in Chapel Hill, but its latent possibilities are incalculable. A one cent stamp and an address across the top will carry it to some friend of yours who is right now deciding upon the college he will enter next fall.

If you have the old Carolina spirit—and which of you will say to your fellows that you have not?—you will know in your heart that the University is the proper place for him, and you will use every legitimate means to get him here—for her sake and his. And the *Tar Heel,* breezy, virile, wholesome, worthily representative of us, will carry home a note of appeal and interest that will produce results. The same is true of The Magazine and the *Alumni Review,* both excellent publications in their different fields and full of University life and spirit.

Every four weeks over a thousand *Tar Heels* are distributed through this community, and Magazines and *Re-*

views sent out to total nearly as many. Those two thousand editions of ourselves, judiciously distributed by us to our friends at home, each of them carrying an irresistible message of honest struggle and strife, of friendships and clean rivalries, of development, and training, and success, will be a broadside that will rake the state for the greater glory of the University and fuller service to the state—all at an average outlay of three cents and six minutes a month. These seemingly worthless scraps of paper once sent upon such a mission will be, in the combat against prejudice and for truth, an irresistible interference guarding and strengthening the aggressive attack of the county clubs and the Bureau of Extension. Such an opening will be made that we cannot fail to gain ground.

That is the notion in a nutshell. If you like it, ACT on it. If you don't, at least keep that fact to yourself, and help those of us who want to help by giving us your old papers and magazines. The idea is a good one; I know, because in a small way that I have seen it tried, it has produced important and material results. Don't you think it is worth a trial? Then won't you, each of you, consider yourself a committee of one to see that it has a fair chance?

—GEORGE W. EUTSLER.

ABOUT THE "YACKETY YACK"

Experience is certainly the best teacher, and men who receive the largest salaries in the commercial world are those who have had the most experience in their line. The question then arises if it is a wise policy to put into the hands of inexperienced men in business management, the affairs of so large an enterprise as the *Yackety Yack*. In all other forms of college activity, where business acumen is required, or where previous experience with the work to be done will give greater efficiency, we have assistant managers; but in the management of the *Yackety Yack*, we elect men who have had no connection with the running of it any further than being an editor; anyone who has

ever been a *Yackety Yack* editor knows how far removed he is from any business transactions.

This is written in the interest of those who will later come to have charge of this important work. That assistant business managers will make it possible for the next years work to be a better success is believed by many and practically demonstrated by experience. The college ought to take this matter under serious consideration, and those who are thoroughly interested in the University should find it their duty to make it possible, through the societies and fraternities, to have assistant managers for the *Yackety Yack*.

—"1915."

THE STUDENTS' OPPORTUNITY

Starting out on a new collegiate year, which seems already to promise great things for the University and the Student Body, it seems only reasonable that the students should take advantage of an opportunity that has been offered them which can very readily be turned to much good.

Last year the faculty gave to the student body the right to take charge, whenever they wished, of the chapel exercises. Here are fifteen minutes when the academic body is assembled. Here is an opportunity, then, to reach what is generally known as the college; an opportunity to discuss plans, to put propositions, to instruct the student body or to arouse enthusiasm over some particular object—to increase to a marked degree the University spirit.

It seems, however, to be a privilege gone begging for an owner. We need not look this gift horse in the teeth, because we have come or should have come to feel that the faculty are not Greeks, but fellow Trojans, and we are all working together for the common good. It is a challenge to the Student Council, to the Greater Council, to the Athletic Association, to the supporters of dramatics, the literary societies, and the Y. M. C. A. to make the most

of a golden opportunity to touch directly, as often as they desire, the student body as a whole.

—TOM BOUSHALL.

THE Y. M. C. A. BOOK EXCHANGE

The managers of the Y. M. C. A. Book Exchange have labored assiduously this year to enlarge the scope of this department, to assist more men in obtaining and disposing of books, to systematize the handling of the books entrusted to us, and, above all, to give absolute satisfaction to the several hundred men who deal with us. How well we have succeeded is for you whom we have served to judge. If we have helped you, remember that "one good turn deserves another," and that we need your aid.

The book exchange offers tremendous possibilities. With the concerted support of the students, it can be made into a genuine co-operative exchange. Many men already know that the Y. M. C. A. gives the buyer a material reduction in the price and good value in the books he needs, and gets for the seller a price that is reasonable, but double or treble any that can be obtained without the worry of looking up the man who needs your book. The exchange is a hospital that is able and wants to cure your book troubles. It only lacks material. Repeated calls for some books have been refused; while many of those same books were lying about college in disuse, but their owners simply neglected to bring them in and sell them. If the book is used, the demand is certain; the problem lies in supplying the demand, and in the solution of that problem, each of you can help yourself by helping us.

As you finish with your books this winter, instead of sacrificing them for about one-fifth (in trade) of the original price, bring them to the exchange and in due time you will receive full value. Furthermore, as books are laid aside and others taken up through the year, we shall advertise for them and expect to put your old one on sale at the same time you get your new one. The books will

certainly be sold profitably if they are brought in when called for. Everyone gets and gives a square deal, for the book exchange promises satisfaction in every respect.

—GEO. W. EUTSLER.

THE STANDARDIZATION OF CLASS PINS

Along with the many progressive steps that the University has taken and is taking there is one matter which has not, as yet, been under serious consideration, but which is important and should have our immediate attention. It is the matter of standardizing the emblem to be used on class pins for all classes.

We ought to standardize the emblem because hitherto the student's identification with the University has been lost in that of a class of about eighty men. The pin that is worn at the present time is not recognized by any University man outside of the University except those in an immediate class. It should be a design that could be recognized by every Carolina man. It ought to be a design to identify the student not only with his graduating class, but with the whole unit of which his class is but a part. It ought to be a representation of the University of North Carolina as well as the class of, say, 1915.

Now there are frequent arguments brought against it. One of them is this: That students coming after us should not be bound by what the classes in the University do this year and that we have no right to make any such standard rule. This ought not to be brought up again because it is on the same plan as the athletic club and literary societies. The societies and the club have their standard pin and they both meet with universal acceptance. No one ever thinks of changing the design. Then haven't the academic classes also the right to lay down rules and regulations *to regulate the members of the society yet to come?* Isn't it the *duty* of the classes to exercise this right when something like this presents itself?

Another argument is that students had rather be identi-

fied with the class than with the University; that the class is a unit in itself, being a group of men living and working together for four years. To those who feel that way we have to say that we can satisfy you too. The idea we propose is one that takes in the unity of class as completely as before; it only adds Carolina.

—SHEP BRYAN.

EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY CLAUDE BOSEMAN

GREETINGS!!

No exchanges have arrived; consequently we have revived the classical.

Rah! Rah! Rah! White and blue,
Vive la! vive la! N. C. U!!

—*White and Blue,* 1894.

THE FRESHMAN'S LAMENT

Fall! Fall!! Fall!!!
On a final exam. each day!
And Oh! for a Job-like patience
When the bulletin board I see.

Ah! well for the light-hearted Seniors,
That "Logic" is done for at last!
Ah! well for the happy Juniors,
That "Physics" is safely passed!

And the Sophomores pass on rejoicing,
When a 1 on "Conics" they see;
But Oh! that the sight may meet my eyes
Of a four on "Latin" for me.

Fall! Fall!! Fall!!!
On a final exam. each day!
But the good opinion I had of myself
Will never come back to me.

—*The Tar Heel,* 1894.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH," ETC.

Poker vs. Tacitus

The class was reading Tacitus. The lesson assigned had been completed, and the professor was assisting the students in sight reading. Those students needed all the assistance possible, too, for not one of them was any too wide awake—Tacitus is not famed for writing thrilling narratives.

But one was not awake at all. His head rested upon his arm, his book lay on his knee. His hair looked as if the witches had been at work on it, and he had all the other requisites of personal appearance which pertain to a man who has not been in bed since night before last. His regular wheezing, as his body swayed with short, jerky motions, seemed to disturb the equilibrium of the class, for a titter spread over the room—and Tacitus is no laughing matter. A ripple of amusement swept over the face of the professor, and he stopped his translation.

"Mr. V—, won't you please wake up Mr. J—?"

Every neck "rubbered" toward the owner of the wheeze. The gentleman spoken to gently shook him, when the class was electrified by the question:

"What cher got?" and Tacitus had to admit that he was antiquated.

—U. N. C. MAGAZINE, 1907.

Above a cliff a little rose,
So far, so near;
Its beauty still in memory glows,
Tho' it is sere.

In humble home, one pure as true,
Unknown yet known;
Her goodness twines in living hue,
Tho' she is gone.

In Palestine a perfect man,
Both rich and poor;
His life suffuses all we scan,
Tho' man no more.

—U. N. C. Magazine, 1907.

WHEN SUMMER DIES

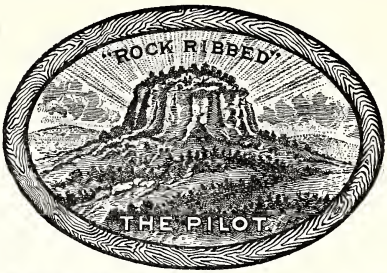
Out of the fields of bedded hay,
By dreamy haunts of autumn flowers,
The cricket drones a dead love lay;
For Oh! the Summer is passing away;
Fast fly the dying hours.

Beyond the barns—across the meads
In many a field of russet clover,
The sunlight glints on dying weeds;
All things must die;—who recks or heeds
When hearts are brimming over?

Above the crested golden-rods
A thousand gauzy griggs go whirring,
The yellow aster sleeping nods
Above the bursting poppy pods,
With scarce a zephyr stirring.

A dreamy hush upon the air,
Through woodland depths the sun is streaming,
Where drowsy clustered maples bear,
A golden glinting here and there
And all the world is dreaming.

—*The Tar Heel,* 1895.



THE POLICYHOLDERS' COMPANY

The Insurance Company with a **capital stock** offers the security of the cash paid in and a management by men financially interested in its success. It offers the disadvantage of the temptation upon the part of stockholders to pay themselves big dividends at the expense of the policyholders.

The **mutual** insurance company offers the advantage of crediting to the policyholders all the profits, but has not the security of paid in capital and is managed by men with no financial interest in its success.

This Company has the advantages of both
The disadvantages of neither

Fix that statement in your mind. It's a big thing to say. But it's a fact. Every policyholder has the security of paid in capital, the advantage of management by men financially interested, and **the policyholders get the dividends.**

BECAUSE, under its charter, the stockholders of this Company are FOREVER BARRED from receiving more than 50c annual dividend on each $1,000 of insurance in force. THE POLICYHOLDERS GET THE REST.

See now why this is the policyholders' Company?

I. M. BAILEY, College Agent

Southern LIFE and TRUST Company

GREENSBORO, N. C.

CAPITAL, $300,000.00 **SURPLUS OVER $300.000.00**

A. W. M'ALISTER, Mgr. **R. J. MEBANE, Asst. Mgr.**

COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y., Makers of the

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To the University of North Carolina, University of the South, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford and the others.

Class contracts a specialty. Reliable materials. Reasonable prices. Bulletins and Samples on request

WINSTON-SALEM

"The Live Wire" City of North Carolina

TAKE YOUR MEALS AT

LLOYD'S CAFE

FRESH FOOD—WELL PREPARED BY "UNCLE JIM," THE OLD RELIABLE

Meals at All Hours

Candy Cigarettes Cigars Soda Fountain

Wirt, Waterman and Edison

FOUNTAIN PENS

(All Guaranteed)

ALL PENS REPAIRED

W. B. SORRELL, Jeweler

Boys, let "LONG" BILL JONES

DO YOUR PRESSING
CLEANING—ALTERING—REPAIRING

Same Good Work **Same Old Stand**

MAKE YOUR ROOM

"A COZY DEN"

RUGS, DRUGGETS, FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS

E. A. BROWN

ALWAYS SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT AT

GOOCH'S CAFE

Opposite the Campus

"OLEY"—AT YOUR SERVICE

WHEN IN WINSTON-SALEM EAT AT THE

PHOENIX CAFE

Clean Cooking—Wholesome Fare

EVERYTHING IN SEASON

THEMIS DEMETRELIS - - - - - - **Proprietor**

AGENCY
Whitman's
Famous Since 1842
Chocolates & Confections

ORANGE DRUG CO.

Patterson Bros.

DRUGGISTS

THE

Citizens National Bank

RALEIGH, N. C.

With ample resources, offers its services and its facilities for business to the young business men of North Carolina

All kinds of COMMERCIAL BANKING handled, and through the RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY it takes care of Savings Accounts, and all classes of Trust Business

Four per cent. interest paid quarterly on time deposits

KLUTTZ'S NEW HABERDASHERY

Everything in UP-TO-DATE Men's Wear: Florsheim Shoes, Stetson Hats, Eclipse and Manhattan Shirts, Underwear, Gloves and Neckwear from the best manufacturers. Agency for Spalding Athletic Goods. The latest Novelties in Souvenirs, Pennants, Pillows, Banners, Gold and Silver Jewelry. Shields and College Posters, Cards and Stationery.

KLUTTZ'S BOOK STORE

Everything for the student. Something nice to eat, Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Sunshine Cakes and Crackers; Canned Goods, Pickles, Olives—the best variety—fresh and nice.

The best line cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes in town. Trade with the Original—ADAM.

"ESTABLISHED 1883"

FOISTER

KODAKS—SUPPLIES

FINISHING FOR THE AMATEUR

STROWD & TILLEY

FURNITURE

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

FAMOUS STAR BRAND SHOES

J. D. WEBB, President
C. B. GRIFFIN, Cashier

E. V. HOWELL, 1st Vice-Pres.
R. H. WARD, 2nd Vice-Pres.

The Peoples Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
AT YOUR DISPOSAL

"My Grandmother's School, My Mother's School and the School for My Daughter."

Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

One hundred and twelve years of unbroken history.
Beautiful and historic environments, with thorough modern equipment.
$300,000 endowment.
Last year's enrollment six hundred and twenty-two (622). Faculty, fifty-three (53).
College course, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Academy (high school), average cost, $325.00 per year.
A safe, high-grade, conscientious school, best known through the thirteen thousand southern women it has trained.
Address, PRES. HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HOTEL LOCHMOOR

HUBERT LATTA, PROPRIETOR

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Lochmoor for Mine"

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

M. C. S. NOBLE, President
H. H. PATTERSON, Vice-President
J. C. TAYLOR, Cashier

OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN ORANGE COUNTY

HOTEL WEBSTER

RATE, $2.00 PER DAY

Just Opposite Union Station

THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE NEWLY FURNISHED

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

HOTEL LEXINGTON

American Plan $2.50 to $4.00
European Plan $1.00 and Upwards

TWELFTH AND MAIN STREETS

RICHMOND : : : : : : : VIRGINIA

Raleigh's Newest and Best Barber Shop

Seven first-class white barbers. Manicure and Chiropodist. Satisfaction is our motto. Give us a Trial; it is all we ask

UNION BARBER SHOP

Under Postal Telegraph Office, 12 W. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C.

WE DO GENUINE FRENCH DRY CLEANING

and Sample Dyeing as well as High Grade Laundry Work. We Will Appreciate Your Patronage. Write for Price List and Terms to Agents

Columbia Laundry Company

112½, 114, 116 Fayetteville St.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SCHIFFMAN JEWELRY COMPANY

LEADING JEWELERS

Opposite McAdoo Hotel - - Greensboro, N. C.

Diamonds, Fine Gold and Platinum Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Novelties, Etc.

COLLEGE AND CLASS PINS, MEDALS AND COLLEGE JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

WATCH FOR THE OVERLAND

It's Always in the Road and Phone Fifty-Eight or Twenty-Three, and Get the OLD RELIABLE

C. S. P.

FOR GOOD AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Prompt Attention to all Orders. Two Machines at Your Service Day and Night

C. S. PENDERGRAFT - - - CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

All the courses of study in this College are technical and lead to graduation in Agriculture and allied subjects, in Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering; in Textile Art; and in Industrial Chemistry. Short courses are offered in Agriculture, in Mechanic Arts, and in Textile Art. One hundred and twenty scholarships are obtainable. For catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR, West Raleigh, N. C.

Winston-Salem Southbound

RAILWAY

The connecting link between the North and West and the Southeast.

Short Line

Between Roanoke, Va., Winston-Salem, Lexington, Albemarle, N. C., etc., and Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and other southern points.

S. P. COLLIER, JR.,
Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Winston-Salem, N. C

WHEN IN RALEIGH, STOP AT

GIERSCH'S HOTEL AND CAFE
(European Plan)

MAKE OUR PLACE YOUR HEADQUARTERS

BEST and CHEAPEST

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

MOST DIRECT LINE TO ALL POINTS
NORTH — SOUTH — EAST — WEST

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities; through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points.

All-year Tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points.

Convenient local, as well as through trains: Electrically lighted coaches.

Complete Dining Car service on all through trains.

Ask representative of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas Holidays—also various other special occasions.

If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. He will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip.

Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you.

H. F. CARY, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.
J. O. JONES, Traveling Passenger Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

"GET IT AT ODELL'S"

FOOTBALL, BASKET BALL, BASE BALL, TRACK AND GYM SUPPLIES, SWEATERS, JERSEYS, ETC.

Complete Stock of Ansco Cameras and Supplies.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

TWICE A YEAR when our representatives call, Chapel Hill and vicinity has an opportunity to see "what's new and desirable" in superior footwear.
IN BETWEEN TIMES we welcome the opportunity to serve you by mail—always assuring you of prompt, careful attention to your every wish—your satisfaction is our whole thought.
N. HESS' SONS, 8 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY

Offers 21 Years Experience

UNIVERSITY BOYS

Meet your friends at the only BEST cafe in Durham

ROYAL CAFE

You Know You Will be Satisfied—Chapel Hill Auto Station

PICKARD'S LIVERY STABLE

PHONE NO. 30

NEAR THE PHONE EXCHANGE. THE BEST LIVERY IN TOWN. SPLENDID HORSES AND CARRIAGES. QUICK ATTENTION

G. C. PICKARD & SON

CALL AT

H. H. PATTERSON'S

OPPOSITE THE CAMPUS

Where you will find men's Furnishings, Trunks, Dress Suit Cases, Carpets, Rugs, Ready-Made Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Bowls and Pitchers, Hardware, Heaters, Stoves, and everything that is good to eat. All goods delivered promptly

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Andrews Cash Store Company

The store that patronizes all College publications, and sells High Grade Furnishings and General Merchandise, Walk Over Shoes, $4.00 and $5.00. Cluett Shirts, Arrow Notched Collars, Stetson and Chesterfield Hats. Glad to serve you.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

EAT AT THE

HENNESSEE CAFE

342 South Elm Street., Greensboro, N. C., Near R. R. Station

COME TO SEE US WHEN IN TOWN
EVERYTHING NEW AND PLENTY OF ROOM

Well Ventilated

J. R. DONNELL, Proprietor and Manager

WHEN IN RALEIGH, GO TO

Tucker Building Pharmacy

FOR YOUR DRINKS AND SMOKES, ETC.

(On the Corner)

Another Year Ahead of Him

May it be a happy one—may he always have Fatimas.

With each package of Fatimas you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt pennant—Colleges, Universities and Fraternal Orders (12x32)—selection of 115

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Distinctively Individual"

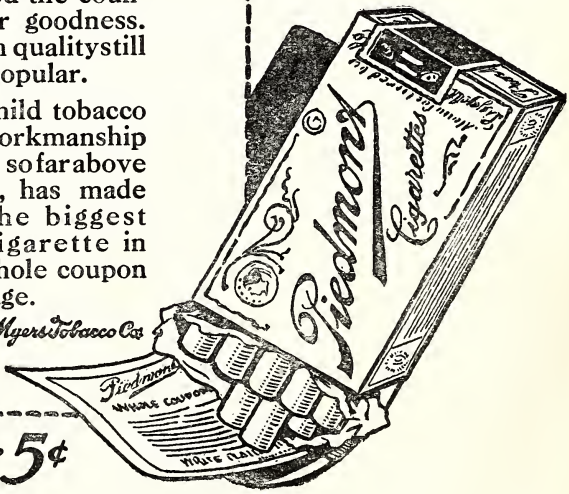
Piedmont

The Cigarette of Quality

Years ago Piedmont Cigarettes captured the country with their goodness. And their high quality still keeps them popular.

The choice, mild tobacco and careful workmanship that puts them so far above all imitations, has made Piedmont the biggest selling 5c. cigarette in America. Whole coupon in each package.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



10 for 5¢

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Three men on bases and no one out! That's the thrill you get in Velvet tobacco. Did you ever fill your pipe with tobacco that has been aged in the leaf two years? Perhaps not in these rapid days—if you want to know the meaning of true mellowness and a rich, smooth flavor ask your dealer for "Velvet."

10c

Full two ounce tins

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The North Carolina State Normal & Industrial College

CULTURE — SCHOLARSHIP — SERVICE — SELF-SUPPORT

Five well-planned courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Music, and Home Economics.

Special courses in Pedagogy; in Manual Arts; in Domestic Science, Household Art and Economics; in Music; and in the Commercial Branches.

Teachers and Graduates of other colleges provided for in both regular and special courses.

Equipment modern, including furnished dormitories, library, laboratories, literary society halls, gymnasium, music rooms, teachers' training school, infirmary, model laundry, central heating plant, and open air recreation grounds.

Dormitories furnished by the State. Board at actual cost. Expenses—board, laundry, tuition, and text-books—$195.00 a year. Tuition free to those who pledge themselves to become teachers.

Fall term opens in September. Spring term begins January 26, 1914. Summer term begins June 1st.

For catalogue and other information address

JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

Zinzendorf Laundry

Winston-Salem, N. C.

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY REFUNDED

J. G. FEEZOR, Agent, No. 4 Old West

King's Business College
INCORPORATED.

CAPITAL STOCK, $30,000.00

A School with a Reputation for Doing High-Grade Work

One of the best equipped schools in the South. THE LARGEST. The strongest faculty. MORE GRADUATES IN POSITIONS than all other business schools in the State. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English. Write for our handsome catalogue.

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Raleigh, N. C., or Charlotte, N. C.

We also teach Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., by mail. Send for home study circular.

Address J. H. KING, Pres., Raleigh, N. C.

Murphy's Hotel

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. THIS NEW HOTEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED, IS THE MOST MODERN AND LARGEST HOUSE SOUTH OF NEW YORK. WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DESIRED BY THE TOURSITS AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. OUR HOUSE IS CONDUCTED ENTIRELY ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN AND OUR RATES ARE FROM $1.00 TO $5.00 PER DAY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE MEN

JAS. T. DISNEY, Manager

The University of North Carolina Magazine

THIS MONTH

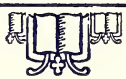
Four Frats

A Post Mortem

Taxation and The State

NOVEMBER, 1913

The University of North Carolina



Young Men Trained to be Leaders in Their Communities in the State

Faculty Numbers 94. Library of 65,000 Volumes
Equipment Valued at $900,000.00

Special Training for

Teachers, Lawyers, Physicians
Chemical, Electrical, Mining and Civil
Engineers, Pharmacists
and for Educated, Useful
Citizenship

For Catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR

CHAPEL HILL - - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

THE JEFFERSON

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Most Magnificent Hotel in the South

European Plan ∴ 400 Rooms ∴ 300 Baths
Rooms Single and En Suite, with and without
Private Baths ∴ Turkish and Roman Baths

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS

LARGE CONVENTION HALL

RATES $1.50 PER DAY AND UP

O. F. WEISIGER, MANAGER

Monogram Stationery in Special Holiday Boxes

BOX A---Two quires fine note paper and envelopes, any one or two initials, any color ink $1.20
BOX B---Two quires, initials in gold or silver . . . 1.35
BOX C--- Five quires, any two initials, any color ink . 2.70
BOX D---Five quires, initials in gold or silver 3.00

(If you want to pay more, let us know)

ENGRAVED CARDS

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
DURHAM, N. C.

The Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company

LIFE——FIRE
INSURANCE

Real Estate Bonds Loans

The Hill-Stockard Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TAILORS **HABERDASHERS**

"At the Sign of the Scissors"

EVERYTHING FROM HAT TO SOX FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN. EVENING WEAR A SPECIALTY. WRITE US YOUR WANTS—MAIL ORDERS WILL HAVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION. OUR SUITS ARE TAILORED TO SATISFY THE MOST PARTICULAR. OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE ON THE HILL WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF FURNISHINGS FOR SPRING. OUR CUTTERS WILL BE THERE TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE FOR THAT SPRING SUIT.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

Jolly & Wynne's

JEWELRY, CUT GLASS, CHINA, FLAT, HOLLOW AND FANCY STERLING WARE

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, COLLEGE JEWELRY WEDDING PRESENTS

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Company

128 FAYETTEVILLE STREET : : : RALEIGH, N. C.

The University Press

ZEB. P. COUNCIL, Manager

PRINTING

THE KIND THAT PLEASES—ON STOCK THAT LOOKS GOOD

Phone 158

THE EMERSON

Baltimore's Newest and Most Complete Hotel
The Rendezvous of Southerners visiting
BALTIMORE

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

Maryland cooking at its highest excellence. Convenient for shopping and theatre-going. European Plan. Running ice water in every room.

TO GET THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM YOUR VISIT TO BALTIMORE, STOP AT THE EMERSON.

ROOMS $2.00 A DAY UP. ROOMS WITH BATH, $2.50 A DAY UP.

STREET CARS FROM ALL RAILWAY STATIONS AND STEAMSHIP DOCKS TO THE DOOR.

MANAGER'S NOTE

The University Magazine is published by the two literary societies of the University of North Carolina. It is issued six times each collegiate year, and its purpose is to foster literary spirit among the students of the University. It exists as the organ of our alumni and student body. Every student and alumnus should be on the mailing list.

If a subscriber desires to have his copy stopped at the expiration of his subscription, notice must be given to that effect; otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of subscription is desired. Always notify us when you change your post office address.

Subscription price $1.00 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

The following is a list of those who have made the existence of this **Magazine** possible. Were it not for the friends of the University who advertise in our college publications, this **Magazine** could not exist. Our subscription amounts to only about one-third the cost of **Magazine.** If you are a Carolina man, show it by patronizing those who patronize Carolina. Here they are:

CHAPEL HILL

University Press
The University of North Car.
The Association Store
Chapel Hill Ins. & Realty Co.
Bank of Chapel Hill
Kluttz's New Haberdashery
Kluttz's Book Store
Bill Jones
E. A. Brown
Gooch's Cafe
Patterson's Bros.
Pickard's Livery Stable
Eubanks Drug Co.
Andrews Cash Store Co.
H. H. Patterson
W. B. Sorrell
Lloyd's Cafe
People's Bank
Strowd & Tilley
Foister
C. S. Pendergraft

DURHAM

The Seeman Printery
Hotel Lochmoor
Royal Cafe

GREENSBORO

Hill-Stockard Co.
Odell Hardware Co.
Southern Life & Trust Co.
State Normal College
Hennessee Cafe
Schiffman Jewelry Co.
Columbia Laundry Co.

WINSTON-SALEM

Hotel Webster
Phoenix Cafe
Zinzendorf Laundry
Winston-Salem Southb'd Ry.
Chamber of Commerce
Salem Academy

RALEIGH

Jolly & Wynne
Giersch's Hotel and Cafe
King's Business College
Citizen's National Bank
N. C. College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts
Tucker Building Pharmacy
Union Barber Shop

MISCELLANEOUS

N. Hess' Sons, Baltimore, Md.
Cotrell & Leonard, New York
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Southern Railway
Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.
Hotel Lexington, Richmond, Va.
Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va.

CONTENTS

FOUR FRATS:— PAGE

PHI BETA KAPPA NATIONALLY AND LOCALLY *J. Lenoir Chambers* 64

THE GOLDEN FLEECE - - - *John S. Cansler* 72

TAU KAPPA ALPHA - - - - *Frank Graham* 75

SIGMA UPSILON - - - - - *George Eutsler* 77

A LAMENT (Poem) - - - - - - - - *J. F. Pugh* 85

AMERICA: AS IT LOOKS TO THE RUSSIAN EXILE *Samuel Newman* 86

MORNING (Poem) - - - - - *Moses Rountree* 10

A POST-MORTEM - - - - - *Walter P. Fuller* 91

TAXATION AND THE STATE - - - - *O. C. Nance* 96

LIFE (Poem) - - - - - - - - *Ernest Walker* 105

THE LOOKER-ON - - - - - - - - *J. T. Hatcher* 106

SKETCHES - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 108

EDITORIAL - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 116

REMEMBER (Poem) - - - - - - *W. D. Kerr* 119

AROUND THE WELL - - - - - - - - - - - 120

EXCHANGES - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 127

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1913

Old Series Vol. 44 No. 2 New Series Vol. 31

FOUR FRATS

J. LENOIR CHAMBERS, JOHN S. CANSLER, FRANK GRAHAM AND GEORGE EUTSLER

PHI BETA KAPPA, NATIONALLY AND LOCALLY

J. LENOIR CHAMBERS

North Carolina Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa, which grew out of the local society of Alpha Theta Phi, was the second chapter to be established in the South of an organization that is now established in nearly eighty colleges and universities of the highest rank scattered all the way from Maine to California, from Michigan to Louisiana. Phi Beta Kappa, the mother of all the fraternities in this country, is everywhere held in the highest esteem because her membership is based fundamentally upon scholarship. Where others have placed their mark of approval on social attainments, on good fellowship, on musical or athletic or dressing ability, or on family records, or on any or all of these combined, Phi Beta Kappa has planted her feet on the great and simple reason for the existence of all colleges and says firmly: "Here I stand; I mark scholarship." The result, as every one knows, has been tremendous. The prestige of a Phi Beta Kappa key is higher today among college men than any other mark of honor, in some cases too high, perhaps. But it has attained its prestige through its firm stand and it is every day being more appreciated.

For the first beginnings of this ancient and honorable society, go back to 1776, the year of independence, and to William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, the

second college to be established in these United States. "On Thursday, the 5th of December, in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, and the first of the commonwealth, a happy spirit and resolutions of attaining the important ends of Society entering the minds of John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones, and afterwards seconded by others, prevailed and was accordingly ratified." These words mark the first record of an organization that here in Chapel Hill causes a Freshman to spend another hour upon a Math quiz and is indirectly responsible for the L-shaped row of nondescript-architectured houses on the northwestern border of the campus.

From all accounts the moving spirit of these five college boys was John Heath, the first president of the society, afterwards a member of Congress, and distinguished for his public services. He, more than any one else, may be regarded as the founder of Phi Beta Kappa. These five adopted a constitution and proceeded to initiate new members. During the five years in which the society was in active operation at William and Mary, forty five men joined, the list including John Marshall, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; William Madison, brother of the fourth President of the United States; Bushrod Washington, favorite nephew of George Washington, and inheritor of Mount Vernon, and many other well known Virginia names, such as Stuart, Fitzhugh, Cocke, Page, Cabell, and Lee.

The aims of the Society were essentially of a serious nature. The members were required to take a fearful oath of secrecy, but in the records which have been published it can be seen that they worked for the furtherance of literature, science, philosophy, and "friendly intercourse among scholars." At every meeting two members were required to declaim and two more to debate, the subjects being marvels to us of today: "Whether Theatrical Exhibitions are Advantageous to States or ye Contrary,"

"Whether the Institution of the Ostracism was Legal," "Had William the Norman a Right to Invade England," "Whether Religion is necessary in Government." The fines were tremendous; for non-performance of duty, $5.00, a big sum in the 18th century; for absence without excuse, $15.00, an amount which would make the Di and Phi combined turn green with envy. The initiation fee was raised to $5.00 and later to $10.00. When the enormous decrease in the purchasing power of a dollar in the last one hundred and thirty years is considered, it is evident that these young gentlemen were terribly in earnest.

The entire proceedings as recorded in the minutes point to an organization more like a literary society than a fraternity as fraternities exist now. In one record there is mention of outside charity. "Whereas the members of this society are willing to take under their care objects worthy of charity, Resolved that Messrs. Hardy and Cocke be appointed to look out for some orphan likely to receive advantage from being put to a proper school." But there is also evidence that the social side of life was not neglected. On one of the anniversary meetings the secretary notes that after the regular program "the Night was spent in Jollity and Mirth." And again "the remainder of the Evening was spent in sociability and mirth." No Puritans among these progenitors of Collins, Cansler, and the lesser lights.

For five years these society men met and debated and fined and made merry. On January 6, 1781, all records cease. Three days before this the British under Benedict Arnold had landed at Jamestown. Fearful that the records might be destroyed the members handed them over for safe-keeping to the college steward—and there we leave these immortals.

All save one—Elisha Parmale, a gentleman who had been initiated in 1779. Later in that same year he asked for and was granted charters to "establish a Branch of this society in Cambridge in Massachusetts" and "in the Col-

lege of New Haven in Connecticut." Thus were Harvard and Yale admitted to the fold and the scene of activities was transferred to the north to remain for many a long year.

These Northern chapters conducted their proceedings in much the same manner as the mother chapter at William and Mary. The literary nature was retained and secrecy played an important part. The work of extension was pushed ahead and within the next fifty years all the higher institutions of New England and the Middle States had chapters.

In 1831 the whole history of the society was upset by the strength of the New England conscience. At a time when anti-Masonic and anti-fraternal feeling was running high all over the country, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Joseph Story, and other members of the Harvard chapter, thinking all secrecy inadvisable, told the secrets of Phi Beta Kappa to the Harvard campus. Shortly afterward the Yale men were persuaded to do the same thing and Phi Beta Kappa ceased for all time to be a secret organization. Loss of secrecy meant, to many people, loss of charm, and the society was forced to lead from that time on a purely formal existence.

In this state it drifted along uninterestingly until 1881 when the different chapters met to perfect a national organization. In 1882 a new constitution for the "United Chapters of the Phi Beta Kappa Society" was adopted. From this organization came the charter for Alpha of North Carolina, the present Phi Beta Kappa at the University.

For the actual beginnings of this local chapter, however, we go to Dr. Herbert Cushing Tolman, of the University of Wisconsin, who in the temporary absence of Dr. Eben Alexander in 1894, was Professor of Sanskrit and acting Professor of Greek at the University of North Carolina. Feeling the need of a material, tangible incentive to thoroughness of study, he called together those students of the

Junior and Senior classes who had made an average grade of 2. They were seventeen in number: Charles Baskerville, J. E. Alexander, F. L. Carr, Herbert Bingham, H. H. Horne, Harry Howell, A. C. Ellis, E. E. Gillespie, Dudley Lindsay, E. W. Myers, J. L. Patterson, J. T. Pugh, H. M. Thompson, C. R. Turner, T. J. Wilson, C. H. White, James Sawyer. These men met in the Greek Room on March 23, 1894, and formed themselves into an honorary society, the Alpha Theta Phi. Their precise object is thus stated in the first article of the Constitution: "The object of the Society is to stimulate and increase a desire for sound scholarship. The Society shall endeavor to provide a series of lectures under its auspices. At the various meetings of the Society papers of a literary nature shall be presented by one or more members, and social intercourse shall be encouraged."

The Constitution also provided that "there shall be no secret rule, ritual, or ceremonies of any kind." The badge of the Society was in the shape of the Greek letter "Delta" which is the initial letter of the word "Duo" (two), the lowest average required for eligibility. On the lower side of the badge was inscribed the Greek characters, "Alpha Theta Phi," which stand for "Truth, the light of the mind." The officers consisted of an honorary president and vice-presidents, and a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, the president being "that member of the incoming senior class who has attained the highest grade," and the secretary the member who stood second, and the treasurer the member who stood third. The honorary members were men who had made the Phi Beta Kappa elsewhere.

Membership rested wholly upon grades. There were two periods of election, one after the Christmas vacation when Juniors with an average grade of 2 on the two years and a half's work became eligible, and the other after the final examination when seniors with an average grade of 2 on the four years' work became eligible. A man thus

had two chances, one in the middle of his Junior year and the other at the end of his senior year. This fact doubtless accounts in part for the large membership.

In 1901 an amendment provided that the first period of eligibility should come when a student had seventy-five half hours to his credit, and the second when he had one hundred and twenty. This included regular required work, from none of which a student could be excused. But there was nothing said about a 5 or 6 barring completely, as was provided in Phi Beta Kappa. And it was specifically stated that no initiation fee should be charged.

From the very first Alpha Theta Phi tried to secure a charter from Phi Beta Kappa. In the Constitution it was stated that "to the standard of Phi Beta Kappa this Society shall endeavor to correspond in its rules and requirements." In a meeting soon after the very beginning Dr. Tolman promised his aid in securing a charter from the larger national organization. Again in 1900 Dr. Linscott, an honorary member, discussed the prospects of becoming a part of Phi Beta Kappa. From this time until the charter was secured there is constant reference to the plans for joining.

The reputation of Alpha Theta Phi itself, however, was extending over the South. Less than a year after its establishment the University of Tennessee asked for a branch chapter. The request was refused, it being the sentiment of the Society that no branch chapters should be established. This sentiment was changed the very next year on the advice of Dr. Tolman, and Beta chapter was established at Vanderbilt University, the only charter given. In 1902 a "Mississippi school" was refused a chapter "on account of the standing of the school." And in 1904 Furman University was refused, although Dr. Tolman himself pled for the South Carolina institution.

The number of members of the society was large, particularly when the small size of the classes is considered. From 1894 came only six men, but '95 furnished fifteen

men, '96 nine, '97 seven, '98 seven, '99 six, '00 six, '01 eight, and '02 jumped all the way up to fourteen and '03 eleven. '04 came back to seven, and '05 to six. The average membership per class was between eight and nine men, a high record, but it must be remembered that they had two chances for membership.

The president the first year was T. J. Wilson, Jr., the present Registrar of the University, the secretary James Sawyer. In succeeding years the Presidents and Secretaries were: 1895, H. H. Horne and F. L. Carr; 1896, J. C. Eller and J. W. Canada; 1897, Burton Craige and W. H. McNairy; 1898, Archibald Henderson and E. K. Graham (P. H. Ely was the second man in the class, but he did not come back his senior year; E. K. Graham, the third man, succeeded him); 1899, J. R. Carr and J. K. Dozier; 1900, W. F. Bryan and D. P. Parker; 1901, D. S. Thompson and J. K. Hall; 1902, Ivey F. Lewis and David C. Ballard; 1903, C. A. Bynum and R. C. Morrow; 1904, S. S. Robins and W. C. Rankin; 1905, T. B. Higdon and I. C. Wright.

The life of Alpha Theta Phi was probably about the same as Phi Beta Kappa today. Except for initiations there were rarely any meetings. In 1900 a meeting was held "to discuss some means by which the Society may be given its due place in college life." Apparently the hoi polloi was not showing enough reverence to the gods of wisdom, but nothing was done to improve conditions. A year later permission was sought and obtained from President Venable to allow Alpha Theta Phi seniors to wear "some distinguishing colors at commencement." Again the demand for attention. The same year saw an attempt to secure Hamilton W. Mabie for a commencement address, but the attempt failed.

The class of 1902 contained the only woman who ever became a member, Miss Minna C. Bynum (Mrs. Archibald Henderson). Mrs. E. K. Graham became an affili-

ated member later, but she joined Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell.

With the year 1904 Alpha Theta Phi passed out of existence. The persistent efforts of the members to obtain recognition from the national Phi Beta Kappa were finally rewarded and on November 7, 1904, Alpha Theta Phi met in Dr. Alexander's study to be initiated into Phi Beta Kappa. The charter was addressed to Dr. Alexander, Dr. Howe, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Dr. Coker, and Dr. J. M. McBryde, faculty members of Phi Beta Kappa. By-laws were adopted declaring members of Alpha Theta Phi to be members of Phi Beta Kappa, and T. B. Higdon and I. C. Wright retained their positions as President and Secretary, Dr. T. J. Wilson being elected Permanent Treasurer.

The objects of the Phi Beta Kappa are, in the main, similar to those of Alpha Theta Phi. The constitution says that the society works for the "promotion of scholarship and friendship among students and graduates of American colleges." Its real purpose is "to encourage the love of letters and sound learning and to keep active the pure flame of truth." The letters stand for "Philosophy, the guide of life."

The by-laws adopted by the local chapter show several important changes. Instead of two initiation periods, there is only one and that at the end of the Junior year. Each candidate must have to his credit ninety half-hours. The "a" courses and Public Speaking were not to count, the former being regarded as entrance conditions, and the latter an unfair test as a physical defect might bar a man otherwise entitled to the rewards of scholarship. Honorary members were done away with, though a Doctor of Philosophy whose undergraduate work was done at an institution at which there was no chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, might be recommended for membership by the faculty members of the chapter. Dr. L. R. Wilson is the only man received into membership in this manner.

The formal installation of Alpha chapter was not held until January 27, 1905. The guest of honor was Dr. James W. Bright, Professor of English at Johns Hopkins, who spoke on "The Study of the Vernacular." The only other Phi Beta Kappa addresses in Chapel Hill were at the 1909 and 1910 commencements. In 1909 Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, President of the National Association, spoke on "The Attitude of the Scholar;" in 1910 Dr. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, spoke on "Culture and Happiness."

The charter granted to the University was the second to be secured by a Southern institution. In 1901 Vanderbilt secured the first. It is a queer twist of fate that the University of North Carolina, who had granted to Vanderbilt a chapter of Alpha Theta Phi, should later seek from her a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Since 1904 charters have been granted to Texas, Tulane, Virginia, West Virginia, and Washington and Lee.

Phi Beta Kappa has lived the same quiet life as Alpha Theta Phi did. The meetings have been few and far between, and the activities purely formal, but for all that the prestige of the society has certainly held its own. Membership since 1905 shows a slight increase, the average being about ten to a class as against about eight and a half previous to 1905. The requirements have been made a good deal stiffer, but the classes now are much larger; and on the whole the grades would seem to show that the college men of the first decade of the 20th century do not differ materially in mental ability from those of the last decade of the 19th century.

The presidents and secretaries of Phi Beta Kappa have been: 1905, T. B. Higdon and I. C. Wright; 1906, R. M. Brown and R. H. McLain; 1907, J. J. Parker and W. H. Duls; 1908, J. W. Speas and O. R. Rand; 1909, F. E. Winslow and Frank P. Graham; 1910, T. P. Nash and A. H. Wolfe; 1911, E. W. Turlington and A. L. Feild; 1912, L. N. Morgan and W. E. Hossfield; 1913, R. O.

Huffman and V. A. Coulter; 1914, H. W. Collins and J. S. Cansler.

The number of men per class is: 1906 seven men, 1907 ten, 1908 twelve, 1909 eight, 1910 six, 1911 ten, 1912 nine, 1913 thirteen, 1914 fourteen. The present senior class is thus seen to hold the record of the strictly Phi Beta Kappa classes, though 1895 leads all with fifteen men and 1902 boasts fourteen.

The question of which president had the highest individual grades is doubtful, as all the marks are not available. R. O. Huffman, '13, was up with leaders, though not so high as T. B. Higdon, '05. And the chances are that both bow to W. F. Bryan, '00, who is thought to lead in modern times. There is a tradition that J. J. Pettigrew, 1847, of Gettysburg fame, was the most brilliant student who ever attended the University, but that can not be proved.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

JOHN S. CANSLER

If it is true that the history of a part is to that extent the history of the whole, then the story of the Golden Fleece ought to be of interest to every University man. For if anything has been part at the University and its development for the last ten years, that thing has been the Golden Fleece. I do not mean development in the physical sense of new dormitories, new laboratories, a greater number of students. Like that of a boy of twelve who grows right on out of his clothes, that is the work of natural conditions and the wholesome care of those in charge. What I mean is real inward development, the kind that somehow changes that turbulent, rascally little devil into a straight, manly sort of fellow with a perfectly good mind of his own. That first youngster didn't see much wrong with himself. He had been as uncivilized all his life; and he was as contented as the next one—so long as the older people let him alone. When he did begin to see where a

few little improvements might be made, right there he began to develop. Something very like that happened to our campus—I don't like to say *spirit,* we overwork that word —our campus essence, then. We didn't see much wrong with ourselves, etc. But when we did begin to see where a few little improvements might be made, right then we, too, began to develop. Then came the Golden Fleece. I do not mean to say the Golden Fleece caused the change. The change, the dawning communtiy feeling seems to have caused the Golden Fleece—the one was the expression of the other. But, once born, the order was a significant evidence and, at the same time, means of evolving that integral consciousness.

* * * * * *

Next time your uncle, who left here in the late '90's, say, comes to Chapel Hill ask him if things—not the campus and buildings, but *things*—have changed. Even money, as you listen to his tales, you will catch yourself saying, "A camel may jam himself through the eye of a needle, but—even a preacher will lie about his college days." The answer? Brother, *things* have changed. Picture to yourself a time when the "lack of unity" in the class or in the student-body that we still have talked at us so much was not merely difference of opinion and lack of sympathy, but partisanship as bitter as you can find in a New York ward election; when the student-body itself was a collection of factions, not differing merely but opposed; when politics were rife and rank; when feeling for and against fraternities amounted to hostility—at best an armed truce, at —otherwise open violence. Picture that and you have the darker side of campus life not so many years ago. That is the tale the old timers tell.

Then we began to evolve. The change came slowly and little by little. At first it was evidenced, I suppose, by a sense of dissatisfaction. Out of that was born in 1904 an order. In that year a few men, feeling the futility of the petty bickerings and constant factional struggles, re-

solved to put their feelings into something more effective. They organized the Golden Fleece. The effort of this order was to bring together a few seniors, representative men from every phase of college life—the athlete, the scholar, the social man, the writer, the debater, the all-around man—the best from the whole. Through the eyes of these it hoped to get a true perspective of the life of the college. Of these it sought to make what someone has called a clearing house of ideas—but more than that. It was to be a body where every aspect of college life could be calmly, clearly, and fairly discussed. It was to be a council where the representative of a sectional feeling could express that feeling frankly, and hear opinions on that feeling as frankly expressed—by men with other viewpoints, it is true, but men who were like him trying to see things with the vision of the college rather than from the more restricted view of the man alone or of the faction. Its effort was not to eliminate or disregard any phase of the college—athletic, intellectual, or social—but to tie them all to the whole thing. It felt that the closer its connection to the life of all, the more perfectly could each realize itself. This was the order.

That was ten years ago. Since then the Golden Fleece has continued to live its life, often a full one. What good has it done, do you ask? That is a natural question. To many here on the campus it is merely a name. Just how much it has done is hard to say. From its nature it is rather an influence than a visible physical agent. Its ideals are the standards toward which the campus feeling has been slowly growing. Its efforts have been in the direction of that inward development by which the University has gone forward. And so who can say how much of that growth it has caused and how much has been parallel with it? Yet after all what does it matter. To know that it has in a great measure lived up to its ideals you have only to look at the roll of men that the Golden Fleece has counted within its numbers. You feel almost

instinctively the influence that some of these men have had in improving our life.

For we have improved. Not perfect yet—and never will be for that matter—we may nevertheless feel proud of our progress. Politics have gone. The grip of the old ring rule has gradually weakened. Factions have lost, first, their bitterness; then largely their being. Lines of division are being dimmed. Consciously or unconsciously we are coming to realize the utter uselessness of factional feelings and the very littleness of fraternity prejudice. When we do that we have advanced tremendously.

* * * * * *

Here after ten years of life the Golden Fleece stands today, a feeling, a purpose, an ideal—as in its beginning a very part of that intangible thing which is the real University. A representative University order of representative University men, the word university more than anything else expresses its spirit—the merging of self in the community, the welding of parts for the fuller life of the whole.

TAU KAPPA ALPHA

Frank Graham

The Tau Kappa Alpha Society, installed here in 1910, is one of the four honor organizations of the University. The Golden Fleece is a local order which represents general achievement. Sigma Upsilon is a Southern organization composed of students of literary taste and talent. Phi Beta Kappa is a national society which recognizes the scholar. Tau Kappa Alpha is a national society founded at Indianapolis in 1908 which is made up of men who have engaged in an intercollegiate debate or an intercollegiate oratorical contest. In the meaning back of them, Phi Beta Kappa and Tau Kappa Alpha are most distinctive of Carolina; they represent the spirit of hard work and serious thinking characteristic of the place. Membership

in these two societies is not a matter of opinion or election but is a question of self-determining work.

Without the background of work and achievement Tau Kappa Alpha has very little meaning here. College men in their second thoughts are not moved by keys, pins, and medals but have high regard for the character, personality, and ability which these things seek to recognize. In view of the wide interest and intense activity in debate in the college, Tau Kappa Alpha has a significant place. Besides the regular weekly debates, the Freshman Debate, the Fresh-Soph Debate, the Soph-Junior Debate, the Junior Oratorical Contest, and the Inter-Society Debate at Commencement are all forces for general discipline and special steps in preparation for the intercollegiate contests.

In intercollegiate debate Carolina has achieved a notable place. Since 1897 she has engaged in thirty-eight debates and has won twenty-nine. Her victories include ten out of fourteen contests with Georgia; three out of four with the Philo Society of the University of Pennsylvania, an even break with Washington & Lee, and George Washington, four with Vanderbilt, two with Tulane, three with Hopkins and three out of five with Virginia. To represent Carolina worthily the debater works hard, grinds, stays up of nights, thinks on the way to breakfast, gives his whole nature to the success of his cause. The Carolina debater has as an inheritance the habit of hard work and the habit of victory. As a spur to this work Tau Kappa Alpha has little meaning; cut loose from it, even less.

Little does the student reck or care that Albert J. Beveridge is president of the society or that its chapters reach from coast to coast. Tau Kappa Alpha finds its strength in the South and West. Delta Sigma Rho, the rival debating society, founded two years earlier, in 1906, is the strongest in the North and East. It has Southern chapters at Virginia and Texas. Tau Kappa Alpha has Southern chapters at Georgia, Vanderbilt, and Carolina.

It has a place here as an incidental fact to representing Carolina in intercollegiate debate.

THE ODD NUMBER CLUB OF SIGMA UPSILON

Geo. W. Eutsler

It is stated that the Phi Beta Kappa society is the progenitor of all the fraternities of America, and, if this be true, certain it is that Sigma Upsilon and the other honorary fraternities are its only legitimate offspring. Phi Beta Kappa honors excellence in general scholarship; Sigma Upsilon furnishes a reward for excellence in a special field of scholarship—a large and vitally important field—that of creative literature. Like Phi Beta Kappa its membership is determined primarily by ability in its chosen field of intellectual endeavor, and the consideration of social qualities is secondary. Like Phi Beta Kappa it admits men of all other fraternities and men of all ranks of life in the college. But at this University particularly Sigma Upsilon stands in favorable contrast to its sister honor organizations, Phi Beta Kappa and Tau Kappa Alpha, in that the former is independent, informal, and actively influential in its field, while the latter are automatic, more formal in character, and wield only a passive influence through the honor of their badges. Furthermore, as membership in Sigma Upsilon is limited, the honor is entirely competitive and thereby greatly enhanced.

History gives the best view in which to regard the struggles and the achievements, the importance of the Odd Number Club and purposes and activities that are the reason for its existence. The Odd Number Club was organized at the University in the fall of the year 1905 in answer to a long-felt need. At the time there were two literary clubs in the full vigor of their prime, the Shakespeare Club, whose president was Dr. Thomas Hume, and the Modern Literature Club, under the presidency of Dr. C. Alphonso Smith.

The Shakespeare Club had had a long and proud history of over twenty years. Great interest was maintained in its work by both the members and the general student body. The club was devoted to a study of literature, and frequently open meetings were held which were addressed by eminent scholars in literature and by the members of the club themselves and were attended by large numbers of interested students and town people. The Modern Literature Club had been organized for only a year but it had already well under way its work of reviewing American, English and Continental authors, and of creating a greater interest "in original literature throughout the college and the state."

But this latter purpose of the Modern Literature Club was not sufficiently emphasized to furnish the encouragement necessary to actively interest the students in original writing. The programs of both literature clubs were too mechanical and stilted in one sense to offer a sufficient inducement to self-expression in literary effort. The Odd Number Club was formed in a revolt against the work and purposes of the other two clubs. Conceiving the idea of stimulating, by reward and encouragement, the interest of the students in individual expression—in creative literary work—to be the best means toward the highest development in literature, the club just "happened," so to speak, as the exponent of this belief in the value of original effort, and as the agent to actively encourage it. Professor E. K. Graham was the moving spirit in the organization of the club and became its first president. Messrs. Bernard, Walker, and McKie of the faculty assisted him. Upon their merit as men interested and engaged in writing, the following students were received into membership in the club the first year: H. H. Hughes, secretary; Frank McLean, F. B. Higdon, W. T. Shore, R. M. Brown, Q. S. Mills, H. L. Sloan, V. L. Stephenson, S. H. Farrabee, L. W. Parker, S. R. Logan, J. K. Wilson, B. E. Washburn, and J. M. Grainger. This list comprised present and ris-

ing editors and editors-in-chief of the three student publications and all others whose interest and ability was sufficient to deserve for them the honor of membership.

From the first the club was unique in its organization. As it was born, it lived and grew in democracy and informality. No binding union was entered into—nor was there need of it. No fees at all were required. The meetings were not formal enough to be recorded. The club met monthly and the evening was passed pleasantly and profitably in discussing essays, sketches, poems, and stories read by the members.

That the members of the club were genuinely interested in their work and that this work was bearing fruit in stronger influence and greater usefulness is amply proved by the fact that the next few years witnessed the death of the older literary clubs. The Shakespeare Club had an eminently successful career, but it did not survive the loss of its president and it gradually passed out of existence in 1906 and 1907, soon after he resigned active connection with the University. The Modern Literature Club continued its work with highly gratifying results for several years until it, too, failed to survive the withdrawal of its president and was finally heard of no more. Thus the Odd Number Club has become the only exclusively literary society in the University, and, profiting by the losses of the others, its influence and prestige have waxed stronger.

The first steps in the evolution of the Odd Number Club to the present organization was made in 1906. Mr. E. K. Graham was again elected to the presidency, the newly-created office of vice-president was filled by Q. S. Mills, and S. R. Logan was secretary and treasurer. Fees were collected now to meet the various expenses. The secretary was instructed to keep the minutes of the meetings, and the first records date from this time. The greater activities of the club had to be entrusted to committees on program, membership, and inter-collegiate short-story contest. Twice during the year the club banqueted informally, but to no

degree did it degenerate into a social order, as all the merry-making was but a means to secure closer companionship and more serious literary work. In these ways the activities of the club were extended and its organization was made more stable.

The worth of the Odd Number Club was recognized in the fall of 1906 when it was requested by the Sopherim Club of the University of the South and the Calumet Club of Vanderbilt University to co-operate with them in affiliating the college literary clubs into a national literary fraternity. The Odd Numbers, loyal to their club and unwilling to sacrifice its individuality, discussed the proposed union at length. Perceiving the advantages of such an organization in the larger field of inter-collegiate literary effort and believing that material good for all parties would be the result, the Odd Number Club finally voted in January, 1907, to become one of the federating clubs. The organization was completed with five charter chapters—the Senior Round Table at the University of Georgia, and the Osiris Club at Randolph-Macon College being included besides the three mentioned.

For the year 1907-8 the Odd Number Club continued its active interest in literature at the University. Moreover, it aided in furthering the purposes of Sigma Upsilon, whose chief aim at the time was to establish an inter-collegiate short-story contest, and this effort was finally successful. The same interesting programs devoted to the discussion of the productions of the members were held monthly.

At the first meeting in the fall of 1908 the club voted unanimously to withdraw from Sigma Upsilon. This rather drastic step was taken on account of the bad feeling then existing between fraternity and non-fraternity men. The members of the club did not wish to compromise their position, and accordingly would have nothing to do with an organization that resembled in any aspect a social fratern-

ity. The Greek name was sufficient to turn them against Sigma Upsilon.

This feeling was particularly deplorable in the light of its effects upon the club. The members had not intended that the withdrawal should affect the life of the local organization in the least, but it seemed that its very breath was taken away and its every energy sapped by this action. The club fought half-heartedly for existence, but in vain. So little interest was taken in its work that not a record of a single meeting is preserved from October, 1908, until February, 1911.

It was Professor Graham, who, as at the beginning, was the leading spirit in the work of re-vitalizing the club. With T. P. Nash, the only remaining student member of the club in college, he assembled a group of men interested in writing and through them resuscitated the languishing club. These men undertook their work with enthusiasm and decided to make the new organization even more informal than the old one. The only office was that of secretary, which was ably filled by B. D. Stevenson. The club held several meetings, and the members were drawn closer together through their common interest. In both 1911 and 1912 the club was unwilling to even go to the formality of having itself represented in the *Yackety Yack*.

In the spring of 1912 the club again agreed to affiliate with Sigma Upsilon. This change of front was the logical outgrowth of changed circumstances that were now more favorable to vigorous literary effort. Several chapters of Sigma Upsilon had urged them to rejoin the organization, and, as the old bitter antagonism toward fraternities had passed away and the young literati were looking for new and broader fields to conquer, the club regained its chapter and became once and for all a chapter of the Sigma Upsilon fraternity.

As it stands today, Sigma Upsilon is the one real literary fraternity in the country. Its only rivals in the field of creative literature are two journalistic fraternities, who

make the requirement of their members that they shall intend to pursue journalism as a profession. This restriction naturally narrows their scope in comparison with Sigma Upsilon's broad eligibility requirements.

The prestige of the literary fraternity has steadily increased here and abroad. It has grown in the six years of its life from five to thirteen chapters in eight different states, and is still extending rapidly. Affiliated with the five charter chapters now are the following clubs: Boar's Head, Transylvania University; Scribes, University of South Carolina; Kit Kat, Millsaps College; English Club, University of Texas; Coffee House Club, Emory College; Scribbler's, University of Mississippi; the Literary Club at Central University, and the newly-installed chapter, the Fortnightly Club of Trinity.

This strong national federation of literary clubs is now well on its way to accomplish its original purposes and to further extend its usefulness. Through its several conventions, which have been held annually, it has brought into closer contact the servants of the Muses among the various colleges and their common interest in creative literature has strengthened this bond and forwarded the cause. It has increased the influence of the individual chapters until membership in Sigma Upsilon has become the chief honor that can be conferred upon a literary worker. And, to realize its final goal—the establishment of an inter-collegiate magazine devoted to the original production of college men, it is now working with the spirit that gives assurance of ultimate success, whatever the obstacles to be overcome.

As the national organization looks to its units, the individual chapters, for its strength, so does the club depend upon its individual members for its importance. And upon its members of the past rests the fair name of the Odd Number Club. For seven years all the best writers of the University, *Tar Heel,* MAGAZINE and *Yackety Yack* editors, have banded together in this club for mutual

benefit. All the younger sons of Carolina who are now actively engaged in creative literary work are Odd Numbers and owe to the companionship of their fellow-members much of their present writing ability. Representative examples of these are such men as Q. S. Mills, of the New York *Sun;* S. H. Farrabee, editor of the Raleigh *Times;* H. B. Gunter, until recently editor of the Winston-Salem *Journal;* C. D. Mullen, a magazine writer of note; W. E. Yelverton, Washington correspondent of the Raleigh *News and Observer* and other papers; S. H. Lyle, the young North Carolina poet who has produced several volumes of very creditable verse; H. H. Hughes, a teacher of English and play-wright of marked ability, of New York; L. Ames Brown, Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* and the *Boston Post,* and now special correspondent with the Atlantic fleet in the Mediterranean Sea; V. L. Stephenson, reporter on the Charlotte *Observer;* and many others who are actively engaged in literary work and who worthily represent the value of the encouragement they received while members of the Odd Number Club. It is a significant fact that members who graduated several years ago unhesitatingly and unanimously say that their association with the club was more pleasant and profitable than with any other organization of their college days.

This article, I trust, has given you a new conception of what the Odd Number Club of Sigma Upsilon is and what it strives to achieve. Its specific objects are to encourage the general student body as well as its own members toward the best in creative literary effort, and through this means to uphold and constantly elevate the standards of our student publications. It seeks to offer an incentive—the high reward of membership as a definite goal for literary aspirants. This goal, when once achieved becomes but an opening for a fuller literary life through the companionship and encouragement of men with an active interest in creative writing and some talent for it. As a unit of a national federation of literary clubs, it offers

closer contact with the writers of tomorrow who are today laying the foundation for their careers in their several colleges.

The Odd Number Club, then, is a clearing-house for the literary ideas and ideals of this and other institutions. It is no ordinary secret social fraternity, but instead offers freely to all the advantages it enjoys. To all academic students, who are now, and will continue to be, the backbone of the University, it wishes to be a helpful influence, which, whenever permitted, will enter and broaden the literary life of the recipient.

A LAMENT

J. F. Pugh

I have loved flowers that faded,
Flowers that shrivelled and died.
Lilies I've loved that were jaded
With the tears of eventide.
The leaves are falling,
Why do you stay?
Love, hear me calling;
Come, come away.

Sunsets that dimmed have charmed me;
They were in the yester-year.
And autumn's bright tints have warmed me:
The leaves now are crisp and sere.
My heart is weeping
For you to go:
Still you lie sleeping
Under the snow.

AMERICA: AS IT LOOKS TO THE RUSSIAN EXILE

SAMUEL NEWMAN

I am attempting now to answer a question which has been put before me by every American acquaintance of mine for the last three years, that is, since the day I came to this country, namely, "How do I like this country?" Now I have always found it exceedingly difficult to answer a question like this, nor was my answer always the same. When my reply during the first year or so was approximately like this: "I find this a splendid country—for you Americans, not for me," it was precisely what I felt. I did not like this country then, for I did not know it; and one can hardly like things which are strange to him. I was, as I am, an immigrant, a replanted tree, and the soil of this blessed country was too rich for my feeble roots to adjust themselves to it so soon. Indeed, what of all the charms of this country, what of all its unlimited freedom, if I, breathing the atmosphere of bondage for nineteen years, thought, as all immigrants at first do, that I would neither have the capability nor the opportunity to utilize it? While in my country I was aspiring to and striving and struggling for such freedom as you enjoy here in this country, but when I came face to face with the object of my dream and struggle I thought myself, like the recently freed slave, unable to digest it at once.

Those who have heard the thrilling story of Count Lochwitzky have doubtless formed some idea of the attitude the Russian government takes toward her subjects. But Count Lochwitzky told you a story of a nobleman originally loyal to the government, but who came to take his present stand against that government through personal grudge rather. Now I make the categorical statement that the story of the life of at least eighty per cent of the entire Russian population, while not so thrilling, is nevertheless

more tragic than that of Count Lochwitzky. For the Russian citizen has no rights; he has either privileges—if he is of the nobility—or limitations, if he is of the peasantry or of the class known in Germany as the "Klein Buerger," the latter two classes constituting at least eighty per cent of the entire Russian population. These limitations fall especially oppressive on the members of the different nationalities inhabiting Russia, such as the Poles, Armenians, Jews, Letts, Finns, etc.; for the Russian government has determined to Russianize all these nationalities (they are better cultured than the real Russians, by the way,) and the means used to accomplish that task do not differ essentially from those used by the Saint Vladimir in introducing Christianity into Russia; that is, "by fire and sword." Of course, to do so literally would mean for the Russian government to reveal its Tartaric nature before the civilized world, which the Russian government would not have; it therefore modifies the motto of "fire and sword" in such a way, however, that it reminds us of the Irishman —so they say—who though that his dog's tail was too long and made him look like a cat, and has, therefore, decided to cut a portion of it off. He thought, however, that it would be too great a pity to cut a considerable piece of the tail at once and decided—for the sake of pity—to cut a little piece every day—just a little piece at a time, for pity's sake! Indeed, the limitations are of such a nature that they are inconsistent with the elementary demands of life and the rudimentary principles of justice. They are hardly in harmony with the general spirit of the twentieth century, which, as we know, has after all penetrated even into Russia.

For illustration: If the law tells the Hebrew that he should not go to a city outside the "Pale of Settlement" because he is a Hebrew, while the very existence dictates him to go to that city in spite of the fact that he is a Hebrew, how shall he solve this dilemma? Well, he finds his salvation either in bribing the respective officials, or in

taking on the name and passport of one of the privileged classes. In either case a foundation for the development of crookedness in character is being laid.

Or, if the law says that only ten per cent. of the entire student body of the intermediate schools may be that of the Hebrew people (the peasantry is practically eliminated from the educational scheme), then in order for a Hebrew to place his son into the gymnasium or into any other middle school, after the equilibrium of the percentages in that school has been reached, he must look for and also provide the means for nine Christian students to enter the school in order that his son might be the tenth one; for the law says "only ten per cent. of Hebrews." But there is no free tuition in the Russian middle schools and actually to maintain nine students would mean too great an expense to carry, and since the Hebrew must educate his son, he is bound to induce the director of the school to have the nine Christian students merely on paper and to admit his son "anyway." His success in this direction depends, of course, upon the weight of his argument; that "argument" being in terms of money, which is with the Russian official of practically every rank merely a question of "how much?" Here, too, the law is violated and a basis for cultivating cheap shrewdness—so abhorent to a citizen of a free country—is laid.

I have taken these two illustrations as typical ones from the life of my own people with which I am naturally better acquainted and therefore can be responsible for what I say. But I know also the tragic fate of the Polish people. A Pole could tell you the story of how the Russian government systematically undermines the cultural life of his people; how the propagation of the Polish language and literature is almost forbidden. The Russian government goes even so far in her oppression of the Polish culture as to paralyze their religious life; for the conducting of services in the Polish language in the churches has many times been forbidden. The same sad story of tyranny and

bloody oppression could be told by the Finn, Lapp, Armenian, etc. As a matter of fact, the entire life of every Russian citizen is enveloped in a system of regulations and limitations which by their very nature give suggestion to their violation. The government itself is aware of the nature of its "laws" and has, therefore, organized a system of provocating and spying the citizen beyond the evil genius of Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey. Thus the Russian citizen is constantly alarmed lest he violate some "law," and is in the same time always on the alert in looking for some means to violate the same law. The traces which such a state of mind leave upon the character of the individual are psychologically indelible; they determine to a large extent the behavior of the Russian citizen even when there is no occasion for him to be alarmed.

Now when such characteristics of the immigrant are revealed to the free citizen of the United States he conceives them as cheap shrewdness and crookedness, and without going to their origin, he ridicules, and often even despises the immigrant, instead of pitying him. But how far is the immigrant of Russia fit to appreciate the liberties of this country before he ever acclimatizes?

As to the process of acclimation, I can witness that it is an exceedingly painful process, both mentally and physically, and it requires far more than the period of five years estimate for the naturalization of the newcomer. Personally I am not over that process in spite of the fact I have taken pains to facilitate and shorten it by far more than the average immigrant does.

But thank the Lord, I am far enough in the process of naturalization to realize, and even to feel, the great truth Israel Zangwill has expressed in his play, "The Melting Pot" namely, that this country is destined to be the great melting pot of many and different nations. That is, I am at the point where I begin to love this country, not merely finding it to be good.

MORNING

MOSES ROUNTREE

The sleeping sun awakes afresh and bright
Dull darkness gives away to new-born light,
Cold Nature warms herself before the flame,
And lovely flowers that were erstwhile made maim
By Night's own hurtful spell so raw and cold
Now blossom forth and stand out hale and bold.

A POST-MORTEM

There are more games lost in dressing rooms and dormitory rooms that there are on the foot ball field. That's why comparative scores don't show anything. For two years I have heard speakers talk about the necessity of student support and all that, but didn't ever get what they meant, and didn't believe it especially hard. But I have played now and know exactly what they were talking about. Assuming now that the material of the team is assembled and ready to fight, there are two factors that make it win or lose, win by a larger score, or lose by a larger score. One is the mental attitude of the players themselves, and the other is the feeling of the student body.

During the season, a football squad separates itself entirely from the student body at large. They eat together, play day after day side by side. They travel and sleep together. Playing, fighting and hoping together, they get on the most intimate terms. There grows out of this association a distinct spirit that wins or loses games. Two or three sore heads, a nagger or two, several quitters, a rounder or two, can lose games. The feeling, the attitude, that grows in that bunch, effects every tackle and every run made in the game. I can't explain it but I have been there and I know. The feeling in the bunch this fall has been a fine one. The trips have been a pleasure. That's where our pull together spirit comes from. You don't see Carolina men quarrel and blame each other with misplays and losses the last of the season, like they did at the first. What develops this feeling is hard to say. It's mostly a question of coaches and individual temperament. All who read "Excess Baggage" in the *Saturday Evening Post* of a few weeks ago know what I am talking about.

Now about that fight. We have a fighting bunch. Every team that we have played has said so in many ways unsolicited. After games, old alumni have gathered around almost as happy as if we had won. I talked with a bunch

of Georgia men for hours after the game. They all told how gladly they were to hear time called. The team that braces itself and sullenly plays against time is a defeated team. A W. & L. player remarked in discussing the last quarter, "Those little fellows wese scrapping like Hell." He didn't know a Carolina man heard him either.

Oh it shows itself in all kinds of ways. Look at the scores. Who has scored on us the last half? (written just after the W. & L. game). Nobody but McWhorter on a spectacular run. With this exception our line has been crossed only in the second quarter. It's always Carolina's opponents that substitute the most men. Against Georgia and V. P. I., we used fifteen men, against Washington and Lee, eleven. Georgia used twenty-four men, V. P. I. eighteen, and W. & L. seventeen. A winning team don't use substitutes. Our opponents have always received the most injuries. All football men know it is the hardest fighter that comes out easiest. "With all this fight, why haven't we won, then?" you say. Wait a minute and I will tell you as soon as I have talked a little more about this fight.

Knowledge. That's why we fight. We know the game. We know what we are out there for, and how we ought to do it. That gives confidence. We know we have all been given a fair chance by the coaches, that they are doing all they can. That gives willingness. We know the weaknesses and the strong points of our opponents, and of ourselves. That gives hope. That's why we fight. Knowledge is power on the foot ball field as well as in the class room or business world.

To go back to why we haven't won. One reason is our inexperience. Our team's average age is 19.6. Georgia averages about 22. Our team averages 1.62 years playing, counting this year as completed. W. & L. averages over 2. Georgia averages 2.45. But that's a minor detail. You are the big reason and I don't care if you have been to every mass meeting and cheer practice. I tell you the

honest truth about these lost games. It's because you haven't expected us to win. I have gone out on the field at the beginning of the game, knowing that my own classmates back home expected those men to cross our line. And there were ten other men just the same way. It takes us half the game to find out that Carolina is just as good or a little better than the other fellows. And every time we have come back and proved it. Every last quarter we have played has left our enemy fighting despairingly against time. If we went out there knowing that you thought we were going to win, I honestly believe we could have won. Against each team we have had to overcome that customary feeling of inferiority. It has been bred in.

We have gone through the lean years and they have left us with an attitude that sees our defects and the enemy's virtues. We have the attitude that those unknown fellows a hundred miles away are perfect while these persons under our noses are ordinary human beings full of defects. You see it in the reverence paid to a man that was a scrub on some other team and comes here and the disregard given one of our own scrubs. It's simply that human nature that deifies the distant and disregards the greatness under the same roof. Get out of it.

Now I am not blaming you for this. It's what is to be expected. I have been on the same boat. But I have seen both sides of the fence now and want to tell you about it. What I am saying is that there is no longer any use of it. Coach Trenchard and the alumni have pulled us out of the financial and physical slump. But we have a mental slump too, and it is up to you to clear that away. A fighting team has been developed without your aid. Add yours and we are sure winners. Don't go around saying, "Well, that's our last victory this year." One fellow drops in before breakfast and leaves that gem. On the way to class, I hear this, "Jones has bet three to one the score will be doubled on us."

"Whoever bet against him is a fool," is the answer.

At the postoffice this, "What! Spend my good money to see us lose? I guess not." Stuff like that just takes the heart out of a fellow.

I don't believe in betting or in booze, but if you want to bet, bet on Carolina. If you don't want to bet on her, take your money and go off and get good and drunk before you bet against her. It'll do so much less harm. There was a drunken fool at the Davidson game. With the ball on their 20 yard line, he bet two to one that Davidson would win. After the game he was a broke drunken fool, but somehow I couldn't help admiring him.

Now there is one more charge against you and I am done. You don't take enough interest in football. When President Graham first said that on University Day, I disagreed with him. Now I know he is right. In the face of a dance, lessons and a musical comedy, fifteen students at Athens, Ga., sat and played and re-played the game of the afternoon. At the beginning of the talk, even, they knew the names and positions of nearly every Carolina man. Before I left, they knew the age, weight, and years on the team of half the Carolina men. Were you ever in a conversation like that?

Now promise me this. The next time you think foot ball, think in terms of optimistic possibilities and winning. Want to win, believe maybe we can, hope we can, say, "I believe we can."

Go out on the field and discuss the players and their good points. Don't wait until the season is half over before you know the names, even, of some of the new players. Remember it isn't a question of mass meetings, bonfires, and transitory trumped up enthusiasm. It's more fundamental than that. It's wanting to win, believing that Carolina grows them as good as any, and saying so. *And if you will only believe it they will be better.* Get this attitude and you will stand out in a cold rain at a game and yell your dam fool head off just because you can't help it—not because cheer leaders urge you to.

P. S. This is an editorial and I ought to have buried it in the editorial pages, but I wanted you to read it, as you see you did. Otherwise, I fear you wouldn't.

—Walter P. Fuller.

TAXATION AND THE STATE

O. C. NANCE

The people of North Carolina, as well as those of other states, have been, at times, more or less interested in some form of taxation. As a rule, however, this interest has been in that form of taxation known as the tariff. So prevalent has been this interest in the tariff that each political party has proclaimed, prior to every election, its policy in regard to the tariff. Upon the subject of internal taxation by the nation, such as excise and income duties, there has been little interest shown. There has been also very little interest taken in taxation by the state, county, municipality, and the school or highway district. The interest in taxation has been centered upon national rather than local forms of taxation.

There has been a change, however, in the interest of the citizenship throughout the state in regard to state and local taxation. This interest became acute during the regular session of the state legislature from January to March, 1913. The cause of the awakening was two fold: 1st the existence of almost a million dollar deficit in the state treasury, and secondly the wide spread demand that the state pass a six month elementary school law. Since the funds for the state treasury and for the support of the schools must be obtained by taxes, the people throughout the state became intensely interested. Whereas, the people heretofore paid little or no attention to state and local taxation, they now were glad to listen to advice. The newspapers gave space for the discussion of taxation. The report of the State Treasurer was widely read; the meaning of "pauper counties" caused much discussion. The report of the corporation commission, acting as a state tax commission was both read and discussed. Even that part of the state constitution which dealt with revenue and taxation began to be discussed by the citizen as well as students

and lawyers. Citizens throughout the state began to inquire just what our system of taxation was.

Our state taxation system is the product of the constitution and of the statutes—whatever the constitution allows the legislature to create and whatever the legislature actually provides. A study of the defects of the system shows that both the constitution and the legislature are to blame. Defects in the system are due either to the limitations placed by the constitution upon the power of the legislature to create or to the failure of the legislature to use those powers granted to it. In the latter case the legislature does not provide machinery for the accurate and just assessment of property for taxation purposes.

The power of the legislature to create is at present limited by the constitution of 1868, by which a poll tax was established as a standard tax for the state and counties for all ordinary purposes of government. The poll tax was restricted to $2.00 as a total for both county and state. The property tax was also restricted—it being absolute. That one poll tax (2.00) by state and county for ordinary purposes shall equal the tax levied by the state and county, for ordinary purposes, on property assessed at $300. The total may at times exceed itself—in order to defend the state treasury against a deficit or for repelling an invasion. For special purposes the county may levy almost any rate upon polls which its officers deem necessary.

The authors of the constitution of 1868 perhaps, at that time, had reasons for making the poll the compulsory standard for tax, and for providing for ordinary purposes an absolute equation between the poll tax and the tax on general property. Such a law was intended to protect the native white citizen, as a tax payer, from the newly enfranchised blacks and their sympathetic friends from the North. All reason for such an act has long ago passed away. There is absolutely nothing in the fear that the native white will not control the legislature and through it the taxation of property—even were the constitutional

limitations abolished. Nor is there an economic reason for a compulsory poll tax. Today the poll tax does not represent a citizen's ability to pay. After all, the ability of a person to pay a tax is the truest principle of taxation. The compulsory poll tax can be just only when the citizens of a locality are equal to each other in their ability to pay.

All reasons, both political and economical, for either a compulsory poll tax or a limit on general property has passed away. Neither one is regarded. The $2.00 constitutional limit for a poll tax has amounted to nothing; and the citizens by a simple majority vote may exceed the limit on general property. For instance, the poll tax for state and county combined, 1911, ranged from $1.80 in Martin county to $3.50 in Dare. The municipal poll tax was, of course, extra—ranging from 15 cents in Lawndale to $4.65 in Asheville. Thus we see that a citizen of Asheville had to pay a poll tax, state, county, and municipal, of $6.65 no matter what his ability to pay may have been. In the case of general property, whose limit is $66^2/_3$ cents on the $100, the limit has in many cases been set aside. It ranged in 1911 from 60 cents on the $100 in Martin County to $1.43 in Mitchell. Again the municipal tax on general property is extra. In 1911 it ranged from 8 cents in Hassel to $1.75 in Canton. The general property rate for state and county purposes combined in Canton, Haywood county was in 1911, $1.10—making a total for the citizen of Canton of $2.85 on the $1.00. Then why should these limits be retained? Why not entrust the matter to the legislator? He, for the sake of re-election or for the sake of some other office, if not indeed for the sake of low tax rates upon his own property, would be eager to work for as low a rate as possible. The leading states of the Union—Pennsylvania, New York, Kansas, and others need no constitutional limit on general property. Why should North Carolina?

The methods of collecting poll tax and general property tax are very different. Few, if any, citizens are able to

escape the assessment of their poll, and as a result, the poll tax is generally collected. On the other hand the assessment and collection of the general property tax is both inefficient and unjust—depending to a great extent on the honesty of the citizen and the tangibility of his property. Certainly there is paid into the state treasury an amount far less than is just.

The constitution of North Carolina says that "Laws shall be passed taxing, by uniform rule, all moneys, credits, investments in bonds, stocks, joint stock companies or otherwise; and also all real and personal property according to its true value in money." This means that, regardless of the nature of the property, the state and locality must tax all general property at the same rate. The result is, however, that it does not prevent one community from levying a different rate from another community.

Right there is where the unfairness is evident. It is unjust to tax all property at an uniform rate unless the values of all its forms are justly assessed. It is evident that property differs in value in relation to the community and to the government to which it owes a contribution. Perhaps such a reason would not necessarily demand a differentiation as to the rate levied; but it must be remembered that property differs in tangibility—that is, the property which is more or less easily placed upon the assessor's books. The uniform rate falls especially upon the honest taxpayer whose property is more tangible. On the other hand the taxpayer with a less honest mind and less tangible property practically assesses his own property. Our present system of assessment, as I have said, leaves a large portion of the assessment of property to its owner. 'Tis true that moneys, credits, etc., are assessed at par value if the owner is honest enough to list them at par; but, at the best, lands, houses, etc., are only estimated—the estimate being made by its owner. Evidence of such cases are not hard to find. To anyone wishing to see for himself, let him go to the assessor's books. How many of

you know of the assessment of property at $2,500 or less for which the owner could easily obtain $15,000? Such cases cause the poor citizens to think, and rightly too, that upon his shoulders and upon others of his type the government bears most heavily. No one denies that on an average the poor man pays more taxes according to the real value of his property than does the wealthy man. Why then should a uniform *ad valorem* rate on general property be continued? Why was such an act ever passed?

The only reason for such an act was that all kinds of property were equally vital to the community and to the citizens in proportion to their value, and that the real values could and would be placed upon the books. At that time property was more uniform in value than it is at present. Experience, however, has proved both ideas to be false, and as a result, many countries in Europe—all except Switzerland and Holland—and many states in the Union have discontinued the uniform rate. What then is the substitute to be offered? Shall a differentiation be made in the rates on general property?

At present, the most popular proposition in tax reform in North Carolina is the segregation of the sources of revenue for the different units of government—that the state shall take to itself those sources which are more nearly state-wide (corporation, inheritance, income, franchise, and license) and leave to the county and town those sources which are more nearly local in their nature. But let's look into this plan. New York has used such a plan successfully at times but has also been forced to return to general property tax in times of need. Segregation depends upon the functions of the state. In North Carolina the state is and must be the vital unit rather than the county or municipality. The economic conditions of a state must be taken into account. Here in North Carolina the rural sections make up most of the state. The state treasury must aid, for many years to come, the elementary school system. It is true that different localities

may aid themselves more or less in that respect, but there are many localities in the state which are too poor to support an educational service such as they need—a service that will enable these localities not only to improve themselves in economic resources but the state as well. In order to aid the educational system the state must have as large an income as possible. It must bear the state-wide expenditures—charitable institutions, administration, legislation, elementary schools and the higher institutions of education, the application of justice, and the penal institutions.

In the case of segregation can the state obtain a sufficient amount of taxes for the treasury from the corporations, inheritance, and franchise taxes? The last legislature set aside, in addition to the 20 cents on the $100 already levied for elementary schools, 5 cents of the state levy ($23^2/_3$ cents on the $100) as a state equalizing fund for the purpose of combining with the local aid to make the school term throughout the state as nearly six months as possible. That fund will again demand additional money for the treasury. In 1911 this state collected $3,002,085 in taxes from all sources. Of that amount the general property taxes amounted to $1,555,499. Under the segregation plan that amount would have gone to the local treasures. Can the state make up for the loss of a million and a half dollars by increased taxes on corporations, inheritance, incomes, franchises and licenses? The income tax might be increased and a much larger revenue collected, but the inheritance tax, on account of the dearth of very wealthy people in the state, would not amount to much. Increase all the state's sources of revenue and there would be a shortage, at least for a time, were the state to give up the revenue accrued from real and personal property. Segregation would not work at present but the time will come when it will work. But before anything can be done towards tax reform the constitution must be amended so as to give the legislature power to act.

For argument's sake suppose the constitution is amended. The legislature would then have the power to classify property, to separate the sources of revenue, both state and local. Would relief yet come? It matters not how the legislature may classify property, confusion will reign until proper machinery for assessment is provided. Segregation of sources of revenue will not prevent one locality from listing taxes higher than another unless a new and more efficient method of assessment is employed. The legislature has had the power all along to provide better means of assessment. If it had only used its powers there would not have been so much injustice in taxation in the state. The constitutions of Wisconsin, Kansas, and West Virginia did not permit a classification of property, or the segregation of revenue by the legislatures, yet they provided effective machinery for local and state-wide assessments. The same might have been the case in North Carolina if the legislature had only used its power to provide the necessary machinery for a proper assessment. Then, it is clear that a revision of our machinery of assessment must be made along with an amendment to the constitution—such a change is absolutely necessary.

Since 1901 the corporation commission has served as a state tax commission and, for a time also, as a state bank commission. Think of it—one commission doing a work which should have been the task of at least two commissions. Could anyone possibly hope for efficiency in either field? It is true that the commission has done very good work both as a corporation and bank commission. The result indicates its services as a tax commission. There has been practically no equalization between the counties and no county equilization of assessment—the real duty of the commission which should act as a board of equilization. The work of assessing has been in the hands of the county commissioners. They have appointed an assessor for each township—he receiving only two or three dollars a day for only a few days in the year. How could an ef-

fective and just assessment be hoped for under those conditions? Such a work should be in the hands of an expert. The task of collecting and assessing has, of course, been in different hands. The sheriff has received a neat salary for collecting taxes—an act comparatively easy since the law enables him to force collection. On the other hand notice the assessor. He is paid a small wage for only a few days in the year. He does the work which requires an excellent judgment. The sheriff need not exercise any great amount of judgment in collecting. Is not that the wrong order? Isn't it only just that the assessor should be better paid since he does the real work? How is more revenue to be raised under such conditions?

The state needs more revenue as well as the localities within the state. An amendment would perhaps hasten action on the part of the legislature. But amendment or no amendment it is imperative to the needs of the state that a more efficient method of assessment be instituted. It it believed, and rightly too, that an effective and just assessment of agricultural land for taxation would not only increase the number of farmers in the state but would also aid in placing the land under efficient cultivation. But what shall this method of assessment be?

In the first place a state tax commission should be organized with powers over assessments and assessors. The men on this commission should be paid a sufficient salary as to enable them to devote all their energies to their duties. Politics should not be considered in their appointment—efficiency should be the only characteristic demanded.

In the second place the commission should organize in each county an office of assessment. The chief officer in the county office of assessment should be under the direct control of the state commission, if not actually appointed by it. This local office should tax all local taxables, leaving only those of state-wide significance. The salary of the county officer should be large enough to obtain his undivided attention.

Such a machinery would at least produce a greater equalization in taxation. Each taxpayer would be forced to list his property at a value nearer the real value than the one given at present in many cases. The taxpayers throughout the state are demanding tax reform. The state treasury needs the revenue. Segregation is hardly possible at present—at least until the constitution is amended. Let the legislature do all that it can to amend the constitution and then pass laws to relieve existing evils. If the legislature will not do that, at least, it can give the citizen a more efficient and just assessment. The power to provide a more efficient method of assessment is now and has been in the hands of the state legislature. At least let the taxpayer know that all promises of efficiency are not made merely for campaign purposes.

LIFE

Ernest Walker

Life is but a weary shadow,
Always, always on its flight,—
Wearied, wearied, tired and worn
In the darkness of the night.

THE LOOKER ON

J. T. HATCHER

This is the tale of a looker-on.

Those two memorable days have come and gone the way of all good days. The noble boys of Carolina have answered nobly the call to duty, and Franklin street is a new street. The boys did their work well.

But there is a certain senior who is not one of those happy mortals who can stand around in public places and offer for inspection the palm of his hand every time something is said about the good road work. Last night when the boys were standing around Apple Jack's stove feeling the blisters and corns on each others' fingers, he had to sit on the counter and hold both his hands in his pockets. He felt his insignificance and shame.

But this senior did not feel any sting of conscience when he had refused to volunteer. There had been some lectures which he was sure he could not afford to miss. And his only pair of shoes, which were new and too small anyhow, made a strong appeal to him for protection. So when the others were marching off to make their mark in the great highway, he did not have the feeling of a deserter or traitor because he remained behind. He even felt that he was doing his duty.

This was his state of mind until the last afternoon. He went about his work without any thoughts of the work he could have been doing on the road. He went on the football field perfectly satisfied that he was in the right place. But Thursday afternoon it became his duty to go down and take a look at the work. He did not hesitate; he was not ashamed to face those who were at work.

But he had not been on the scene long before he saw something which made him feel out of place. There in the middle of the street with a rake in his gloved hand, was ———, who was leading the senior superlative vote as the laziest man, the biggest sleeper, and the biggest bluff.

The sight shocked the senior; his conscience turned. He felt as if every person on the street was contrasting him with————. The don't care, defiant spirit which he usually tried to wear was gone. He could not stand it. He began to loaf along down the sidewalk to get away without seeming to run.

But he could not escape so easily. Hardly had he gone a dozen yards before he came upon————, who is without doubt the real dude in the senior class. Whenever and wherever any discussion or mention was made on the campus about a dead sport, a dandy, a dude, his name hung in the atmosphere and his picture was in every mind. He was the campus dandy. But here before the eyes of this senior he was toiling with a short handled spade. It was a sight to see him, in his shirt sleeves, spit in his hand and bend his back to lift the few spoonfuls of earth which he had gathered on his spade. He was a different fellow. He threw dirt as if his life depended upon it. He was not loafing on the job.

The senior was surprised. He was even angered at himself. If————and————could get out and work why could he not do it? Was he less loyal and patriotic than these? Was he, after four years here, a failure as a Carolina man? He was humiliated. The reasons which had kept him from volunteering, and which were satisfactory at the time, did not help him now. And it was too late to make up. He was disgraced without a chance to redeem himself.

And now when the boys sit around the well in the sunshine and proudly rub their arms and legs to indicate the soreness in them, or rub their hands gently together to show that the blisters and bruises are almost gone, this senior, once free and happy, has to fall back in the shade of the trees and suffer his shame in silence.

He was only a looker-on because he had but one pair of shoes, which were new and too small.

SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY TOM LINN, JR.

THE BOOK SWIPER

In every college you will find the "book-swiper." A college would not be a college without at least one "book-swiper," and some colleges have more than one. The "book-swiper" is an essential part of a college. He is as absolutely necessary to a college as instructors.

The "book-swiper" is not a hardened type of thief, as you might think. He is more a victim of cirumstances. He does not want to take a fellow's book, but if the fellow persits in leaving one of his books on the hat-stand in the Library it seems to be nothing more than a polite request for some one to pick the book up. Being a good-hearted sort of boy, the "book-swiper" will just have to comply with the request and take the book. He will muse to himself, "That's a perfectly good book. I wonder what Adam pays for that kind of a book." No, he doesn't take the book then, but rushes on into the reading room expecting to find that some fellow has beaten him to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

When the "book-swiper" comes out of the reading room, having read the last installment of some serial masterpiece, the book is laying right under his cap. There is no logical reason why the book should be under his cap; but since it is there, the only thing the "book-swiper" can do is pick up both cap and book. The "book-swiper" picks up his cap and the book with an "it-ain't-my-fault" air, and strolls across the campus toward his room whistling "Always Take a Girl Named Daisy, 'Cause Daisies Won't Tell." Once in his room he carefully erases the name written on the fly leaf of the book, and marches down to Adam's Book Store with the book tucked under his arm.

"Say, Doc, what'll you gimme fer this book?" he will ask, pushing the book across the counter.

"Well, its worth about thirty cents," Doc will reply, scratching his chin, and closely examining the book.

"Aw, come on; gimme thirty-five. You can sell that book fer a dollar and a quarter," the "book-swiper" will argue.

Finally the book is sold for thirty cents in cash and five cents worth of candy. With thirty cents jingling in his pocket and the greater part of the five cents worth of candy in his mouth, the "book-swiper" walks out, whistling "Everybody's Doin' It," and entirely satisfied with life.

Now just picture to yourself a college so unfortunate as to be without at least one "book-swiper." Can you conceive anything more mournful and lifeless than such a college? Just think of having to go all the way to the infirmary to get an excuse to answer "unprepared."

—Dob McCurry.

He asked a miss what was a kiss
  Gramatically defined.
It's a conjunction, sir, she said,
  And hence can't be declined.

—*Tar Heel,* '95.

"FOR I DIPT INTO THE FUTURE"

The dance was at its height. The young people were revelling in the innocent and graceful pleasures of the tango, one-step, hesitation, and their variations. The chaperones were sitting quietly in the corners, talking in low tones, and listening to the soft strains which floated down from the orchestra. Suddenly there was a commotion, the chaperones looked up quickly and almost choked with outraged dignity, even the dancers paused, horrified. The whistle blew, the music ceased abruptly, and the leader angrily ordered the offending couple off the floor.

When the excitment had slightly subsided, some one asked:

"What was that frightfully vulgar thing those people were dancing?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I believe it was the waltz. I think it is perfectly disgraceful."

—W. D. PRUDEN.

A BLUFF CALLED

"In college, as contrasted with the material world outside, we employ the theory of practice to attain the pinnacle of potential perfection." Just after a half hour's lecture on straight thinking and simple expression the professor chisled out this artistic and interesting sentence from the first of the Sophomore themes he was to criticize. Immediately he popped the question:

"Mr. Seelcy, that is your theme. How does that sentence sound to you?"

The student was skilled in bluffing, and countered adroitly:

"That, I think, sir, is an exquisite and thoroughly intellectual thought."

The class, already partially aroused from the customary siesta, opened their other eye with interest as the professor pursued:

"Yes, but what does it mean?"

"Mean?" and he of the exquisite and intellectual thought wilted perceptibly. "Why, it doesn't *mean* anything."

And the class responded nobly to the call of duty.

—G. W. EUTSLER.

THE BELL RINGS

Sunday morning John conformed to his usual custom of late rising by sleeping until eleven-thirty. From his warm iron bed he looked with half-opened eyes out on the bright autumnal campus and into the cloudless sky. Down into the covers he smuggled deeper, and as the church bells

sounded on his apathized hearing, he sleepily resolved to himself: "No church for mine; too cold; sleeping too good." The church bells clanged and pealed. The old Methodist church bell heaved with its undue exercise. It called out with panting voice, "come to church, come to church." After each clang it seemed to sigh as if feeling its cry unanswered. John heard its urging voice. Long it rang, and the sound seemed to reverberate in his mind an accompaniment to his one sentence—"No church for mine; too cold."

The following Saturday night was cold. The wind hurled the unresisting raindrops now in this direction, now in that. They struck the sere leaves and hurled them down. The streets were soft with mud. The rain dashed down gutter pipes with a dull, metallic sound. John was again in his room, this time studying, working problems for a Monday math quiz, resolved to let nothing interfere with his plan of study, confident that not even a musical comedy could entice him out of his room. Suddenly a bell rang thirteen times. John was out of his chair in a minute, into his raincoat, and downstairs. His books could not detain him, the cold rain seemed to invite him.

It was the Methodist church bell which had rung thirteen times.

Tom Linn, Jr.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED

The Freshman was sauntering gaily toward the football field all dressed up in his prep school togs, a large monogram on his sweater, his stockings brightly blazoned and healthy pads protruding from all points. An alumnus hailed him from afar and rushing up, saluted him in the cordial college style.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he exclaimed. And seeing the dubious look on the other's face, he continued rapturously:

"But I know you, old man—you're Bob Winston!"

And the Freshman, being well versed in the heroic traditions of the University, trotted out to the field on air and lived up to the impression of greatness by "tearing up things."

—G. W. EUTSLER.

A STUDY IN EYES

The lovely brown eyes were filled with light
Whose languid and slumbrous rays
Reminded me of a summer's night,
When the moons are as bright as the days.

Those lovely brown eyes were filled with want,
With pleading and fond desire.
In satisfying their pleading want,
And in filling their fondest desire:

I leaned somewhat closer, speaking low;
My voice had a vibrant tone;
I said, "Hie on! Hie away Fido!"
And obedient he snatched up his bone.

—T. F. BRADSHAW.

AS THE PLAY IS WRIT

The team was on the way to Columbia. The team, an hour later, stopped forty minutes for supper at Hamlet, N. C. The supper had been ordered already and when the team filed in to the dining room there was a long table stretching across the dining room from the entrance clear down to near the kitchen door. Orr was right on the job and grabbed the first seat at the head of the table. The rest of the table filled rapidly, as the whole bunch was hungry. The waiters hurried in with platters of food. They started down the line, but before they got within a mile of Orr they had melted like butter on hot cakes. Orr swore, waved his arms, bribed waiters, and sent messages down the line, but all in vain. But gradually the defense

weakened and an occasional morsel sifted through. But just as soon as Orr got well under way, the rest were through. Orr sat alone. The coaches, who had been on the other end, saw him. "Come on Orr, don't eat all night, we got to go." And despite protest, he was dragged away.

"O well," he muttered, "Who'd expect anything but a ghost of a supper in Hamlet?"

—W. P. Fuller.

A SENIOR'S PLEA

Dear Father, once you said, "My son,
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself
And learn to stand alone."

Now Father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me, want the cash
And I can stand a loan.

—*Tar Heel*, '95.

THE SAME OLD STORY

Eleven o'clock and all is wrong! For one long hour have I sat here accomplishing nothing. Thrice have I set my masculine hand to write on a theme, and thrice has it been thwarted by some unseen force. I try to think, but in vain; my mind refuses to work. No subject will suggest itself.

Must I bow my head and give up? My manly head droops; sleep is slowly creeping into my eyelids. The campus is still, and I am disturbed only by the persistent snoring of my roommate. I rise, clasp my hands behind my head, and begin to pace up and down the room. I return to my desk, pick up my pencil, break the point, and then sharpen it and lay it down. What must I do? I have pulled my hair until my table is covered with it, but with no avail. Must I hand in a blank paper tomorrow?

No—I will wait—wait until morning—yes,—wait—until morning————————

—J. P. STEDMAN.

WAS HE YOUMAN?

Yes, he was a student of the University. I am ashamed to confess it and so will you be. He was sitting opposite his sweetheart in a boat on a peaceful lake as the sun was setting. The boat scarcely moved, the talk had ceased, he was looking at her intently. She blushed slightly, she was conscious that his fervent look rested on her cherub lips. She smiled and tried to look unconcerned, then placed her lips in an even more enticing position. He gazed still She smiled yet a more beautiful smile and ventured, "A penny for your thoughts." "Er-r, I was just figuring out what the equation of that ellipse would be." Was he human? Was he you, man?

—B. F. AULD.

A NEW USE FOR A FLASHLIGHT

It happened Saturday night in the Alumni Building. The fire was already out, but the Physics room was completely filled with smoke and boys. Most of the boys were staring at the ceiling in hope of finding a place that was on fire; some few stragglers were still running in with buckets of water. A small, red flame appeared in the smoke at the ceiling. At once all the plaster was knocked off so that all possibility of fire at that place was destroyed. Some one climbed up the ladder, stuck his head in the hole between the ceiling and second floor and looked for some fire. Evidently he could see nothing for the smoke, for, after some minutes, he withdrew his head, and shouted, "I can't see a thing in there. Anybody got a flash-light?"

—J. A. KENT.

Editorial Bulletin Board

Read the Exchange Department.
It is something new.

We didn't like our new cover, so
we changed it.

Next Month:

"The Attitude of the Faculty
Toward Athletics and Athletes"

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

BOARD OF EDITORS

W. P. FULLER, Philanthropic, Editor-in-Chief
LOWRY AXLEY, Dialectic, Assistant Editor-in-Chief

DIALECTIC	PHILANTHROPIC
G. W. Eutsler, Literary Editor	J. S. Bryan, "Around the Well"
T. C. Linn, Sketches	C. A. Boseman, Exchanges

T. C. BOUSHALL, Philanthropic, Literary Editor
M. R. DUNNAGAN, Dialectic, Business Manager

J. V. WHITFIELD, Philanthropic
P. WOOLCOTT, Philanthropic,
} Assistant Business Managers

EDITORIAL

ROAD BUILDING

On those two days, the 5th and 6th of November, they built about 900 opinions in favor of good roads on Franklin Street, and out at Venable. A lot of us didn't know, a lot more didn't care, and the most of the rest of us were merely lukewarm about good roads. But somehow the sight of those fellows working so enthusiastically, made me think a whole lot more about good roads. And I know all of those who worked feel better. They will never pass that road but they will remember that day. What's better, they will never travel over a rough road anywhere but that they will think of good roads. A large number of good road bond issues were passed on those two days' work in Chapel Hill, and very few of the participants were voters either.

And they built a good piece of road, too.

CONCERNING WORK I have a mighty good friend that comes around right often, and I am always glad to see him. I remember one nice evening when he took about an hour and a half to tell me how busy he was. Just didn't have time to do anything but work. In fact he was about the busiest fellow in college.

I remember my good old Freshman days. Gee whiz! I was some busy chap. Why it was after Christmas before I ever went to the Pickwick. I don't ask you to believe it, but I have an old account book that tells the whole story. I was so busy that I had time to go for the mail but once a day. I believe I am the only man living that ever did that. I was at some athletic endeavor all the time, had eighteen hours and a few conditions.

But toward the spring I had plenty of time, took several trips, went to the Pick every night, and joined Klutzz's night school. I did a little better work too.

At the beginning of my Soph. year, I had reached the limit. Football, Associate Editor of the *Tar Heel,* Bible Study leader, Sunday school teacher, several other activities, and eighteen hours. But in the spring again it grew easier. I went to the Pick several times and a show or two. So this fall when I found myself booked up with about twice as much as I could do apparently, I just decided not to worry about it. I haven't been to the Pickwick yet, but it will be easier in the spring.

Now I have been dragging you through all this personal stuff to show you one thing. You can do two or three times as much as you are doing if you have a fair amount of health. If you do have a poor constitution, you can take a lot of physical training, and get away with a lot more to boot.

Of course you must be mightily interested in your work. I have one lesson I hate, and somehow I never have time to get it up well. But I always have time for the others. That's the secret,—a consuming interest.

So the next time you are asked to help the Y. M. C. A.,

write something for the MAGAZINE, try for a team, be honest and say that you don't want to, not that you haven't time. You are not fooling anybody except yourself.

EATING AND SLEEPING

I am on the way back from the W. & L. game eight hours late, and I want to say something about our coming dining hall. If I were not so hungry, I would probably tell you about the improved sanitation, the cleaner and cheaper board and all that. But I'm hungry, so I won't. I'll just mention a little dream of mine. I hope to see the day when all the fellows will eat and sleep on the Campus whether by classes or not does not matter much with me. I don't want to argue the thing with you, but I do believe it will double the volume and purify the quality of our school spirit.

Of course there are lots of fellows that want to draw off to themselves and win a P. B. K. Key, but if you want to study, you can. Then some don't want fellows dropping in all the time—so they say. If they really mean it and want to be alone just that much more should they be made to mix. I count the social side of my college life as about fifty per cent. That's straight. I like for fellows to drop in and pass the time of day. If I am busy they will know how long to stay. If they don't know, I don't mind telling them. They don't either if you tell them right. When you get away from here you will remember these evenings together long after $x = 2y$.

And those meals together are the same.

REMEMBER

A Translation from the French

W. D. Kerr

Remember, dear, when the timid dawn
Opes her enchanted home to the sun;
Remember as pensive night goes on
Passing in dreams 'neath a veil silver-spun,
When trembles thy pure breast at pleasure's appealing,
When evening dreams come and the shadows are stealing,
List'—on the quiet of the woods
A murmuring voice intrudes:
Remember.

Remember, dear, when the fateful shears
Have severed me ever from thee, my fair;
When sorrow, absence, and passing years
Have blighted my heart with the breath of despair;
Consider my soul, our last hour from above!
Absence or time are naught since I love!
So long as my heart shall beat
Always it will repeat:
Remember!

Remember, dear, when in grave so low
My broken heart shall forever sleep;
Remember when lonely flowers blow
Over my grave, where the grasses peep;
Tho' ne'er more I see you, my soul ever-living
Will come to your side solace sisterly giving;
List'—when the night stars pale
Sad sighs a murmuring wail:
Remember.

AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY SHEP. BRYAN

THE READERS' EDITORIAL PAGE

A STUDENT'S SOCIAL CLUB

The social side of a student's life here is sadly neglected. For instance, there is no students' social club here such as there is at most large universities. There is a large field of work open to the Y. M. C. A. along this line. Of course the Y. M. C. A. could not perfect a club but it could start the movement. When the students saw what a club would mean for them, the majority of them would do all within their power to complete such a movement. In this club there should be a smoking and reading room, a small cafe, and a pool room. The faculty heretofore has not permitted a pool room to be run in Chapel Hill. There can't possibly be any harm in the game or the Y. M. C. A.'s all over the country would not have pool tables in their buildings.

If such a club should be perfected here, it would cut down the number of trips to Durham, because the pool room would then be here to occupy our leisure moments. It would make the whole place pleasanter because there would be something to do each night besides go to the Pickwick and loaf. The biggest and best result that such a club would cause is the fact that it would bring every student into a closer contact with every other student here. This contact would teach him how to "brush up against" and treat his fellowman in after life. This is the biggest thing to be gotten out of a college education. We should not allow another year to pass without organizing a students' social club here.

—R. N. PAGE, JR.

why shouldn't it be so?

All the fall and in the spring the campus is being raked up and the grass cut. There is a perfect swarm of colored men on the campus getting good money for this work. Mr. George Pickard owns the livery stable that keeps the campus cut and raked for the hay and leaves it gets, but the negro men are paid well for the work they do.

The point is: why should these colored men, who can find other employment in the town, be paid for this work when there are thirty or forty students who need work and can't get enough of it. It is healthy, manly, outdoor exercise, and will develop one just as much as tennis or baseball. It pays well, too, and a student could go a long way towards defraying his expenses if he worked three or four hours an afternoon on the campus. It would do a whole lot more good than a good deal of the work some of us are doing right now.

What is the matter with the students getting the money for keeping their own campus up? Did you ever hear of co-operation? Did you ever hear of a student working? Let's get this fixed up right away.

—Thos. C. Boushall.

---

is it fair?

Fellows, I have rubbed elbows with six hundred of you on the side lines at the athletic field on a cold day. And that is all right. That many men ought to be there at every practice. But there is something else just as important that we neglect. I have seen one of the best men in the faculty get up to make a talk in one of the Tuesday night meetings of the Y. M. C. A. with only a dozen men for an audience. He had taken his valuable time to prepare something worth while, and the Y. M. C. A. authorities had prepared a warm hall for us to sit in, too. Why this difference? Aren't we as much interested in practical intelligence and morality as we are in current athletics? I,

for one, believe that we are. We simply have an idea that the Y. M. C. A. meetings are held for the benefit of the "goody-goody fellows" in college who have nothing else to do. This is a mistake.

The Y. M. C. A. is a vital part of this institution and men are secured to conduct its meetings with a view to helping us solve our everyday problems in thought and life. The question is: are we fair to ourselves and the men who are trying to help us through these meetings if we don't attend them? They are offering us the best they have; we need their help. Let's think about this and decide to fill the hall at every meeting. It is our institution and by our presence let us help it and get the benefit to be derived from it.

—R. E. PARKER.

GIVE US UNITY

Do you believe it's right to make a fellow pay an extra fee before he can play tennis? I do not. When we registered in the fall we paid not a football fee, not a baseball fee, not a track fee; but an athletic fee. And if we go out on the football field and make good it doesn't cost us a cent; if we make 'Varsity baseball there is no extra expense; if we run, even for exercise, Cartmell doesn't come around with a receipt book and ask to whom we paid our dues. Baseball, football, and track privileges are just as free to one student as to another. Everybody has an equal chance with everybody else.

If you care to go out for baseball the things necessary are even furnished you. If you want to play football just tell Doggie and he will do everything he can to help you. Of course "Nat" doesn't furnish track uniforms and shoes, nor ought he to do it; the University ought to do it. But here's the point: if you want to play tennis you are not allowed on the courts until a dollar and a half has been forked over. I do not criticize the Tennis Association at all for this—it certainly could not exist if it didn't make a

charge—but what I do think is that there should be no Tennis Association; that baseball, football, track, gymnasium, and tennis should all be under the same control and all privileges of these different forms of athletics be open to every student. Tennis is one of our finest games, and I think the University ought to buy out the Tennis Association and throw open the courts to every student.

—J. R. Gentry.

THE SPECIAL PRIVILEGE MAN IN COLLEGE

We have all met up with the man who is a special student and not special in the sense that it is construed in the catalogue. To other people he appears to be just mortal like us. But we know and he knows that he is a special student.

What kind of a fellow is he? Well, gaze upon ourselves and see if we don't see him to some degree. He is the fellow that relies on some intrinsic characteristic in himself that gives him privileges not granted to the common herd of the rest of us. He delights in giving some flimsy excuse to instructors or others for delinquency in performing duties, he delights in begging to be allowed to do, to have, and to hold things not granted to the average person. You have seen him at Christmas time asking to be allowed to go home sooner than the rest. You have seen him ask to be allowed to take out a reference book in the Library before the time for it to be taken out, to be allowed to stay in the Library after closing hours, to plunder among the stacks. Yet he knows that in getting these privileges he is securing them at the risk of the assistant. He is the fellow who expects special privileges and has no better reason for asking them than the fact that it is he, the special privileged he, who asks it. He is not willing to take his turn.

We are all lovers of special privileges to a certain degree. Then the question comes up, "Why are we that way?" Why is it, in other words, that we try to work our boots, as we say, not only on our instructors but on friends or anyone who can grant us a privilege that we want and that other

people don't have. Well, to be perfectly plain, it is the whole category of first person singular pronouns combined to form one grand total called selfishness.

We all know that most all coons look alike to us and by doing a little straight substitution we must conclude that the whole class of us that asks special privileges of others look alike to the dispensers. Yet the very air of the special privilege seeker shouts aloud the fact that this is ME, and surely you will grant this thing to ME. Why? Because it is ME.

When we are going to embarrass our friends, make our instructors indignant, and call down the refusal of an officer of the University by asking for something not allowed to others, remember that we are only one out of nine hundred, that every thing is run for the benefit of the majority and not for the individual alone; and above all that "all coons look alike to," etc.

—RAYMOND TAYLOR.

A NEW HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"The old order changeth," and the historical society is no exception. That society has changed its plan of work for this year, and promises accomplishment. That society wants you to know it this year, and it wants you to attend its meetings. Absolutely free and everybody invited.

Here's the plan for the year: we're going to study county history. This work, interesting as it is, is especially so now because it is parallel with county club work. Each county club might elect an historian whose especial duty it would be to look up important county history and report it to the historical society. My county is full of history,—is yours? If it has any history, be patriotic enough to want to tell it. The historical society gives you this chance. Even if you have only a small interesting historical event connected with your county, the society will be glad to have you relate it. By the way, did you hear that discussion of the Mecklenburg declaration the other night? You know

some people even deny the existence of this declaration, and every North Carolinian certainly should be able to prove it. Think it over,—I mean the historical society.

—Claude A. Boseman.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Sometimes in dear old Chapel Hill the moon with its wonderful pale light finds its way artistically through the leaves and foliage to light up our paths with nature's true light. When this is the case, it's fine to walk at night around our campus. But this is not always the case.

Sometimes we don't have such wonderful moonlight and our paths are hard to find. Ordinarily one can hardly find his way along the path from the library through the churchyard to the street. I might go on and tell you about the mud holes, those infernal rocks, and a few other things down there—but you've been that way.

This path, as everyone knows, is used more at night than any other path on the entire campus. Now, here's the idea: put up an electric light near the Sigma Nu Hall at the corner where we turn to go down town. No one will deny that this ought to be done. Then why not DO IT? Such an improvement will be of little expense and will throw much needed light on something that the students have been wanting light on for some time.

—McDaniel Lewis.

ON THE NECESSITY OF TAKING EXERCISE

When a man enters college, his chief aim, of course, should be to study. This does not mean, however, that all his time should be spent over books. A part of every day ought to be given to athletics of some sort. Even if a fellow is not material for any of the teams, or if he has no ambition to make one of them, that should not prevent his going into athletic work. He should give his body daily exercise for its own sake. The man who spends a great part

of every afternoon in vigorous exercise, and who takes a cold shower bath afterwards, feels better mentally and physically. Moreover he is in a much better condition for concentrated studying. He can apply himself to his books more effectively, than if he had remained indoors boning all the afternoon. Some men, however, do not seem to realize the importance of exercise. On the finest afternoons they remain in their rooms poring over lessons that their more vigorous and energetic neighbors will get up after supper in half the time, because of their refreshed mentality. It is very important that the exercise should be daily. An half hour's exercise every day in the week will be twice as effective and benefiting as three hours' exercise on one day of the week would be, or even one hour's exercise every other day. Fellows, if you can't do anything else, take the drills in the gym every day. Get your lessons up of course, but don't be a total grind.

—Herschel V. Johnson.

EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY CLAUDE BOSEMAN

"SCISSORS, NOT THE PEN"

Census Taker—"What is your occupation?"

Husband (in despair)—"A wife and three children."—*Wake Forest Student.*

He—"I see Rev. Riggs scored the styles in woman's dress in his sermon Sunday."

She—"How's that?"

He—"His text was from the last chapter of Revelation."—*Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.*

A Dutchman, addressing his dog said: "You vas only a dog but I vish I vas you, when you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree dimes and lay down; ven I go mit the bed in I have to lock up de blace, and wind up the clock and put the cat out, and ondress myself, and my frou vakes up and scolds, den the baby vakes up and cries and I half to valk him mid de house round, den may be, ven I get myself to bed, it is time to get up again. Ven you get up, you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddle, scrap some mit my vife already and get myself breakfast. You play around all day and haf blenty of fun. I haf to work all day and have blenty of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—*The Mercerian.*

"That stands to reason" said the judge as the first debater got up.—*Cornell Widow.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy prof continue his lecture, and thy mind be an utter blank.—*Weekly Kaimin.*

THE NEW WOMAN

(As portrayed by the new sweet girl seniors at the two women's colleges.)

"And weazels at their slumbers
They'll trepan:
To get sun-beams from cucumbers
They've a plan.
As for fashion, they forswear it,
So they say,
And the circle—they will square it
Some fine day;
Then the little pigs they're teaching
For to fly;
And the niggers they'll be bleaching
Bye and bye!
Each newly joined aspirant
To the clan
Must repudiate the tyrant
Known as Man;
They mock at him and flout him,
For they do not care about him,
And they're 'going to do without him'
If they can."

—*The Carolinian.*

First Lady—"I understand that you are to be married soon and that your husband is a physician; then I suppose you'll always be well—for nothing."

A few days later this lady was returning her friend's call. As she was leaving, she remarked, "And since you are to marry a minister, I suppose you will always be good —for nothing."—*The Focus.*

GRAMMAR

"The horse and the cow is in the field," read the teacher. "Mary what is wrong with that sentence?"

Mary: "The lady should be mentioned first."—*Mercerian.*

A young man came into the car in haste.

"Anybody in here got any liquor?" he said. "A woman in the other car has fainted."

A traveling man opened his suitcase and gave him a bottle of "Kentucky Rye."

The young man turned up the bottle and drank it all.

"Thank you," he said; "it always did make me feel bad to see a woman faint."—*Wake Forest Student.*

The young girl confronted him with flashing eyes. "What did you mean," she demanded, "by kissing me as I lay asleep in the hammock this morning?"

"But," protested the youth, "I only took one."

"You did not. I counted at least seven before I awoke."—*Weekly Kaimin.*

"I wish I was a star," a Sophomore said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said in a dreaming tone, that made his pulse quicken with hope. "And why?" he asked with suppressed anxiety. "Oh"! she replied in a freezing tone, "if you were a comet you would come around once in 1,500 years."—*Newberry Stylus.*

THE INCANTATION OF THE FIRE BUILDERS

Fire, fire!
Flame yet higher,
Cold the night, yet warm the fire.

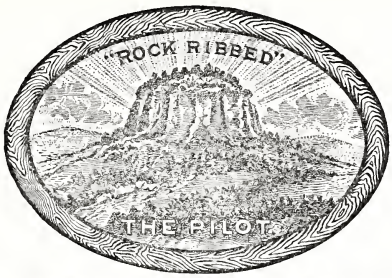
Fearful ire,
Spirit dire,
Black the night, but red the fire.

With thy tongues that never tire,
Praise the god who made thee, Fire.
Speak our spirits' deep desire,
Oh, thou unfathomable Fire.

Of whose power we know no ending,
Thy strong will to our needs bending,
Thou who came from Heaven descending,
Our weak helplessness befriending—

Glorious Fire,
Flame yet higher!
Lift our souls with thy soul, Fire!

—*The University of Texas Magazine*



THE POLICYHOLDERS' COMPANY

The Insurance Company with a **capital stock** offers the security of the cash paid in and a management by men financially interested in its success. It offers the disadvantage of the temptation upon the part of stockholders to pay themselves big dividends at the expense of the policyholders.

The **mutual** insurance company offers the advantage of crediting to the policyholders all the profits, but has not the security of paid in capital and is managed by men with no financial interest in its success.

This Company has the advantages of both
The disadvantages of neither

Fix that statement in your mind. It's a big thing to say. But it's a fact. Every policyholder has the security of paid in capital, the advantage of management by men financially interested, and **the policyholders get the dividends.**

BECAUSE, under its charter, the stockholders of this Company are FOREVER BARRED from receiving more than 50c annual dividend on each $1,000 of insurance in force. THE POLICYHOLDERS GET THE REST.

See now why this is the policyholders' Company?

I. M. BAILEY, College Agent

Southern LIFE and TRUST Company

GREENSBORO, N. C.

CAPITAL, $300,000.00 SURPLUS OVER $300.000.00

A. W. M'ALISTER, Mgr. R. J. MEBANE, Asst. Mgr.

COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y., Makers of the

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To the University of North Carolina, University of the South, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford and the others.

Class contracts a specialty. Reliable materials.
Reasonable prices. Bulletins and Samples on request

WINSTON-SALEM

"The Live Wire" City of North Carolina

TAKE YOUR MEALS AT

LLOYD'S CAFE

FRESH FOOD—WELL PREPARED BY "UNCLE JIM,"
THE OLD RELIABLE

Meals at All Hours

Candy Cigarettes Cigars Soda Fountain

Wirt, Waterman and Edison Fountain Pens

(All Guaranteed)

ALL PENS REPAIRED

W. B. SORRELL, Jeweler

"Keeping in Front"

You fellows know what that means! We've been very successful in this regard with Fatima Cigarettes. By the way, these cigarettes were first sold in the college towns—and you agreed with us that they were good.

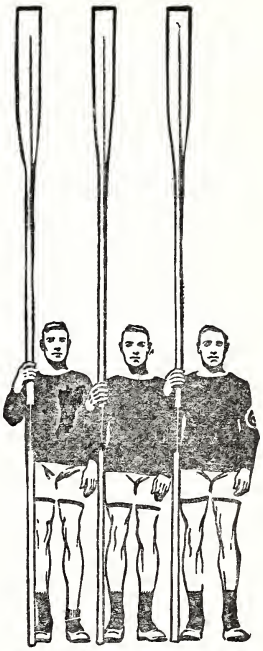
Then we put out for the big race, to make Fatimas of nation-wide reputation, and today more are sold than any other cigarette in this country.

No purer, or more carefully chosen tobacco grows than that in Fatimas. We purposely put them in a plain inexpensive wrapper—in this way we can afford quality tobacco, and twenty of the smokes for 15 cents.

Now your college crew is of utmost importance to you—so is a good cigarette, and it's your aim in life to keep Fatimas in the lead—right up to their good quality—right up to where you first found them, and will always find them.

Success fellows! You started this cigarette on its successful career—and you pull a strong oar all over this country.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



FATIMA

TURKISH BLEND

CIGARETTES

20 *for* 15¢

"Distinctively Individual"

THE

Citizens National Bank

RALEIGH, N. C.

With ample resources, offers its services and its facilities for business to the young business men of North Carolina

---

All kinds of COMMERCIAL BANKING handled, and through the RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY it takes care of Savings Accounts, and all classes of Trust Business

---

Four per cent. interest paid quarterly on time deposits

KLUTTZ'S NEW HABERDASHERY

Everything in UP-TO-DATE Men's Wear: Florsheim Shoes, Stetson Hats, Eclipse and Manhattan Shirts, Underwear, Gloves and Neckwear from the best manufacturers. Agency for Spalding Athletic Goods. The latest Novelties in Souvenirs, Pennants, Pillows, Banners, Gold and Silver Jewelry. Shields and College Posters, Cards and Stationery.

KLUTTZ'S BOOK STORE

Everything for the student. Something nice to eat, Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Sunshine Cakes and Crackers; Canned Goods, Pickles, Olives—the best variety—fresh and nice.

The best line cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes in town. Trade with the Original—ADAM.

"ESTABLISHED 1883"

FOISTER

KODAKS—SUPPLIES

FINISHING FOR THE AMATEUR

STROWD & TILLEY

FURNITURE
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

FAMOUS STAR BRAND SHOES

J. D. WEBB, President
C. B. GRIFFIN, Cashier

E. V. HOWELL, 1st Vice-Pres.
R. H. WARD, 2nd Vice-Pres.

The Peoples Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
AT YOUR DISPOSAL

"My Grandmother's School, My Mother's School and the School for My Daughter."

Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

One hundred and twelve years of unbroken history.
Beautiful and historic environments, with thorough modern equipment. $300,000 endowment.
Last year's enrollment six hundred and twenty-two (622). Faculty, fifty-three (53).
College course, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Academy (high school), average cost, $325.00 per year.
A safe, high-grade, conscientious school, best known through the thirteen thousand southern women it has trained.
Address, PRES. HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HOTEL LOCHMOOR

HUBERT LATTA, PROPRIETOR

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Lochmoor for Mine"

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

M. C. S. NOBLE, President
H. H. PATTERSON, Vice-President
J. C. TAYLOR, Cashier

OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN ORANGE COUNTY

HOTEL WEBSTER

RATE, $2.00 PER DAY

Just Opposite Union Station

THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE NEWLY FURNISHED

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

HOTEL LEXINGTON

American Plan $2.50 to $4.00
European Plan $1.00 and Upwards

TWELFTH AND MAIN STREETS

RICHMOND : : : : : : : VIRGINIA

Piedmont

The Cigarette of Quality

Years ago Piedmont Cigarettes captured the country with their goodness. And their high quality still keeps them popular.

The choice, mild tobacco and careful workmanship that puts them so far above all imitations, has made Piedmont the biggest selling 5c. cigarette in America. Whole coupon in each package.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10 for 5¢

Boys, let "LONG" BILL JONES

DO YOUR PRESSING
CLEANING—ALTERING—REPAIRING

Same Good Work Same Old Stand

MAKE YOUR ROOM

"A COZY DEN"

RUGS, DRUGGETS, FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS

E. A. BROWN

ALWAYS SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT AT

GOOCH'S CAFE

Opposite the Campus

"OLEY"—AT YOUR SERVICE

WHEN IN WINSTON-SALEM EAT AT THE

PHOENIX CAFE

Clean Cooking—Wholesome Fare

EVERYTHING IN SEASON

THEMIS DEMETRELIS - - - - - - Proprietor

AGENCY
Whitman's
Famous Since 1842
Chocolates & Confections

ORANGE DRUG CO.

Patterson Bros.

DRUGGISTS

The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

All the courses of study in this College are technical and lead to graduation in Agriculture and allied subjects, in Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering; in Textile Art; and in Industrial Chemistry. Short courses are offered in Agriculture, in Mechanic Arts, and in Textile Art. One hundred and twenty scholarships are obtainable. For catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR, West Raleigh, N. C.

Winston-Salem Southbound

RAILWAY

The connecting link between the North and West and the Southeast.

Short Line

Between Roanoke, Va., Winston-Salem, Lexington, Albemarle, N. C., etc., and Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and other southern points.

S. P. COLLIER, JR.,
Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHEN IN RALEIGH, STOP AT

GIERSCH'S HOTEL AND CAFE
(European Plan)

MAKE OUR PLACE YOUR HEADQUARTERS

BEST and CHEAPEST

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Like the Lawford stroke, the more you try it the more fascinating is Velvet, the tobacco. The best leaf aged over 2 years—time is the only process. Tobacco matured in this fashion is rare—it's too smooth to irritate or "bite." It's a pleasure to carry such a smoke as Velvet in your pocket—it's extremely companionable! You need it! At your dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

One ounce bags 5c, convenient for cigarette smokers.

10c

Full 2 Ounce Tins

Raleigh's Newest and Best Barber Shop

Seven first-class white barbers. Manicure and Chiropodist. Satisfaction is our motto. Give us a Trial; it is all we ask

UNION BARBER SHOP

Under Postal Telegraph Office, 12 W. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C.

WE DO GENUINE FRENCH DRY CLEANING

and Sample Dyeing as well as High Grade Laundry Work. We Will Appreciate Your Patronage. Write for Price List and Terms to Agents

Columbia Laundry Company

112½, 114, 116 Fayetteville St.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SCHIFFMAN JEWELRY COMPANY

LEADING JEWELERS

Opposite McAdoo Hotel - - Greensboro, N. C.

Diamonds, Fine Gold and Platinum Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Novelties, Etc.

COLLEGE AND CLASS PINS, MEDALS AND COLLEGE JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

WATCH FOR THE OVERLAND

It's Always in the Road and Phone Fifty-Eight or Twenty-Three, and Get the OLD RELIABLE

C. S. P.

FOR GOOD AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Prompt Attention to all Orders. Two Machines at Your Service Day and Night

C. S. PENDERGRAFT - - - CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

"GET IT AT ODELL'S"

FOOTBALL, BASKET BALL, BASE BALL, TRACK AND GYM SUPPLIES, SWEATERS, JERSEYS, ETC.

Complete Stock of Ansco Cameras and Supplies.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

TWICE A YEAR when our representatives call, Chapel Hill and vicinity has an opportunity to see "what's new and desirable" in superior footwear.
IN BETWEEN TIMES we welcome the opportunity to serve you by mail—always assuring you of prompt, careful attention to your every wish—your satisfaction is our whole thought.
N. HESS' SONS, 8 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY

Offers 21 Years Experience

UNIVERSITY BOYS

Meet your friends at the only BEST cafe in Durham

ROYAL CAFE

You Know You Will be Satisfied—Chapel Hill Auto Station

PICKARD'S LIVERY STABLE

PHONE NO. 30

NEAR THE PHONE EXCHANGE. THE BEST LIVERY IN TOWN. SPLENDID HORSES AND CARRIAGES. QUICK ATTENTION

G. C. PICKARD & SON

CALL AT

H. H. PATTERSON'S

OPPOSITE THE CAMPUS

Where you will find men's Furnishings, Trunks, Dress Suit Cases, Carpets, Rugs, Ready-Made Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Bowls and Pitchers, Hardware, Heaters, Stoves, and everything that is good to eat. All goods delivered promptly

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Andrews Cash Store Company

The store that patronizes all College publications, and sells High Grade Furnishings and General Merchandise, Walk Over Shoes, $4.00 and $5.00. Cluett Shirts, Arrow Notched Collars, Stetson and Chesterfield Hats. Glad to serve you.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

EAT AT THE

HENNESSEE CAFE

342 South Elm Street., Greensboro, N. C., Near R. R. Station

COME TO SEE US WHEN IN TOWN

EVERYTHING NEW AND PLENTY OF ROOM

Well Ventilated

J. R. DONNELL, Proprietor and Manager

WHEN IN RALEIGH, GO TO

Tucker Building Pharmacy

FOR YOUR DRINKS AND SMOKES, ETC.

(On the Corner)

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

MOST DIRECT LINE TO ALL POINTS
NORTH—SOUTH—EAST—WEST

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities; through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points.

All-year Tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points.

Convenient local, as well as through trains: Electrically lighted coaches.

Complete Dining Car service on all through trains.

Ask representative of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas Holidays—also various other special occasions.

If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. He will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip.

Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you.

H. F. CARY, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.
J. O. JONES, Traveling Passenger Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

THE ASSOCIATION STORE

All Kinds of Athletic Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Tobaccos and Drinks,
Student Supplies

J. L. ORR, Manager

The North Carolina State Normal & Industrial College

CULTURE — SCHOLARSHIP — SERVICE — SELF-SUPPORT

Five well-planned courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Music, and Home Economics.

Special courses in Pedagogy; in Manual Arts; in Domestic Science, Household Art and Economics; in Music; and in the Commercial Branches.

Teachers and Graduates of other colleges provided for in both regular and special courses.

Equipment modern, including furnished dormitories, library, laboratories, literary society halls, gymnasium, music rooms, teachers' training school, infirmary, model laundry, central heating plant, and open air recreation grounds.

Dormitories furnished by the State. Board at actual cost. Expenses—board, laundry, tuition, and text-books—$195.00 a year. Tuition free to those who pledge themselves to become teachers.

Fall term opens in September. Spring term begins January 26, 1914. Summer term begins June 1st.

For catalogue and other information address

JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

Zinzendorf Laundry

Winston-Salem, N. C.

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY REFUNDED

J. G. FEEZOR, Agent, No. 4 Old West

King's Business College

INCORPORATED.

CAPITAL STOCK, $30,000.00

A School with a Reputation for Doing High-Grade Work

One of the best equipped schools in the South. THE LARGEST. The strongest faculty. MORE GRADUATES IN POSITIONS than all other business schools in the State. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English. Write for our handsome catalogue.

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Raleigh, N. C., or Charlotte, N. C.

We also teach Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., by mail. Send for home study circular.

Address J. H. KING, Pres., Raleigh, N. C.

Murphy's Hotel

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. THIS NEW HOTEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED, IS THE MOST MODERN AND LARGEST HOUSE SOUTH OF NEW YORK. WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DESIRED BY THE TOURSITS AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. OUR HOUSE IS CONDUCTED ENTIRELY ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN AND OUR RATES ARE FROM $1.00 TO $5.00 PER DAY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE MEN

JAS. T. DISNEY, Manager

The University of North Carolina Magazine

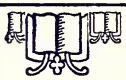
Good Knight

Religious Views of College Men

The Evolution of the Magazine

JANUARY, 1914

The University of North Carolina



Young Men Trained to be Leaders in Their Communities in the State

Faculty Numbers 94. Library of 65,000 Volumes Equipment Valued at $900,000.00

Special Training for

Teachers, Lawyers, Physicians
Chemical, Electrical, Mining and Civil
Engineers, Pharmacists
and for Educated, Useful
Citizenship

For Catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR

CHAPEL HILL - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

THE JEFFERSON

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Most Magnificent Hotel in the South

European Plan ∴ 400 Rooms ∴ 300 Baths
Rooms Single and En Suite, with and without
Private Baths ∴ Turkish and Roman Baths

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS

LARGE CONVENTION HALL

RATES $1.50 PER DAY AND UP

O. F. WEISIGER, MANAGER

Monogram Stationery in Special Holiday Boxes

BOX A---Two quires fine note paper and envelopes, any one or two initials, any color ink $1.20
BOX B---Two quires, initials in gold or silver . . . 1.35
BOX C--- Five quires, any two initials, any color ink . 2.70
BOX D---Five quires, initials in gold or silver 3.00

(If you want to pay more, let us know)

ENGRAVED CARDS

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
DURHAM, N. C.

The Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company

LIFE——FIRE
INSURANCE

Real Estate Bonds Loans

The Hill-Stockard Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TAILORS **HABERDASHERS**

"At the Sign of the Scissors"

EVERYTHING FROM HAT TO SOX FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN. EVENING WEAR A SPECIALTY. WRITE US YOUR WANTS—MAIL ORDERS WILL HAVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION. OUR SUITS ARE TAILORED TO SATISFY THE MOST PARTICULAR. OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE ON THE HILL WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF FURNISHINGS FOR SPRING. OUR CUTTERS WILL BE THERE TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE FOR THAT SPRING SUIT.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

Jolly & Wynne's

JEWELRY, CUT GLASS, CHINA, FLAT, HOLLOW AND FANCY STERLING WARE

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, COLLEGE JEWELRY WEDDING PRESENTS

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Company

128 FAYETTEVILLE STREET : : : RALEIGH, N. C.

The University Press

ZEB. P. COUNCIL, Manager

PRINTING

THE KIND THAT PLEASES—ON STOCK THAT LOOKS GOOD

Phone 158

THE EMERSON

Baltimore's Newest and Most Complete Hotel
The Rendezvous of Southerners visiting
BALTIMORE

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

Maryland cooking at its highest excellence. Convenient for shopping and theatre-going. European Plan. Running ice water in every room.

TO GET THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM YOUR VISIT TO BALTIMORE, STOP AT THE EMERSON.

ROOMS $2.00 A DAY UP. ROOMS WITH BATH, $2.50 A DAY UP.

STREET CARS FROM ALL RAILWAY STATIONS AND STEAMSHIP DOCKS TO THE DOOR.

The University Magazine is published by the two literary societies of the University of North Carolina. It is issued six times each collegiate year, and its purpose is to foster literary spirit among the students of the University. It exists as the organ of our alumni and student body. Every student and alumnus should be on the mailing list.

If a subscriber desires to have his copy stopped at the expiration of his subscription, notice must be given to that effect; otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of subscription is desired. Always notify us when you change your post office address.

Subscription price $1.00 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

The following is a list of those who have made the existence of this **Magazine** possible. Were it not for the friends of the University who advertise in our college publications, this **Magazine** could not exist. Our subscription amounts to only about one-third the cost of **Magazine.** If you are a Carolina man, show it by patronizing those who patronize Carolina. Here they are:

CHAPEL HILL

University Press
The University of North Car.
The Association Store
Chapel Hill Ins. & Realty Co.
Bank of Chapel Hill
Kluttz's New Haberdashery
Kluttz's Book Store
Bill Jones
E. A. Brown
Gooch's Cafe
Orange Drug Co.
Patterson's Bros.
Pickard's Livery Stable
Eubanks Drug Co.
Andrews Cash Store Co.
H. H. Patterson
W. B. Sorrell
Lloyd's Cafe
People's Bank
Strowd & Tilley
Foister
C. S. Pendergraft

DURHAM

The Seeman Printery
Hotel Lochmoor
Royal Cafe

GREENSBORO

Hill-Stockard Co.
Odell Hardware Co.
Southern Life & Trust Co.
State Normal College
Hennessee Cafe
Schiffman Jewelry Co.
Columbia Laundry Co.

WINSTON-SALEM

Hotel Webster
Phoenix Cafe
Zinzendorf Laundry
Winston-Salem Southb'd Ry.
Salem Academy
A. H. Galloway

RALEIGH

Jolly & Wynne
Giersch's Hotel and Cafe
King's Business College
Citizen's National Bank
N. C. College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts
Tucker Building Pharmacy
Union Barber Shop

MISCELLANEOUS

N. Hess' Sons, Baltimore, Md.
Cotrell & Leonard, New York
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Southern Railway
Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.
Hotel Lexington, Richmond, Va.
Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va.
The Emerson Hotel, Baltimore.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Good Knight - - - - - - - - *S. R. Martin* 133

The Light of Hope (Poem) - - *Lowry Axley* 145

Religious Views of College Men
J. Lenoir Chambers, Jr. 146

A Study of the Chapel Hill Indian
Douglas Rights 154

To Sleep (A Sonnet) - - - - *D. H. Killeffer* 161

The Evolution of the Magazine. *Stuart Willis* 162

Mary (Poem) - - - - - - - *Moses Rountree* 178

The Attitude of the Faculty Toward Athletics and Athletes. - - - - - - - - - - 179

The Shadow-While (Poem) - - *W. D. Kerr* 184

Sketches - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 185

Editorial - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 192

Around the Well - - - - - - - - - - - 196

Exchanges - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 199

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1914

Old Series Vol. 45 No. 3 New Series Vol. 32

GOOD KNIGHT*

T. W. Polk

I

Now, as you and I and the other one-third of the world know, there are only two kinds of professors: those that do the Highland Fling and those that do the Minuet, so to speak; that is, those that make you think of a ten-ringed circus and those that make you think of Moses and monuments. Of course there are a few exceptions to this rule—happy combinations of the two extremes—a fact which you will readily realize, if you are a professor.

A. J. Granville was of the Moses-monument genus, species M. A. He was dignity personified and italicized. He was not only born dignified—his name was Adolphus Jupiter Granville; but he had also obtained dignity by taking unto himself a cane and a beard; and what portion of dignity might have escaped him he had certainly had thrust upon him when he was offered the chair of Latin of Falmouth College. As Sammy Ives said, he was there with the Dig!

The greatest source of sadness of the Professor's life had been his marriage. Recently, however, his cherished wife, Mehetabel, had caught her death of cold, literally speaking, while leading a Woman Suffrage procession. She was a martyr. And the Professor in his glory felt a touch of sympathy. He knew how it felt.

Now he was free. Free to go "out of the house of

*The winner of the prize in the Magazine Short Story Contest.

bondage" and far away where he might forget the undignified picture he must have made walking thru the streets by the side of his Amazonian better three-halves—and who, tho he walk with the steps of men and of angels can preserve a stately appearance while overshadowed by a taller wife and overwhelmed with bundles and smiles?—and forget those terrible days when he had been obliged to act as public guide and guardian for Mehetabel's beloved Fido. Ah, noble dignity outraged and scarred with henpecks!

Yes; he would make a new start. He would go afar beyond the circle of the smiles and grins and there become himself again and there make all men bow before the sublimity of dignity incarnated in himself. "Thus," said the Professor with folded arms and thoughtful brow, "thus will I do."

So he accepted the chair of Latin of Falmouth.

II

One September afternoon soon after his arrival the Professor started out for a walk in a most complacent state of mind. The Fates had been kind. Already both faculty and students bowed low in reverence before his Tarquinian bearing and Ciceronian speech. Dignity had triumphed.

At his gate the Professor stopped and looked up the street. Toward him came a young man reading a letter.

"Mirabile visu!" said the Professor, "can that young man be Samuel Ives?"

"Gee-whitaker-damn!" murmured the young man, "extricate my optics if it ain't A. Jupiter!"

He came forward with outstretched hand. "Professor, I'm delighted. How did you leave the old place?"

"Of that later, Samuel. First inform me, however, concerning your occupations and habitations."

"R. P. Ives and *Son,* Lumber Company—gittez-mi?—Big timber lands up in Maine. I make a specialty of superintending the surveying work and the like. I took

the C. E., course here you know, sir. I've been roughing it off and on for two years in the woods. But two weeks ago I was taken into the firm. So I came down here to—"

"Indeed, Samuel, will you accept the hospitality of my house for a few minutes, at least?"

The Professor's parlor was one after his own heart. The heavy curtains flowed in solemn lines. Somber but impressive pictures were hung upon the walls. In the corner there stood in austere grandeur a relic dearest of all earthly things to the Professor; for it had once belonged to one of his noble ancestors and had been handed down thru the generations—a complete suit of armor.

"Professor," asked Sammy taking a seat in one of the high-backed, soldierly chairs, "what rhymes with *music?*"

"Why?"

"Here." Sam handed him a few verses proudly. "But I need another line."

They read:

"Soft summer skies with my lady's eyes
In no wise can compare;
Ten suns their glow did give, I know,
That glory to her hair;
Her voice is sweet and pure and clear,
The song-birds' very music,
And when she sings—ah, then I swear—"

"I swear it would make you sick," the Professor added. "Your originality is startling. Your comparisons are not a day older than the sun and skies. You"—here he pointed an impressive finger at Sam—"you are at the gate of hell! You are in love."

"Gate of Paradise," replied Sam shaking the Professor's warning hand. "And you ought to see her. She's the—"

"Samuel, love is a bubble that soon bursts. Love is the executioner of common-sense."

"She's the girl that put the shine in the sunshine and the light—"

"Love is a pile of gunpowder in a man's heart that fired by a woman's diabolical beauty blows him to particles infinitesimal."

"—and the light in the moonlight, too. Listen here, Professor. She lives in that big yard yonder surrounded by the vine-covered fence—*next door to you.*"

"What! The devil!"

"Yes, the devil too. Old man Arkwright, her Papa. Stays in the house forever and studies. Kind of a spiritualist. He always was down on me. One night when I was here at college I rigged up in a sheet and went over and told him how things were coming on from the first to the seventh heavens. It worked fine till he asked about the climate. I told him heaven was very cold. 'Why?' he asked. 'Because,' says I, it's a nice burg and you sure can't expect an ice-berg to be warm! He caught on to me then—right by the collar—and gently intimated that if he ever caught me on his lot again I would soon be a spirit. That was the first time I ever saw Edith. She was at the window above. I came pretty near staying and staring and letting old Arkwright spiritualize me."

The Professor started. "*Arkwright!* What—what is his Christian name?"

"Don't know, sir. She visited at Atlanta the next summer, and—"

The Professor slowly shook his head and smoothed his beard. "No; it is impossible that he should be my dear old friend Thomas Arkwright. Yes, yes; impossible."

"—and I saw her there again. Fell dead in love. Told her so, too."

"Prince of fools.'

"And asked her to marry me."

"King of fools! Do you know what a terrible state married life is?"

"I know what a terrible thing single life is. There wasn't a thing stirring, though. And yet—I believe—yes,

I half believe that—that she—" Sammy ended in a rapturous smile.

"You look," said the Professor, "like a baby with a sugar-rag. O Samuel, listen. Marriage is an adamantine dungeon, a bottomless pit, a fiery Abaddon."

"So I came back here—."

"O Samuel, heed my counsel. Do not marry. I should weep to see my friend, I should even regret to see my enemy—married!"

"—And I found that bald-headed little Cyril Freke making love to *her* and working Mr. Arkwright with spirit talk."

"Get revenge, my boy."

"How?—how?"

"Let him marry her."

"Murder! You know, that cloud-confessing scoundrel has given the old man a bulldog; and whenever I try to slip over there that cussed demon comes at me. Edith sent me a note just now saying that Mr. Arkwright will hold a spirit meeting tonight. When he does that he is oblivious to all earthly occurrences. So I'm going over tonight."

"Samuel—."

"But I'm afraid old Cerberus will do more than bark."

The Professor waved majestically toward the armor in the corner and spoke ironically.

"Accept that armor, O invincible Prince, with which you may foil the dragon's fangs."

"And rescue my Princess. Professor; your generosity and ingenuity are miraculous."

III

When the Professor entered his parlor that evening after having made a most enjoyable call upon the President of the college, he experienced an awful shock. His precious armor was gone! Bewildered, he gazed around vacantly. It had vanished. Who? Where? Samuel Ives! Oh,

absurd. Of course he understood that sarcasm—and yet—love is the executioner of common-sense and—

Immediately the Professor was out and striding by the back way towards Mr. Arkwright's. Under the trees beyond him he saw the glint of moonlight on polished steel and quickened his steps. On nearing the house he heard the tinkle of a mandolin.

He rounded the corner just in time to see Sir Samuel, arrayed in glittering armor complete from helmet-plume to spurs, stalk out of the shadows. At the sight of such an awful apparition in those spirit-infested precincts Mr. Cyril Freke, the serenader, hastily dropped his mandolin, shrieked, and fled.

Cerberus, however, did not believe in spirits. He attacked valiantly. From teeth and steel a mighty din arose. Sammy laughed and kicked. The Professor groaned and rushed recklessly into the fray. Stand by and see his armor desecrated and defaced? Never.

The Professor's impetuous rush brought him to the notice of Cerberus, who was no respecter of dignity. He turned his attention to the Professor. The Professor turned his attention to a tree nearby. For the first time since boyhood his stately legs ran. With arms, coat-tails, and eyes outstretched he rushed. The armored figure bent double and roared. As the Professor scrambled up the trunk Cerberus secured as a trophy one dress-suit coat-tail, then stationed himself contentedly beneath the Professor, and opened the siege.

Sir Sammy, glowing in the moonlight and lifting up his eyes to his lady's window, strummed on the surrendered mandolin and sang softly:

"The King of Day strode o'er the hills of Night
Aglow in his glory, alight in the might
Of his splendid strength—and stopped amazed
As down upon the earth he gazed
And saw my lady fair."

An awful thought occurred to the Professor on his roost. Suppose—oh suppose—a passerby should see him—even him—and report his ridiculous situation. Ten billion curses on that boy and that dog!

Sang Sammy:

"The maiden moon with her lustrous glance
Doth rule the boisterous sea—"

"Desist, I pray you, Samuel, and drive this beast away," said the Professor in an agonized whisper.

"But more bewitching are, by far,
Thine eyes, my love, to me."

"O Samuel, for the love of—."

Sammy half turned. Just then five dimpled digits parted the curtains of the window above. Edith looked out. According to Sammy, "the gates of heaven swung ajar and the moonbeams made a halo of his angel's golden hair," though, of course, the Professor didn't see it in that light. The vision above seeing the iron-clad apparition below laughed, and "ten thousand tiny silver bells tinkled in harmony" (again quoting from the first Sam.)

"O my Don Quixote, is it you?"

"Don't tease, dearest. Please, please come down to me. I—I have something so sweet—"

"Oh slush!" said the Professor.

"—So important to tell you."

"Oh I couldn't—no, not for worlds."

"Edith, dear, if you only—"

"Oh, I couldn't think of coming down. Good night, bad Knight."

The vision vanished; the curtains closed. Sam thrust into outer darkness, spitefully kicked a hole in the grass with his iron toe. He was turning away bitter and heart-broken (so he says) when a silken rustling from behind

caused him to stop and turn. And there—Paradise regained!— she stood beside him smiling mockingly and saying: "No, I really couldn't consider it, Sir Knight."

But of course you know how the lady and her enarmored knight found a seat beneath the tree—the Professor's tree, too—where scarce a moon-beam peeped; how they pledged to each other with an air of originality and truth the same old vows that the old moon has heard made and the old sun seen broken ever since last Judgment Day; how they heard not at all the maledictions of the Professor poured down upon their heads; how Sammy silently cursed his armor; and how Cerberus kept the watch.

After a rapturous-miserable half-hour, during which heaven and hell were separated by only a few elm tree branches, Sammy arose happy and excited and came beneath the Professor. "Dearest Professor," said he sweetly, "will you, if I remove Cerberus, come down and exchange costumes with me?"

"I will not," the Professor snapped.

"Then I shall be obliged to leave you up there till you are found in the morning."

Ten minutes later, Sammy, having thrown Cerberus through the cellar window and arrayed the Professor in armor, emerged from behind the house wearing the Professor's dress-suit.

Edith was waiting. Together they took the dusty moonlit road, and arm-in-arm—no, waist-in-arm—set out for the house of Deacon Fryer, Justice of the Peace.

And what difference did it make to Sammy that the little Professor's coat was splitting up the back and that his trousers soared high above the tops of his shoes and that the wise old stars were laughing at them both. That was nothing.

But when the Deacon, having been rudely awakened from sweet dreams of sinners roasting in torment, poked his night-capped head and double-barrelled shotgun through the half-opened door, things began to look serious. They

became desperate when Sam found that the Professor had neglected to place in any pocket the sum necessary for the purchase of a marriage license. But the limit was reached when the Deacon, recognizing Edith, declared it his indubitable duty to drive back to Mr. Arkwright that rash misguided girl and that depraved tatterdemalion even by the aid of his shotgun. He furthermore announced that he always did his duty.

So back along the road the luckless couple was driven—back from the gates of Eden followed by the nightcapped cherubim without a flaming sword but with a shooting shotgun.

What? No; you wouldn't either. If *you* had looked into the determined faces of the Deacon and his gun, and if *you* had had Miss Edith's arms about your neck to restrain you from rashness, you would have done just as Sammy did: kiss, cuss, and march.

IV

When Sam left him the Professor was standing near the back door hastily endeavoring to put on his helmet hind-part-before and meditating flight and revenge. What a terrible ordeal it had been to his sensitive soul! How outraged—.

The door opened. Terrified the Professor crouched close in the shadow of the kitchen wall. Mr. Arkwright stepped out. All the night he had been "at home" to all classes of spirits, yet not a one had called. He stepped beyond the doorway. The moonlight fell upon his face. The Professor gave a great start of horrified surprise; his armor rasped upon the brick wall. He recognized his old friend Thomas Arkwright who long ago had revered him for his noble stateliness but who now—oh, torture raised to the Nth power!—would recognize, deride, and despise him.

Mr. Arkwright heard the rasping sound and discovered the awful armored figure. In his anguish the Professor emitted a soulful groan which greatly heightened his ghostly effect. Mr. Arkwright was delighted. Here was

a visible manifestation far superior to table-rappings, more than an evil spirit—a medieval spirit! His voice trembled with excitement.

"Who and whence art thou, O Spirit?"

The Professor was desperate. He heartily wished that he was a spirit. He tried to speak coolly and softly but his stammered words reverberated beneath his breastplate and thundered from his megaphone helmet.

"I—I am—I am—Sir—Sir—oh, damn it all!"

"Sir what?"

"Sir Egbert Odamital born many centuries ago and in a foreign countrie."

"And pray, Sir Egbert, why this mundane visit?"

A long silence. The Professor's mind, working desperately, finally fixed upon a brilliant plan.

"I come to reward thee for thy faithfulness. In thy parlor thou wilt find a treasure awaiting thee. Go!"

"Oh, tell me first of thy spirit-life."

Perspiration broke out upon the Professor's brow. "My time draws nigh," he whispered in thunderous tones. "I must be gone."

"Stay, Spirit, stay. Oh, Vision, vanish not."

Being an accommodating spirit the Professor vanished not.

"Spirit, I thank thee. Tell me this—why in the great beyond does—"

"Avaunt! Tomorrow night will I tell thee more. Go and receive thy treasure."

The Spiritualist reentered the house. The Professor's heart leaped with joy. Immediately he did his best toward vanishing. Rounding the corner, he heard the rush of many footsteps and ran into the midst of a group of men coming the opposite way. In two seconds the group had resolved itself into a number of widely separated individuals. The air resounded with cries of horror and surprise. Faint and overcome, the Professor leaned against the wall. He had recognized in the crowd the President of the Col-

lege, many of his fellow professors, and Cyril Freke, the routed serenader.

Mr. Arkwright rushed upon the scene from the back door. From around the corner came a strange three-cornered procession: Sammy still restrained from rashness by Edith and both still driven by the night-capped Justice of the Peace. Figures of the dispersed crowd appeared at discreet distances from behind chicken-coops and wood-piles. Cyril Freke's little bald head rose majestically above the garden fence, and, seeing the ghostly, shining figure against the wall, yelled:

"The Spirit! I told you I saw it!"

Deacon Fryer then stepped from behind the bedecked clothes-line and putting his gun to his shoulder said:

"Neither man nor devil do I fear. If a spirit, thou canst not be harmed; if a man, shout before the third count or forever after hold thy peace. He cocked his gun and took aim at the Professor. "One!"

V

French revolutions and volcanic eruptions were peacefully harmonious compared to the Professor's state of mind. Shout, be recognized in such an ignominious situation by those who respected him as a model of dignity and decorum? Never! Let the man shoot.

The Deacon solemnly closed one eye.

"Two!"

The Professor saw the set face and gleaming barrels. His resolution vanished. He turned and fled. Unfortunately his armor knew nothing of the *ars fugiendi*. Five steps he took, then tripped with a clang—and his fall was like the fall of Rome or the falls of Niagara! His helmet flew from his head. Hastily scrambling up he found himself surrounded by the crowd. His face was red-hot. From every side he heard in horrified tones: "Professor Granville!" He wished that he had stood still and been killed. Here was the President speaking.

"Professor Granville, what unseemly—"

But Mr. Arkwright, seeing the Professor's face for the first time and hearing him addressed, recognized his old friend. He brushed the President aside and threw his arms around the Professor's neck.

"Adolphus!"

The Professor caught sight of Sam. Pointing at him with a trembling finger he tried to explain matters to Mr. Arkwright.

"I—I came here with—with that boy—and—"

"So did I, Mr. Arkwright," said the Deacon. "He and Miss Edith came to my house just now to get married, but I—"

"Mr. Arkwright," Sam shouted, leaving Edith and coming forward, "I love her more than—"

"Well, well, my boy." Mr. Arkwright interrupted him briskly. "Adolphus intimates that you are his friend." The Professor was speechless with surprise. "Therefore you are my friend. Perhaps I have not been quite fair to you. The Professor knows you far better than I. I trust his wisdom and judgment. *He* shall decide whether you are worthy to marry my daughter."

Sam dragged the Professor aside by one stove-pipe arm. He implored, threatened, entreated him; Edith tried to bribe him with a kiss.

And the Professor smiled like the king of the Cannibal Isles. The multitudinous indignities that he—the proud, dignified, and respected—had suffered that night rose before his swirling brain. And there stood the cause of it all—that cursed boy. Mercy, pity, forgiveness? He would show him. Revenge was in his hands. His voice was low and shaken with emotion. "Yes, by all the devils! I will wreck your hopes, murder your happiness, blast your peace. There!"

He broke away from Sam, marched back, and faced Mr. Arkwright. The crowd stood silent. Edith sobbed. Sam clenched his fists. Then the Professor's voice rang out loud and bitter:

"Let them be married."

THE LIGHT OF HOPE

Lowry Axley

I put my frail bark on the sea,
Afearful lest perchance it be
Asunder torn;
The wild waves beat and lash the foam,
The frail bark from its sheltered home
Is cast forlorn.

No light sweeps o'er the darkened way,
No star's effulgent gleam, nor ray,
Breaks o'er the path;
Naught but the dark which looms ahead
And angry sea which wakens dread
By its dire wrath.

Yet there's a light that's stronger far
Than light which comes from moon or star
That bids me cope
With dangers that obscure the goal—
A light which fires the heart and soul—
The Light of Hope.

RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF COLLEGE MEN

J. LENOIR CHAMBERS, JR.

Do you know what religion means to you? Can you put it down in black and white?

The principal features of the religious views of the composite North Carolina thinking college man might be summed up thus: the acceptance of religion as a guide to everyday living rather than a spiritual emotion upheld by prayer and immortality; the vigorous condemnation of old fashioned ideas of Hell as a burning lake of sulphur and brimstone and of Heaven as paved with gold; the shaking loose of the belief in the church as a necessary factor in the religious development of the individual.

These indicate beyond the shadow of a doubt that "the old order changeth." They reflect the influence of present-day ideals of education whereby the man is moulded so as not to accept blindly the beliefs of his ancestors, but to assert himself as a free personality, to strike out for himself in a maze of possibilities, and to formulate his own beliefs guided only by the principles of sincerity and truth.

It is a pretty big job to straighten out one's thoughts on religion and particularly hard for college men because their views are constantly changing. The broadening influence of a college education is nowhere more fully illustrated than in religion. That man is rare who does not change his views between his Freshman year and graduation, and many students are in a constant state of perplexity as to just what they do believe.

Recently the members of an English class at the University of North Carolina known as English 3, which, according to the catalogue, is Advanced Composition, were assigned as a subject for a theme *What Religion Means to Me*. This subject was announced several days in advance in order that the students might have plenty of time to think the matter over and see just what religion did mean

to them. The thirty-six papers handed in should give a fairly accurate idea of the point of view of upper classmen a little above the average; for English 3 attracts the best men in college. The thirty-six members are made up of twenty-one Juniors and fifteen Seniors. No Junior is allowed to enroll as a member unless he has made a grade of 80 per cent. on English in his first two years. There is no such prerequisite for Seniors; but the fifteen Senior members are well up to the class average. The course has the reputation of being a hard-working, but valuable one; and its members compare favorably with any other class of men in the University.

The value of these themes as furnishing information in regard to college men's attitude toward religion depends, of course, on their sincerity. Any doubt as to the truthfulness of the thoughts and experiences set down there would vanish entirely upon even a hasty reading of the papers. These men were in earnest; they were sincere; they opened the secrets of their inner life, in many cases, with a simple frankness that defies question and leaves the reader a little ill at ease at being in the presence of a naked soul.

There is, of course, every sort of opinion expressed. Definitions of religion range all the way from the "contemplation of truth" and the "efforts of the individual striving toward the universal" to "a divine law of conduct to be practiced every day" and "a noble, clean life." Prayer is regarded even more diversely. "I frankly believe in prayer as an aid in accomplishing things," says one paper, and continues, "numbers of times I have accomplished feats almost impossible under the circumstances for which I had prayed earnestly and ardently." But says another, "Prayer has never brought me into communion with God," and it "is only a relic of a habit formed at my mother's knee." Concerning Hell one man says, "It is a place of eternal torment," and another says, "I cannot believe in lasting punishment." A similar seemingly chaotic condition exists in nearly all the details in the papers.

Diversified as these opinions are a careful study of the set of papers reveals several significant facts. The most noticeably outstanding fact is that the religion of these men is close to their life. Even those who attempt philosophical definitions come down from their high towers and admit that religion, "the response to an objective force," enables one to "live a clean life actuated by motives of service to my fellow men." Practically every one thinks it has played an important part in his life. "Religion is the great force of my life," says one. "Religion means for me a controlling factor in my life and I can not get away from it," says another. "My religion," says a third, "has been, is, and will be, the savior of my body, mind, and spirit." And this same student states that an ideal of excellence interwoven with his religion "has led me to struggle from a position of decided physical inferiority as compared with the majority, to at least equality. It has stimulated me in my endeavor toward mental grasp. It has also kept me relatively pure morally." Equally significant is the statement that "it is to religion that I owe the instincts of my better self. It has ever been a guiding star to me." These statements, and similar ones, run through a big majority of the papers. It is the class sentiment.

Many of the papers go further and make religion out to be a set of rules for conduct. "My religion tells me some things that I should do and some things that I should not do. It teaches me that I should apply myself to my studies * * * It teaches me not to cheat on examinations, to pay my debts." Or again: "My religion compelled me to come to college. It causes me to go to church and it causes me to stay away at times to study." This idea of religion's improving one's moral conduct appealed to many of the writers. "Seven-day religion" was advocated by more than one. The old familiar demand for the square deal and equality was made so repeatedly that one could easily imagine that the spirit of the many-sided

Colonel was abroad once more. It was the practical side of religion that meant something to these students, the definite, tangible factors in the development of humanity. The idea of service was spoken of in eight papers as being of primary importance in the religious life, while several others mentioned it. "My religion means the service which makes one forget self and lose one's life for a cause." "The Christian religion is primarily a religion of service." Sentiments like these are common, and there is no objection in any paper to the idea.

That religion is conceived of in a moral aspect is further admirably illustrated in the discussion of prayer, or rather in the lack of discussion. Out of the thirty-six papers only seven make any mention at all of prayer. The inevitable conclusion is that prayer, generally considered as the result and support of religion, the only means of communication with the almost universally accepted Supreme Being, and therefore of tremendous importance in religious life—that prayer is here regarded as of little importance. This view is further strengthened by what the seven exponents of prayer say. One man believes in it implicitly, as quoted above: "I firmly believe in prayer as an aid in accomplishing things." Another says that prayer comes in the co-operation of man and God—he thus implies its efficacy. A third says that, without thinking the matter out for himself, but simply accepting the advice of others, he had, in one stage of his religious development, adopted the habit of prayer and it had helped keep him afloat until he could be rescued by the stronger boat of thinking. Opposed to these is the decision of one man to pray no more until he had more light; the confession of another that he feels prayers to be a relic of childhood and not a heart-to-heart talk with God; and of a third that prayer has never brought him nearer to God. The seventh man mentioning prayer says that religion tells him that prayer should be in the spirit and in the soul, and not in words and physical posture. In the twenty-nine remaining discussions of re-

ligion absolutely no mention of prayer is made in any manner.

The emphasis put on the moral side of religion as opposed to the spiritual comes out further in the treatment of immortality. This crowning factor in the Christian religion, certainly the most important single feature, creates but little comment. A big majority of the papers simply ignore it in their discussion of man's relation with man. Seven discuss it, though only four at any length. The argument of several papers supporting immortality is thus: God is in everything and everybody; a part of God is in me; the part of God in me, my soul, can not cease to exist because God is external; a part of God cannot die and the rest live. In this connection various facts are brought forward supporting the idea of the existence of God. The wonderful phenomena of nature and of the heavenly bodies and of physical matter are the ones most generally cited. As one man expressed it: "The overwhelming idea of evolution and the general broadening of views caused by the study of science have not shaken what faith I had. It has rather strengthened it. I prefer to look up to a God of order and system rather than to a hap-hazard wonder worker." Those who do discuss immortality have no definite ideas and generally close by admitting that the subject is too much for them.

The old-fashioned Hell as a burning lake of sulphur and brimstone seven times hotter than the hottest fire on earth, is vigorously condemned, along with a like condemnation of Heaven as having its streets paved with fine jewels and gold. The reaction goes so far that one man hopes the after-life will not be a great change from life on earth. "I cannot look forward with much pleasure," he says, "to a heaven where there is no tennis, no good food to eat, no books to read, no companionship with boys and girls."

Several papers, which lay much stress on the writers' religious development, speak of the old-fashioned manner

of teaching children. "I looked upon God as a being just like myself, sitting upon a throne somewhere in the sky. I thought of Heaven as a city somewhere in the firmament built of gold and precious jewels. I could see God commanding the universe as he sat upon his throne. It rained and thundered at His bidding." Or again: "The devil, with horns projecting from his forehead and with his black imps around him, divided his energies between the double task of enticing people from the paths of right living and of keeping the fires of Hell aflame to torment the souls whom he had already ensnared." One student thought when younger the church was created just to keep people from going to Hell. These views were all conceptions of early childhood, and with the growth of mentality they were almost universally dropped.

Out of all the papers only two retained the idea of future punishment, though neither gave details of the place of torment. One of these papers is remarkable in that it is the only one in the whole lot that clings completely to what might be called the orthodox church view. Its author tells of his early religious training and says "so firmly did these teachings lodge in my mind that nothing has ever shaken some of them." His recital of his beliefs is like a church creed, and he closes by saying, "I believe that there is only one way to be saved: accept Jesus Christ as a personal savior."

That only one man out of thirty-six should assert such a belief is indeed remarkable. It indicates the change that is sweeping this country—the application of the religion of the forefathers to the present-day life and problems. Twenty years ago a set of papers written under the same circumstances would probably reveal a fairly universal sentiment of faithfulness to every word of the church. Now the cry is for a working religion, a tangible, practical creed to be used every day.

In regard to the church there is the same remarkable reticence seen in regard to prayer and immortality. Spir-

itual affairs do not seem to play an important part. Less than a third discuss the church's share in their religious life. Several papers include accounts of early attempts to convert the authors through the medium of fiery oratory and the mourners' bench, and they all admit that they did not know what they were doing at those early ages when their emotions were aroused. "One night at a Baptist revival meeting my emotional side was set in vibration by the swaying oratory of the preacher and I was led to the mourners' bench. There he pleaded with me to give my heart to God. Large tears were streaming down my cheeks. I was sobbing and breathing with difficulty. Finally, I raised up and shook hands with the preacher." And the writer adds naively that after this act, "I felt meaner than ever."

The most commonly accepted view of the churches is that though they have been and are now tremendous forces for good in the world, they are not at all necessary in an individual's religious life. "I do not have to go to church to be religious, but I can be just as religious in my room if I cultivate the proper relation in the proper way." The same idea is expressed thus: "To be a Christian and to be influenced by religion one does not need to be a member of any church, nor a believer in any creed." The natural extension of such ideas leads one to the thought that the churches are not only not necessary, but wrong in themselves. "Sometimes I feel an indescribable longing and I go to church in order to satisfy it. More often the result is that the sermon bores me, or sounds so like what I have heard before that it impresses me as being parrot-like."

Hypocrisy is the chief fault found with the churchgoers. "I think of being in the church and a co-worker with a lot of people who, in my opinion, are the biggest hypocrites living. Their views of religion are so narrow that they are foolish and almost void of any true religion." "I believe religion as it is practiced in our churches is entirely too artificial and insincere. It is a mere form and

ceremony." Or again: "A greater part of their (the churches') activity seems mechanical and lifeless." This, however, does not seem to be the general view, which is that though they are not perfect, the churches are powerful instrumentalities for good. Says one man: "By going to church I acknowledge the power of God."

Even in a set of papers overwhelmingly serious, many strange details crop out. One paper speaks of the elect "swinging in golden hammocks around the throne, while the enemies of God are kicking chunks in plutonic regions." Another aptly compares religion to a life preserver, unused for the greater part of the time, but tremendously important in a crisis. "It is religion," is one assertion, "which makes me what I am, one equal temper of coherent homogeniety." The same writer asserts in another place that he cannot tell what religion has been to him because he has never been without it. One person rails at swearing thus: "If a man says 'damn muddy weather' when it rains and 'damn pretty day' when the sun shines, what will he say when he smashes his finger with a hammer?"

The beautiful idea of sentiment connected with the churches themselves finds only one exponent, though his paper is in many respects the best because it is the most human. "Although the sermon may set me to nodding, I always like to repeat the creed, and the music is usually for me the inspiration of the service. I like to think of the churches with their 'long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults' and the 'dim religious light' shining through the panes." The same paper concludes: "My ideal is to be of that sort which causes men not to think of their degradation, but inspires them to lift themselves up. I should like to render service to those about me and reverence that which is holy. I like to think of Christ as he in wrath drove the money changers from the temple, because that act exalts that human feeling of indignation which we experience toward those who desecrate the sacred. It is also my belief that religion will enable one to distinguish the things that are true and permanent, and to grasp the finest the life possesses."

A STUDY OF THE CHAPEL HILL INDIAN

DOUGLAS RIGHTS

In a secluded valley east of Chapel Hill I picked up a relic of the past—a crudely designed stone battle axe or Indian Tomahawk. This discovery spurred me on to an investigation of the adjoining fields which sloped gently toward a rippling stream in the bed of the valley. Here among the sprouting green blades of early spring wheat I found thickly strewn chips of flint, bits of baked mud pottery and sharp pointed arrowheads. This was the site of a former Indian encampment. For a long while I was busy collecting these specimens which were the remaining marks of a savage race of old, and as I searched and gathered one by one the bits of stone and baked mud, the scenery slowly changed. The little valley grew dark and sombre in the shadow of the rustling pines. The gray boulders along the rippling stream assumed the appearance of rude huts or wigwams. The gaunt dead corn stalks were transformed into grim, swarthy warriors skulking in concealment. By these mental pictures so vividly conjured up, I was carried back to the Chapel Hill of yesterday.

The prevalence of such evidences as I found of former savage life, shows how numerous the Indians were in this state. Relics of the aborigines are found everywhere from Murphy to Manteo. Murphy itself claims today a large Indian reservation while Manteo was named after the young brave who watched the first arrival of the English. Such subjects of history as the massacre of New Berne, the mystery of "Croatan," and the stockade at Bethabara, show how closely the life of the red man was intertwined with the life of the white man. However, although the Indian has stamped himself indelibly in our history and literature, there is little material giving accurate information of the life, traits, manner of living, character, religion, even philosophy of life of the red man. Some historical records

and a few contributions of fiction do not afford a rich field for study of the Indian and his life. However, this fact prevents this article from being a collection of extracts from histories and novels, and makes it simply a brief study of the Chapel Hill Indian as made possible by existing traces he has left behind.

The section of North Carolina now enclosed in Orange County was inhabited at different times by Indians of the Tuscarora and Cherokee tribes. Redskins of these tribes participated in the early Indian outbreaks but there is no record of any stirring encounters between paleface and redskin in the vicinity of Chapel Hill. When the University was founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Indian had disappeared. The Indian war-whoop was silenced long before the advent of the sophomoric yell. The wild, unbroken country that still exists, however, shows something of the primitive wilderness, while the woodlands, thickets, secluded valleys, and even the grove of magnificent oaks that shelters the campus are well preserved samples of hunting grounds—the haunt of the Indian.

As this part of the country has not been opened up thoroughly, has little means of intercourse and is thinly settled, my search for the remains of the aborigines was comparatively easy. Large fields of relics have been preserved untouched. The country people, whose fields I visited, were quite willing to have their lands searched and to have anything in the shape of a rock removed. Many farmers joined me in the search and presented me with well-preserved specimens. Thus the relics have been discovered just as their owners left them.

The most numerous of the articles found were, of course, the arrowheads. In one season the Archæological Society of Chapel Hill, composed of a friend and myself, collected over a thousand of the arrow tips. They ranged in size from half an inch to five or six inches in length. All styles of the flint-chip art are represented. The long cruel

war and chase arrow, the barbed fish arrow, the dainty triangular arrow, the grotesque blunt arrow, representing many sizes and varied shapes. The spear heads could easily be detected by their large size and bulky shape. They are larger than the arrow and not so carefully chipped out. About fifty perfect spear points were found in the course of the season. The battle axes were not plentiful and were found in the same region near Morgan's Creek. Only about twelve of these were brought to light in the searches. Pottery was even scarcer. Only a few pieces of earthenware have been found. However, this may be due to the fact that the baked mud is more easily broken than the hard flint, hence much of the pottery may have been destroyed. Besides these articles there have been found a number of curiously shaped rocks which bear distinct marks of chipping by human hands. These implements may include such articles as knives, hide dressers, needles for sewing skins, corn grinders, or flint chippers, but we can only guess at their purposes. Taken as a whole, the collection consists of articles which enabled the Indian to satisfy his appetitie, to participate in the pleasure of hunting, and to protect himself from enemies or to wage war.

The implements found have their own peculiarities. They have distinct marks of Orange County crudeness. By this I mean that the relics of this place show how the Indian was influenced by geographic and climatic conditions and that he was a backwoods Indian, just as the inhabitants today are likewise handicapped by the nature of the country and are backwoods farmers. There are a few fine specimens, beautifully formed and carefully wrought. But taken as a whole, the implements of the Chapel Hill collection are crude and uncouth when placed beside collections from other states or even from different parts of our own State. A collection from Forsyth county presents a better grade of implements than those of Orange county. It is evident that the country which today defies the farmer on account of its unproductiveness, was likewise

sparing in game and food plants upon which the Indian subsisted. The Chapel Hill Indian was undoubtedly a countryman.

The manufacture of stone implements has long been a matter of question. How did savages without metal chip out the symmetrical arrow heads? I cannot explain the making of the arrows, but I have found several pieces of arrows in the making, which clears up the matter somewhat. The extensive beds of quartz in the shape of chert or flint, especially along Morgan's Creek, furnished abundant raw material. Such flint rock has been of use to primitive man in his weapon manufacture because small pieces may be chipped from it by using some harder substance which was undoubtedly a harder rock, leaving a regular concave depression, yet the flint itself is hard and durable. I have found fragments of rough flint taken from the bed rock and marked with chippings. Some show the point chipped out and the remainder unfinished, others show the butt end completed with the remainder unfinished. This indicates that this region was not simply an Indian camp, but also a weapon factory.

The flints include a great variety of colors. A number of pure white quartz arrows are among the number. Black, lead color, blue, gray, brown, yellow, dark red, with a variety of mixtures, streaks and mineral stains. Many of the stones have been weathered and are dull-colored on the exterior, but when broken, the interior appears highly colored. This marks the extent of time that some of the pieces have remained in the field. It is reasonable to believe that many of the points are several hundred years old. The gray rock of the Purefoy's Mill slate is the most used material and the quantity and easy access to this material probably made this region a favorite haunt of arrow-makers.

The articles enumerated in the collection comprise only perfect specimens, that is, no broken or unfinished pieces. More fragments than these whole pieces have not been pre-

served as we do not care especially for imperfect things. My sympathy, however, has always been with the broken point. The unbroken arrowhead is pretty but escaped service; the broken headed arrow is not not so attractive but died fighting.

In his work, the Chapel Hill Indian showed some art. A few arrows in the collection will rival any others in finish and symmetry. There are a few with finely serrated edges, needle-like points and exact proportion that excites wonder when we consider the absence of modern tools and methods for stone-shaping. This art, however, seems to be the product of occasional spurts rather than the consistent work of the tribes. The majority of the flints are decidedly ill-proportioned, carelessly finished and clumsy. Some are even ridiculously made, misshapen and flimsy. They seem to be made for immediate service, not for show. Perhaps the old Orange County problem of struggle for existence prevented the development of artists as has been the case with successors of the redskins.

Using Chapel Hill as a center, I have scoured all the surrounding country within the radius of three miles, besides making extra trips beyond these bounds. It may seem a bit surprising, but nevertheless my first specimens were discovered in town. The best ones were found on the athletic field. What a contrast between the past and present scenes of bloodshed on this field! The popular Durham road seems to have been a favorite trail of the red Indian also. Just beyond the bridge a large collection of arrows has been gathered. In several places the variety and number of articles found mark the spots as former camps. One of these is directly beyond the graveyard, and another on the Mason farm southeast of Chapel Hill. At the latter place over one hundred and fifty perfect specimens of arrowheads were found in an afternoon's hunt. Morgan's Creek was also a much frequented section, but the trees and undergrowth prevent thorough research. Other places where relics were gathered are Calvander neighborhood,

Mt. Collier, Smith's Level, Williams Chapel, and in fact, almost every direction except due east of Chapel Hill.

The happy hunting grounds for the curio hunter are the cotton patches. In the late fall and early spring the clay soil has been eroded enough to leave the flints visible. It is not difficult, therefore, to walk between the rows and gather the flints as you would pick strawberries. Rocky ground, stubble fields or muddy ground are rarely satisfactory.

Of course, as in all archeological pursuits, there is enough luck and chance to make arrowhead hunting thoroughly enjoyable. No matter how carefully you have searched, there may yet be a rare specimen in the next field. Just to hunt for an hour without any more luck than if you were fishing in Battle Park's water courses, then suddenly espy or upturn a fine white flint arrow or sharp tomahawk just ahead is enough pleasure for any hunter or true sportsman. What a pity Izaak Walton didn't hunt arrowheads!

The citizens of this section have been much interested in the discoveries. Several rural friends had never heard of arrows and little more of Indians, but had been dodging around among the flints with a ploughshare for years. The explanation of those "Injun rocks" and "funny-shaped flints" was a revelation. Bill Jones, worthy janitor of the South Building, was delighted with the discoveries and called to mind the boyhood days when he had searched for Indian beads near a reported Indian graveyard along Morgan's Creek, with which beads he was accustomed to bedeck the now Mrs. Jones. Several kind friends of the younger generation have aided in the investigations, collecting specimens as a side line while chopping cotton in summer. The boys gladly bring in specimens for purchase at the rate of one cent for each well-made implement. One little fellow is credited with attempting to make a few out of soapstone and offering them for sale, but the imitation was humorously evident.

Indeed, Chapel Hill should be interested in these curios.

The records of the aborigines of other nations are carefully kept. Why not investigate and preserve the existing remains of our intensely picturesque and interesting predecessors. With a little effort there could be established at the University a museum for preserving records of the Indian and efforts could be made toward a systematic investigation of the yet undiscovered traces of the red man. Such an institution in connection with the History or Geology department, or as an independent association, would add an attraction which would draw visitors and might culminate in a large University museum. This proposal may seem puerile. Some may think that collecting Indian relics is child's play and should be indulged in only at the postage stamp or bird egg collecting age. To me, however, the remnants of an Indian camp scattered among the blades of early spring wheat tell the history of our nation. It is the story of the supremacy of the plow over the arrow. In the secluded valley dwelt the Indian. The stream quenched his thirst, the arrow supplied him with food and protected him from his enemy. The arrow was the emblem of war and savagery. Then came the emblem of peace and civilization—the plow. The instrument which is the product of civilized industry breaks the soil and feeds the conquerors of the red man. The little stream turns the wheels of busy mills. Civilization depends upon agriculture. The plow cuts through the furrow and the arrow is broken.

TO SLEEP

A SONNET

D. H. Killeffer

O Sleep, sweet charmer of the minds of men
Who givest rest from multitud'nous ills,
And quietest strife, and angry passion stills;
Who lulls wild thoughts to sweet repose again;
Who comest both in happiness and woe
To give us peace in body and in soul;
And who on every creature, man or mole,
Dost equally thy rest and peace bestow,

Why wert thou thought a god by Greeks of old?
Were they so blind as to think a god could hold
Such pow'r, or with such magic spell could keep
All earth and sky and sea as thou, O Sleep?

Thou art not a god, but didst win thy fame
As goddess. Then let Morphea be thy name.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MAGAZINE

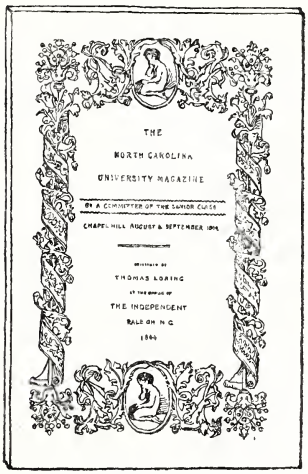
STUART WILLIS

An old number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE! Did you ever see one? Yes, you are accustomed to associate an old issue with time stain and peculiar s's. But let's take a look.

Back in 1844—almost seventy years ago—when literary publications were strangers to the average North Carolinian, the Senior class bethought itself to publish a periodical to be known as the "North Carolina University Magazine." The University, because of its long influence in the state, was the logical place for the birth of such an experiment. A University Magazine would have been a North Carolina Magazine. The beginning of this sort of thing meant sweat; it meant hard work, but thru the enthusiastic efforts of Edmund DeBerry Covington and the hearty support and co-operation of Gov. Swain (then President of the University), a prospectus and soon the real "North Carolina University Magazine" made appearance.

The two societies furnished three editors each, five of whom are known. These editors assumed the responsbility of issuing a 48 page magazine twelve times a year at the "nominal price of three dollars per annum." In case of a scarcity of material, the printer, who was Thos. Loring of Raleigh, supplied the shortage. He filled several pages in the first number with news items "suitable for a weekly newspaper, but not, as the mortified editors thought, consistent with the dignity of a literary magazine."

As now, so then, it was a difficult job to finance a proposition of this kind. Various surmises had been made as to the extent of patronage the magazine would have. Many thought that the subscription list would reach 500, but in fact, when the fifth number was issued, I find an editorial saying: "As yet our subscription list boasts of but two hundred names, more than one-half of which have failed to



A First Cover

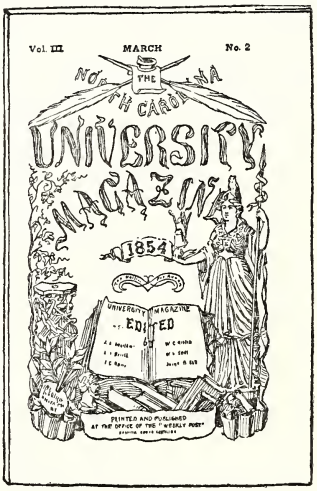
comply with the terms of paying in advance." In short, it failed with the eleventh and twelfth issues which came out as "Indices to Colonial Documents." Mr. Loring was a heavy loser, Gov. Swain sharing the loss with him. It died at the hands of an unwitting, unreading, unpaying public. The outgoing editors commented:

"The history of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE of which this is the concluding number may be told in a few words. Projected at an unfortunate epoch in the history of public feeling—commenced with an insufficient patronage to justify publication without hazardous responsibility — confined to a contracted sphere of circulation—deprived of kind smiles and encouraging sympathy of friends, it has lingered on through successive stages of existence, until, having reached the contemplated goal of its short lived career, it takes its place among the 'things that were.' Its brief but eventful career contains an instructive lesson, a warning moral to all subsequent adventurers in the paths of literary glory. *Requiescat in Pace.*"

But you can't down a good man. Again in 1852, after a lapse of eight years, J. J. Slade, realizing that North Carolina had not a single sheet that "comes within the

proper province of literature," initiated a movement of great moment at a mass meeting. In February, 1852, the first number of a second series appeared. "Nothing is so calculated to advance popular intelligence," says an editor, "to increase the desire for education, and engender a taste for literary pursuits, as an extensive and thorough circulation of literary periodicals." These considerations led the students of the University to put forth the "most constant and unremitting exertion" to make the little organ creditable to the University and acceptable abroad. And on the first page of this first pamphlet, the editors made this apology for the appearance of the students' second literary venture.

The MAGAZINE this time was to appear ten times a year, and the price was fixed at two dollars. Where the first



As the MAGAZINE appeared in 1854

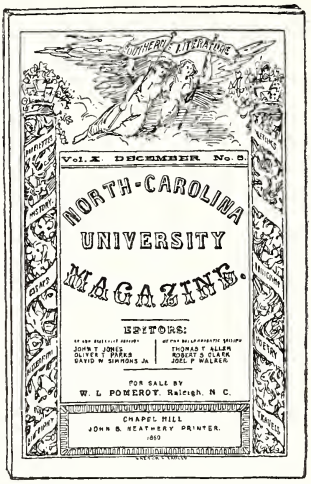
magazine had starved from lack of support, students this time made responsive contributions; no occasion arose for space fillers of the weekly newspaper type. The MAGAZINE became a part of student life, and 525 subscribers were on the list before the end of the year.

Mr. Loring failed, having published the first series on

a basis of *getting all the profits—if there were any.* The next printer, W. D. Cooke, also of Raleigh, took the work by contract—the profits to be divided between the Society Libraries. But there's no evidence that these two organizations derived any profits from the enterprise. In fact, despite a "long time" subscribers list, a debt of $5,000 was declared when the fourth volume was begun. As one has said: "The subscription list was large enough at all times up to the next suspension, but then, as now, some people forgot to pay their bills." The subscription books were turned over to the printer to prevent litigation, and a printer named John Henderson, in Chapel Hill, took the work. Efforts were made by the editors and societies to provide reliable means of support, and in 1859 the Societies agreed to pay the subscriptions of their subscribing members. This helped, but the succeeding two years witnessed the withdrawal of most of the students of the University, and the MAGAZINE was discontinued necessarily.

Would you like to take a look at the contents of the old documents? Mr. H. M. Thompson, who has written a history of the MAGAZINE, says the failure in 1844 came because the articles "smacked too much of the learning of the writers and there was too little of interest to anyone who did not contribute." Long articles, painful to read, on "The Mind—Masculine and Feminine," "The Effects of the Discovery of America on the World," appeared. I found others on the Duty of Man, the Immortality of Brutes, Mythology, and stanzas, "Lines to Miss——," in which some broken-hearted lover bewailed his fate.

In these old issues I found some interesting incidents of the student life of 1844 related. The paper was issued monthly with comparative ease, for vacation periods of six weeks occurred, one in midsummer, the other in December and January. Accounts mention five o'clock (P. M.) classes and "prayers" in the "New Chapel" immediately following. The MAGAZINE published the names of "first distinction" students, e. g., those who obtained "very good"



The recast cover of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

in all their studies. Other grades were "good," "very respectable,"—"tolerable"—and so on to "very bad." My attention was attracted by the peculiar games—"marbles" in summer and "shinny" in cold weather. In one place the editors excuse the late appearance of the magazine because of the mails. There was no "Chapel Hill Limited" in those days, and the mails were brought over three times a week from Hillsboro in huge four-horse stages. Suppose we didn't have our "dinky" train!

With the second series it was different. Each of these early issues contained a biographical sketch of some eminent statesman or warrior—an alumnus or other prominent North Carolinian—and was illustrated with a handsome steel engraving. Some of these and many other articles of permanent historical value were contributed by prominent men out in the state and by members of the faculty. Notable among these is a series of articles by President Swain of such historical importance that libraries and historical societies are incomplete without them.

The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is a record of the University

life of the students. It is a mirror reflecting their thought and activity. The record shows that the students of the fifties were evidently thoughtful. We hear an animated discussion in Applejack's store on concepts and precepts. From such a discussion sixty years ago a long magazine article would have been written on "The Origin of Concepts" or "The One Reality." Discussions in philosophy were frequent; subjects of a lighter nature and of campus interest were also treated. Short stories often appeared, for Edgar Allan Poe's writings were beginning to gain prominence and semblances of his style were produced.

The contributions did not bear their author's names. They were signed "Longius," "Peck," "Backwoods." Anonymous appeared so often that a freshman asked, "Who is this man Anoymous? He writes some mighty good stuff."

The manner of writing is interesting. It was the "I take my pen in hand" style that passed. Beautiful, high-flown adjectives and long, superfluous, well selected phrases adorned the contribution. The well-versed writer of "Theorizing" begins:

> "In this age of liberalism and free institutions, when freedom, so called, seems to have entered into and disturbed the foundations of everything and at best has run into unpardonable absurdities, if it has not been merged into license, there are no effects of it more pleasing to the individual who takes up his pen to discuss a subject with a poor assortment of second handed ideas floating through his brain and struggling to be released from their 'durance vile,' than the oft recognized custom that no man is compelled to stick closely to his subject."

Much of the subject matter is after this style. Sentences often run to ninety and a hundred words. It's like

reading "How to Write Short Sentences" in *Life*. One is reminded of the style of Henry James.

The "Editor's Table" held a prominent place. Able, vigorous editorials on things of campus and alumni interest make up the content of this department. On one page the editor made this blunt (and characteristic) refusal of a contribution:

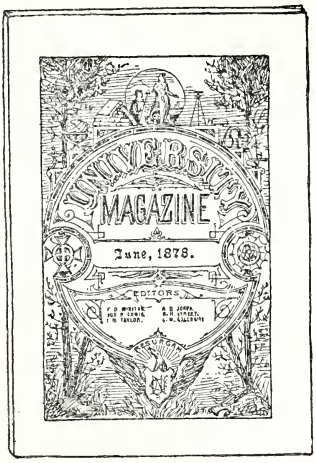
> "To the author of 'Patrick Henry' we must say that, unless he can throw some additional light on the life and character of this great orator, his remarks will scarcely interest our readers or extend his own reputation. As it is, his matter is altogether derived from 'Wirt's Life of Henry,' and our readers would doubtless prefer reading the original."

And just below a comment on the *Edinburgh Review* goes:

> "Sustained by the force of brilliant intellect, and upheld by a strong public opinion, it carried on its contest single-handed, until its voice made the tory leaders quake, and the very throne tremble. It is still conducted with much vigor and ability."

A deduction! That our ideas of hazing have come thru an evolution is shown by these early editorials. Hazing was considered by the students as a necessary institution in college life. Outwitting the faculty members who lived in the dormitories, blacking crowds often made a rampage unmolested by the upper classmen. The unerring accuracy of the Sophomores at the annual "Fresh Feast" (of watermelons) made this occasion a "day of triumph for the Sophs."

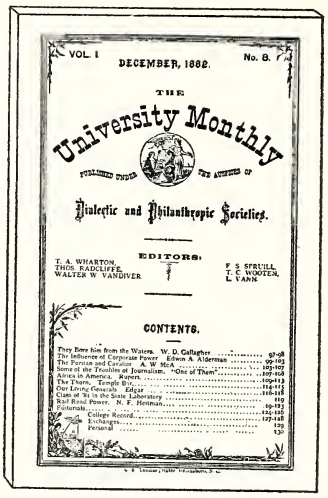
An account in the 1860 MAGAZINE of Senior Speaking is interesting. All the seniors were required to deliver a speech in Gerrard Hall before the diplomas were awarded. This speaking extended over a period of several days.



This is the way the third series appeared. It was designed by R. W. Winston and Frank Dancy

Thus the ante-bellum MAGAZINE continued until the trying times of '60 and '61 when it died in the days of a languishing University. Its last issue marks a stage in the progress of the MAGAZINE which was completed with success. True, the ante-bellum MAGAZINE died and its resurrection has been slow; true, the claim of its superiority is not altogether unfounded or without merit. Still there was a "comeback," for in March, 1878, an anæmic sheet of 32 pages appeared under the title "The North Carolina University Magazine." Little interest seems to have been shown in the publication either by faculty or students. The series kept up in part the historical sketches of the earlier magazine; this appears to be its only redeeming feature. A brief and uneventful existence of two years and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE had again passed into history!

But the growing University demanded a college publication. (Dr.) E. A. Alderman and (Prof.) H. H. Williams became the moving spirits in the Societies to provide "an outlet for whatever facility of expression or power of thought" the Society members might possess. The So-



VOL. I DECEMBER, 1882. No. 8.

THE

University Monthly

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies.

EDITORS:

T. A. WHARTON, THOS. RADCLIFFE, WALTER W. VANDIVER, F. S. STRUILL, T. C. WOOTEN, L. VANN.

CONTENTS.

They Bore him from the Waters. W. D. Gallagher 97-98
The Influence of Corporate Power. Edwin A. Alderman 99-103
The Puritan and Cavalier. A. W. McA 103-107
Some of the Troubles of Journalism. "One of Them" 107-108
Africa in America. Rupert 109-113
The Thorn. Temple Bay 114-115
Our Living Generals. Edgar 116-118
Class of '81 in the State Laboratory 119
Rail Road Power. N. F. Herman 19-123
Editorials 124-126
College Record 127-128
Exchanges 129
Personal 130

In the early eighties it was called the MONTHLY

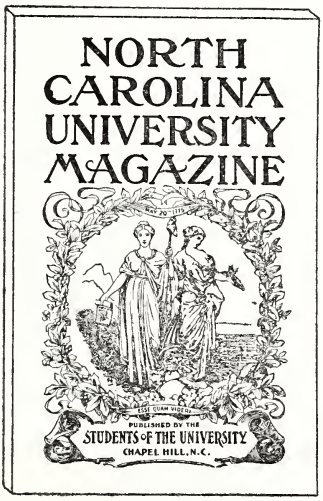
cieties bent their energies in the support of the *University Monthly*—an unpretentious sheet of sixteen pages. It made its debut in February, 1882.

Speaking mathematically, even as it is a hard job for "Mike" Dunnagan to make money on the 1913-14 MAGAZINE, so also was it difficult for the business hand of O. B. Deaton to keep the 1885 MAGAZINE from debt. Editorials continually called for payments of subscriptions. Still, surviving adverse criticism, it built up a good circulation and advertising patronage. Each Society agreed to give five dollars, then seven-fifty, and later fifteen dollars a month toward the support of the enterprise independent of the subscription list. The subscription price had been placed at one dollar. Again much of the merit of the old MAGAZINE appeared, and largely thru the suggestion of Mrs. C. P. Spencer—a warm friend and loyal supporter of the MAGAZINE—the title was changed. The November, 1884, issue was published under the title NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

The sheet with its humble, coverless beginning in '82 grew in respectibility and popularity; but discontent with

the management arose. Poorly organized business and perhaps "college politics" entered. For the Nth time faculty aid was sought, and the Societies responded nobly to the appeal sounded out to them by subscribing to 100 copies each for their use. A member of the faculty was placed on the board. Another change, however, was made in 1892. A managing editor supplanted the faculty editor, and the January, 1893, issue came forth with (Prof.) Collier Cobb as managing editor. Mr. Cobb was elected at large. It is due to his energy and activity that the high standard of the MAGAZINE was reached.

The aims of the MAGAZINE under this new regime are set forth in part as an announcement of the editors: "The aim * * * * is first of all to preserve the best un-



Professor Cobb's design. This was used from 1892 to 1896

dergraduate work of our University and to be the expression of the strongest and soberest thought of the University in all its departments." Each issue contained an article of the more serious nature by an alumnus or other prominent citizen; critical reviews, and essays, and editorials on "topics of general interest."

The MAGAZINE may be said to have had three distinct departments. First it was a literary journal—this department being the expression of student thought and faculty research. Here appeared some splendid poetry of Leonard Van Noppen, '92, recently made Wilhelmina Lecturer to Columbia University from his native land—Holland. Secondly it was a "North Carolina historical journal"—a kind of repository of valuable historical knowledge and biography that made these volumes desired by historical societies in the north, south, east, and west. Thirdly it bore the popular characteristics of a college publication. Here the exchanges come.

During this ten year period the MAGAZINE exchanged with all the leading colleges of the country. The *Cornell Daily Sun,* The *University of Virginia Magazine,* The *University Monthly of Mississippi,* The *Harvard Monthly,* The *Yale Lit.*, and *Old Nassau,* were all received.

One department especially readable was "The College World" which contained scraps from other magazines on the exchange list. I found:

"Yale's faculty and instructors number 121."

One clipping read: "Cambridge has dropped Greek from its list of required subjects. One more step in human progress."

"A Cornell man was injured recently by the accidental discharge of his duty."

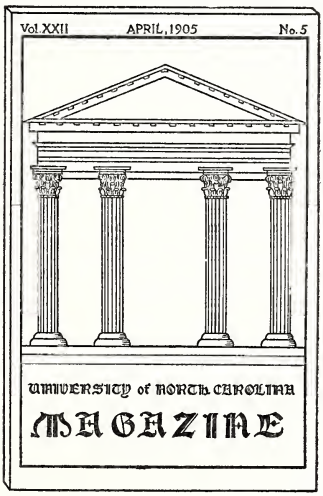
And: "Brazil has fifty-five colleges and scientific schools."

Topics of general information in the college world and "items of interest culled from other magazines" always found their way to this department. Reputed to be one of Zeb. Vance's, a line runs:

"Professor: 'How dare you swear before me, sir?' Student: 'How did I know you wanted to swear first?'" The *College Record* chronicled the daily happenings on the campus and in the class room. The "Personals" pages were keen.

The *Jubilee Number* for March-April, 1894, was the largest and most attractive single issue ever published. It was a *turning back* number. Dr. Battle's account of the University in 1844, its trustees, faculty, studies, commencement, vacations; Mr. H. M. Thompson's "The Magazine for Fifty Years;" "The University of 1805" by S. B. Weeks; and the "University of Today" (1894) by Geo. T. Winston, together with many other fitting articles and poems made this a genuine Jubilee Number of the highest order. 2,500 copies were printed and distributed. But!—

What! Another break? Yes, it came in the fall of '95. President Winston considered that the Magazine had been sustained by the Societies and supervised by the faculty to such an extent as "to destroy initiative and discourage literary emulation on the part of the student body



This cover bearing the porticos of the Law Building is the work of one of Carolina's co-eds

and recommended that the Societies withdraw from it their support until such a time as there should be a literary output from the undergraduates sufficient to sustain such a publication."

A new and last series began its climb for a place in

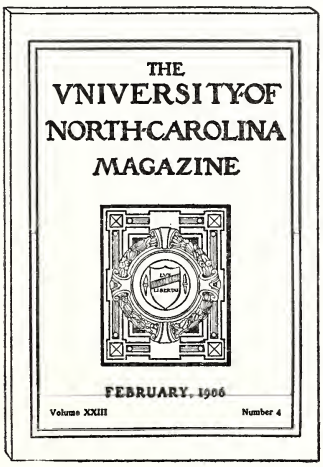
college life in December, 1897; it has risen and fallen according to the pulse of student interest, the personnel of editorship and the degree of support from the English Department. Biographical sketches and historical papers, contributions from the faculty embracing stories of travel and of customs in Europe appeared from time to time. Frequent productions of budding story writers, essays on politics and science, and poetry often occupied an upper berth. The Sketch Department was born in 1902. The "College Record" announced campus happenings, athletic achievements and the price of books; and the "Alumni Notes" department was a list of the Who and Whereabouts of recent graduates. It served to interest many alumni (especially those listed) in the publication. Stories and *things* on love and adventure, some good, some bad, some indifferent! "The Mysterious Mr. Raffles," "Long Ago," "the Sadness of Laughter," "A Trip North in an Express Car," are typical of the story subjects.

The MAGAZINE has not always come forth clothed in the same cover. Indeed, one series wasn't clothed at all, and the cover designs have changed more often than the series have been discontinued. On the very first MAGAZINE appeared, plainly engraved, "North Carolina University MAGAZINE, by a committee of the Senior class, Chapel Hill, February, 1844. Published by Thos. Loring, at the office of the *Independent,* Raleigh, N. C., 1844."

Other changes in the cover took place in the second series. Our editors bought the cover design of the defunct *Southern Literary Messenger,* of Richmond—the periodical edited by Edgar Allan Poe—chiseled out the name and date and adapted it to their own use. Later a cover designed by R. W. Winston and Frank Dancy bearing the two Society seals was evolved. Prof. Collier Cobb designed and engraved a dress bearing the great seal of North Carolina. It adorned the MAGAZINE for a time. The next specially designed cover made use of the columns to the portico of Smith Hall (Law Building) and is credited to a

fair co-ed. Having served its apprenticeship, this was laid aside and place was given to the variously styled seal bearing cover—the first of which was made by N. C. Curtis, now professor of Architecture in Alabama Polytechnic Institute. These were familiar to us all until this year when Mr. L. M. Sahag's handsome work—The Davie Poplar—succeeded to the place. Now it has changed again.

Editors! A berth on the editorial staff carried with it honor and distinction, and usually the strongest men were elected. Before 1861 they came from the rising senior class. It is no wonder that some of these *best* men in college have left their names in history. Edmund DeBerry Covington was the founder and one of the first editors. Later Z. B. Vance and J. J. Slade, recently a great educator in Georgia, held editorial positions. Many men of promise from these groups died in the Civil War. Geo. P. Bryan, Wm. J. Headen, Wm. T. Nicholson, Vernon H.



N. C. Curtis conceived this style, making use of the Carolina seal. It has been extensively used since

Vaughn, later governor of Utah Territory, Samuel P. Weir, and Geo. L. Wilson made Volume IX (1859-'60) the "largest, neatest, cheapest and most valuable college monthly in America." These assurances came at the time

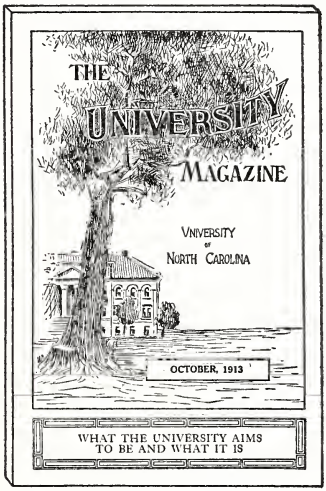
from newspapers of North Carolina and other states, from other college publications, from letters and from conversations. The volume contained 648 pages.

I find that some of the moving spirits of the third series were Chas. B. Aycock, F. D. Winston, and M. C. S. Noble. Prominent among the "responsibles" for the next series are Dr. E. A. Alderman, President of University of Virginia; Prof. H. H. Williams, Hunter L. Harris, A. W. Long, Preceptor at Princeton; Dr. S. B. Weeks, the North Carolina historian; Dr. W. J. Battle, Dean University of Texas; Prof. Collier Cobb, Managing Editor 1892-'96; Mr. H. E. Rondthaler, head of Salem College; Whitehead Kluttz, H. M. Thompson, now on the *Review of Reviews* staff; Harry Howell, of the Asheville Schools, incidentally the man who introduced our organized cheering; Dr. T. J. Wilson, Jr., W. R. Webb, Jr., of the Webb School. It were better to wait until the more recent editors recede a little further into the distance before their names be singled out for special mention. These men of days immediately past will, no doubt, be the writers and leaders of tomorrow.

The advertising growth is worthy of observation. Thos. Loring advertised a historical document and a sermon in pamphlet form in 1844. In 1858 the back cover bore an advertisement of the "Chapel Hill *Literary Gazette*—a family newspaper," published by the printer of the MAGAZINE. Soon a life insurance "Ad.," then appeared "Blackwell's Durham Smoking Tobacco," book ads., and an ad. of Bingham School. By 1886, firms in Lynchburg, York, Penn., Charlotte, Raleigh, Richmond, and Chapel Hill advertised in the MAGAZINE.

"A. A. Kluttz, at the glass front; confections, tobacco, snuff, 25 brands of cigars, notions, groceries. CHEAP FOR CASH!!" 1886. And he has been the best advertising friend the MAGAZINE has had. The advertising grew to 24, 26, and 28 pages; Tobacco makers, printers, designers, jewelers, clothiers, publishers, druggists, photo-

graphers, kodakers, hotels, picture framers, bicycle makers, athletic goods dealers and colleges advertised.



This design of L. M. Sahag appeared in 1913. It is in the line of succession—the porticos—the seal—the Davie Poplar.

The long suspensions and spasmotic renewals of this "University Representative" show that it has played the game according to the rules, and that it is in the game to stay. The old MAGAZINE was formal in subject matter and style, the newer one has outgrown this fault. Since its beginning, it has striven to be the exponent of student life and activity. At times it has failed in its mission; again it has contained those things that have made its back numbers invaluable. At its very zenith in the nineties, the *Tar Heel* and *Hellenian* (*Yackety-Yack*) usurped portions of its field and became its competitive sister publications. But it has sustained this loss and has, as they have done, built up a distinct field of its own. And more perhaps, than ever before, this representative activity of our life stands today as a standard eugenic production. Of interest to students, of interest to alumni, of interest to historical societies throughout the country, the MAGAZINE is destined to continue its existence despite a few inconsiderate "kicks" that have been registered against it. We all bid it Godspeed!

MARY

MOSES ROUNTREE

To think is but to dream of thee,
Thou fairest of the fays,
To dream of summer skies of blue,
And happy yesterdays,
When through the meadows decked by spring
And o'er the steep hillside,
Love's old story I would sing
To Mary at my side.

Dark days may come and cast their gloom
Upon me, Mary dear;
But still fresh hope will always bloom
And drive away dull fear.
Oh let the clouds turn black the sky,
Let trouble bring its spell;
For then I'll think of thee, dear heart,
And say that all is well.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE FACULTY TOWARDS ATHLETICS AND ATHLETES

One time when I was a kid, I stuck a pencil in my hand and the point broke off, I picked out most of it, but a little stayed in. It didn't give me much trouble so I let it stay, as the place was a little sore and touchy. A formation soon grew around it too. Once in a while, however, a slight twist or certain touch would hurt it and occasionally it would become inflamed. So after a while I had it removed.

There is a feeling of antagonism between the students and the Faculty. This feeling of course, is largely an impersonal one, directed at the Faculty as a body. I suppose there always has been. When it started there was probably a cause for it. Now there is none, so the feeling ought to be put away. It is more a tradition than a situation, anyway.

Naturally the greatest cause for friction is where the greatest student interest is—in athletics. The brunt of all criticism and feeling falls upon the Faculty Athletic Committee. I wish to give a brief review of the facts and see if the criticism is just. Now, just what are the charges against the Faculty? "They take every opportunity to fail, to rule off by the X rule, to debar on account of professionalism as many of the team as possible and to debar as many real amateurs as possible. In a word, they are too strict." Let's see if there is anything to these charges.

First, what in the world causes the Faculty Athletic Committee to have such an attitude toward athletics? Are they opposed to it? The Committee is Prof. Herty, Dr. Mangum, Prof. Howell, Dr. Winston, Dr. Henderson.

The athletic records of these gentlemen are as follows:

Howell, E. V.:—Half back three years, Wake Forest;

Baseball, third base, Wake Forest; Two years captain, '90-1-2, Wake Forest; U. N. C. half back '97-'98-'99.

Winston, P. H.:—West Point, 1901-'05; Baseball Team, center field; captain team, 1905; Tennis team 4 years winner of singles and member of team winning doubles.

Herty, C. H.:—Center field baseball team, J. H. Univ., 1887-90; Manager baseball team, Johns Hopkins U.,1890; Captain and center field University Ga. baseball team, 1891; Physical Director University Ga., 1893-'99.

Henderson, A.:—Scrub team baseball, '96-'97-'98.

Mangum, C. S.:—Physical Director, U. N. C., '90-'91-'92; Captain track team, '91-'92; Right end football team, '91; Scrub baseball team, '91.

Further, every man on this Committee has at various times received offers of positions elsewhere at much higher salaries. They have refused because they loved Carolina. Remember also that it is the names of various Faculty members, written on various little slips of paper that have made it possible for us to have athletics these last few years. Their motives therefore, cannot be questioned. Undoubtedly they want athletics.

It would be natural to suppose that the Faculty would know better how to secure the right kind of athletics. Most of them indulged in athletics while they were students, so they know that side. Many of them come from other institutions, so have a chance to compare. All are interested in their work. All have the best interests of Carolina at heart. All know much more about the conditions and the inner workings of the situation. But for the while, we will assume that their experience counts for naught against our inexperience. We will forget that we look at College as a very temporary thing and are impatient and therefore often unjust and hasty in judgment and that to the average professor Carolina is a life work and a life love. We will just make the Faculty prove to us that their opinion is as good as ours.

The first real charge is the X business. If a man gets

three unsatisfactories in any month, he is debarred from playing in any athletic contest until he has made them up. Three is usually half a man's work. On the face of it, five hours a day for football and a few cut classes ought not to make all that difference. If he fails then the Faculty has the right to assume that he is unprepared to do the work or is uninterested in the work. If the first is true, they have the right to demand that he put all his time on his work. We have no entrance examination for those who can show a certificate and this is the only way to keep up our high standards. We are rated in the highest class by the Government. We must stay there. It is true that most other institutions do not rule off men in the middle of the season on account of work. When that condition exists, however, you will find that the entrance exams are strict and that they have no monthly X system. And surely if the second reason—lack of interest—is the cause, the Faculty is justified in ruling the man off. "I will admit," you say, "that all this is true from the scholastic point of view, but what has that to do with athletics?" Everything, I say. As a rule, the man that cannot do his class work is not a good athlete; the man who will not, is not a desirable athlete. The man who is slow seeing that $2x=6y$ is slower in knowing what to do on "Foust back, 85-76-13-24." The "Will not" man is less desirable. He is a ringer in the fact or spirit. He will have little or no college spirit of the right sort. His presence on the team will be a discouraging factor.

Now the matter of professionalism. I state emphatically from the standpoint of a player, we do not want anything that even smacks of professionalism. We want to bar out even the slightest spirit of it or of importation of players who have not the love of Carolina bred in their very bones. We want strictly home students who are here first for an education, and that does not mean any loss of spirit or intensity in the game either. It means more. If you can train up and develop a student who can play

my position better than I can, that is all right. I am for the team with every ounce. I will play scrubs without a murmur. But if you want to kill all my interest and enthusiasm, let my place be taken by a man who has been brought here just to play, even if he does qualify under the letter of the law from A to Z. And you feel exactly the same way about it too. Your intense desire to win may have blurred it at times or your lack of faith in the "Home Product" may have caused you to swallow it, yet it has been there all the time. The athlete you are really interested in and can truly support is the chap who sits beside you in class, really worries over that same French lesson, and takes a hearty interest in the same student activities that you do. Of course you would admire that other fellow, for everybody admires the athlete, but you wouldn't give a rap what happened to him after the season and if he lost a game on a bonehead play,——. "All that may be true," you say again, "but why isn't something done about laboratories?" You remember that Pendleton said "that we would have had a twenty to thirty per cent better team if every man had been on the field and dressed by three thirty every afternoon this fall." I tell you what you do. If you have many labs yourself, just try to recall whether or not the football man was the first to leave. Some of them worked in the morning too. I know one fellow who did not perform a single lab during the whole season on one course, but watch him work on it now! The truth of the matter is that every reasonable effort is made to aid the athlete along this line. Of course, on some studies, no provisions are made to temporarily lighten the students' work because it is impossible. Yet the fact stands, a reasonable effort is made to aid the student during season by temporarily lightening his work.

Now you may not believe all this or any of it. You may go on assuming that in spite of their athletic experience while in college, in spite of their loyalty to Carolina, in spite of personal sacrifice to athletics, and in spite of their

wider experience, the Athletic Committee (and the Faculty as a whole by consenting to their actions) are opposed to athletics. Go on thinking so, but do this: this spring when any action is taken by the Faculty and you oppose it, keep your mouth shut for a few weeks. In the past, the majority of their moves have proved right and acceptable after it is all over. And when they did make a mistake, they were the first to admit it, which all the more proves their sincerity. If their fielding average has been high in the past, it is natural to assume that it will be as high in the future—unless it improves a little.

THE SHADOW WHILE

W. D. KERR

Somehow, dear friend, when the twilight falls
I feel the need of you more;
Some shadow-spirit through dim dusk calls
Me stronger than ever before.

To gladsome come, dear friend, to your side,
To joy in your sunshine smile
Each day, whether gladness or grief betide,—
That's the Call of the Shadow-While.

SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY TOM LINN, JR.

ANNUAL POPULARITY

It is December and you are getting more letters than you usually do. You are getting the kind of letters that you like best, letters from girls. Some of them are from the girls in your home town, some from the girls you met last summer. Some of them are from girls that haven't written you since you returned to college in September. You even got a letter from the girl that made life so unpleasant for you after that new bank clerk came to town. Some of the girls who are taking so much interest in you are pretty. Others are not so fortunate. But that makes no difference to you. They are girls just the same. They all want to know why you are shutting yourself away from the world. They just know that you are studying too much. They are anxious to know just what day your holidays begin and just how you are going to spend Christmas. They want you to be sure to come to see them. Christmas would be so dull without you.

On your part, you are tremendously happy. You are sure that you are by far the most popular man in college. You even pity the fellows that don't know what it is to have all the girls crazy about him. Furthermore, you are going to write home for an extra allowance, alleging that you have a lot of bills that must be paid before you come home. Then you will quit going to the Pickwick and will save your money in every possible way. You will buy a lot of Christmas presents and send them to your many girl friends. You will get a lot of notes from the girls telling you that they simply can't tell you how much they appreciate the presents and that it was so nice of you to think of them.

After Christmas the correspondence will begin to lag so

far as the girls are concerned, but they will keep your address and will begin over again next December.

J. FRANK JARRELL.

VACATION THOUGHTS

Ten days more and then vacation
Pack my trunk and off to the station;
No more Physics, no more French,
No more English, that's a cinch.

Twelve days more the holidays o'er
I'm coming back, that's one thing "shore;"
Rest my books upon my hip
Some old prof's goner give me zip.

Then ten days of hard exams.
Make me think all kinds of damns.
Some good shepherd will divide his sheep,
Some to ship and some to keep.

—L. H. EDWARDS.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN"

It was with considerable interest that I looked about me as I got off the train at the little town of Weymouth. Weymouth was not on my usual route, and I did not expect to sell much to its merchants. I was induced, however, by curiosity to take advantage of the convenient train schedule and spend a morning in one of the oldest towns in the state.

I was driven from the depot to the court house, a distance of one mile, at the rattling pace of two miles an hour—the rattling relates to the dilapidation of the vehicle and not to its speed. As we came in sight of the courthouse, my attention was distracted from the historical time-piece to a remarkable sight at the foot of the tower. Directly in the center of the dirt walk leading to the lofty and *be-*

columned porch of the venerable building, four grown men, hatless and coatless, were engaged in an exciting game of ring marbles, which was absorbing the interest of a large and varied audience. A large, stout man in a pair of tight-fitting trousers was squatting on his heels in order to get a better aim at the marble of his opponent. His opponent, a tall, scholarly-looking gentleman, was earnestly engaged in spitting and drawing lines in the dirt in front of his marble, in a serious attempt to hoodoo the other's aim. At the same time the respective partners of these two were breathlessly leaning forward in strained attitudes of suspense.

It occurred to me the apparent lack of occupation of these four fairly-respectable citizens could be explained only by the fact that they were either retired millionaires or Confederate veterans. In order to satisfy my curiosity in respect to this point I was led to inquire of my colored friend who had acted as my guide whether or not this was the usual way in which these gentlemen spent their time. In answer to my question I received an indignant negative. I was informed that the stout man was the solicitor of the district and an ex-speaker of the House of Representatives; that the tall, scholarly-looking gentleman was the clerk of the county court; and that one of the others was an eminent lawyer and a trustee of the State University; while the fourth was the county superintendent of education.

I recovered in sufficient time to catch my train; and I left thanking Wordsworth for his hypothesis applicable to this phenomenon.

How greatly these men were moved by paternal instincts!

—F. F. BRADSHAW.

THRILLS OF A TREASURE HUNTER

One evening, some years ago, I was turtle-hunting on the Gulf Beach near Sarasota, Fla. I was lonesome and what seemed to impress this feeling more strongly upon

me, was the fact that I was nearing a turn in the line of the Beach, called by the fishermen "Pirates' Bend." But I wasn't afraid of dead pirates nor the spirits that guarded the treasure chest buried near there. I went on. I had almost reached the center of the bend when, glancing down at my feet, I saw a thin, rusty wire which led straight to the water. I picked it up cautiously and began drawing it in, being very careful for fear of breaking the rusty wire. It came hard at first and it seemed that wire would not stand the strain. But presently it grew easier and easier until at last an old-fashioned, shell-covered bottle rolled out on the beach. I snatched it up quickly and ran breathlessly to my cabin. As soon as I had reached the light of my lantern, I broke the bottle and drew out a withered yellow parchment. After much difficulty I deciphered the following:

"If the deep-sea fish had to take U. N. C. exams, would a whale-bone?"

—J. M. PARKER.

A KISS

They sat together on the porch,
And no one else was there.
She occupied a dainty stool,
And he a rocking chair.

He saw the moon and stars so pale,
His heart to love was given,
He drew up closer, and he thought
Her eyes were stars of heaven.

He took her dainty little hand,
His manly heart did flutter.
She drew a little closer, but
She ne'er a word did utter.

His arm went round her, O the bliss!
I grieve to tell you more——
He felt her dainty little fist,
And well,—he kissed the floor.

—B. F. Auld.

OH, CRUEL FATE!

The whole plain is covered as with a table cloth of snowy whiteness. Our hero strides thither and yon within his crystal prison in vain attempts to find an avenue of escape. He chafes in his narrow confinement. His plans are thwarted; his honor trampled under foot. One instant, he fears that he will die; the next, that he will not. The suspense is almost more than he can stand. He is calm, yet agitated; resigned, yet rebellious. There suddenly appears in the sky an enormous snow white cloud. It stands an instant, suspended, waiting. Then, as if by magic, the prisoner's cell is deluged by such a torrent as beggars all description. Munchausen himself never saw the equal of it. The water in the cell rises by leaps and bounds until the narrow chamber is full to overflowing. Our hero struggles vainly against the overpowering force of the flood. Finally, he sinks exhausted. He struggles again, but there is no hope. He sinks back again, dead. The plain remains in its snowy whiteness. All is silence.

"Waiter, get me another glass of water; you drowned a fly in this one."

—D. H. Killeffer.

READING EMERSON

I come in from getting the mail, look at my schedule and find that I have English 10 tomorrow. I pick up my little green bound volume of Emerson, look through the list of titles and find we have an essay on "Love." Having just received through the mail the best essay on love that could possibly be written, I turn to Emerson's version of love. Surely here is an interesting subject. I begin to read.

What a difference between Emerson's essay on love and the one I have just received. In his essay there is no warm little hand in yours, no sweet trusting, confiding eyes looking into yours. I read a few pages of stuff like this: "Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall loose all particular regards in its general light." I give it up.

I look again at the list of titles and find "Circles." Since love is not what I expected I'll read "Circles." I read half a page, my mind has flown elsewhere. Its gone back to love—not Emerson's brand either. I come back with a start to "Circles." Another half a page is read and off's gone my mind again. After forty-five minutes of "Circles," I give it up. Hang it all! how can a man expect one to keep his mind on circles anyway. Seems to me that he would have known that anything on a circle would fly off at a tangent.

I give it up—maybe I won't be called on tomorrow. If I am I'll expound my theory of Love—its vastly more interesting than Emerson's.

—C. L. JOHNSTON.

THOSE KIDS AGAIN

A monstrous big fuss was being raised on the second floor of Old East Building in the southern entrance. We on the ground floor wondered what could all that commotion down stairs be. We thought possibly it was a friendly tussle, but the increasing noise portended differently. T. I. left the room to see what was the matter. Immediately he ran back perfectly white with amazement, and closed the door almost before he was in the room himself. "What's the matter, T. I.?" someone asked. Puffing with excitement, he could hardly say a word of explanation. So we all went to the stairs to see the fight, for it soon became obvious that a genuine scrap was in progress.

About twenty boys were on the second floor trying to

part two fighting students. By the red blood on his arms it appeared that the one advancing the fight had been cut with a knife. Both combatants seemed exhausted from the struggle. Mediators and friends had called for wet towels and aid. The whole population of the Old East Building had responded in wonder and amazement to separate the furious antagonists.

Further resistance on the part of the ill-tempered ones became useless. Then to our surprise the scrappers began to smile and a giggling was heard among some of the assistants of justice. The two boys approached each other in a friendly manner, and with smiles shook hands. As one of them wiped the red ink off his arm, the other said to him, "You fought a good fight, old boy; let's go to the Carr Barn and spring it on those fellows over there."

—McDaniel Lewis.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

BOARD OF EDITORS

W. P. FULLER, Philanthropic, Editor-in-Chief
LOWRY AXLEY, Dialectic, Assistant Editor-in-Chief

DIALECTIC
G. W. Eutsler, Literary Editor
T. C. Linn, Sketches

PHILANTHROPIC
J. S. Bryan, "Around the Well"
C. A. Boseman, Exchanges

L. C. BOUSHALL, Philanthropic, Literary Editor
M. R. DUNNAGAN, Dialectic, Business Manager
J. V. WHITFIELD, Philanthropic } Assistant Business Managers
P. WOOLCOTT, Philanthropic, }

EDITORIAL

A CORRECTION Owing to a mistake in last month's issue, part of the article, "Taxation and the State" was omitted. The article was a summary of Dr. Raper's "Our Taxation Problems," printed in a recent number of the *South Atlantic Quarterly.* Appearing at the head of the article was an acknowledgment of the sources.

AN INALIENABLE RIGHT It is the inalienable right of every College Magazine Editor at some point in his literary career to write an editorial on the question of Hours Credit on his work. I will preserve the tradition—partly.

I do not believe in giving Editors credit toward graduation for their work. You didn't get credit for playing foot-

ball this fall, did you? Wouldn't you think it much of a joke if credits were given for Varsity players? Yet there should be basically no difference between college publications and athletics. They are both voluntary occupations for students who had rather do that one thing than anything else. All men don't like to or are not able to play football. They express their surplus energy and nature in another manner. A man will sacrifice his laboratory work, many of his pleasures, much of his skin to play football. What are his main reasons? Physical development? You know it isn't. Men deliberately risk their future health to pursue college sports. It's love of the game and love of the school that makes a man quit eating cakes along in September and that gives him that cut upper lip along in October.

As every effort is made to give the student a chance to express his athletic love, so should he have equal opportunity to express his literary love. A Magazine, written wholly by the students and conducted voluntarily by them is the only way to provide this best opportunity.

Then there are practical difficulties in the way of this credit scheme. Who wouldn't politic for say a three hour pud. If hours credit were given, would the two Societies have the right to limit the candidates to their membership? If the chief gets credit, why not the Assistants? And then why not the contributors and then why not a little politicing for that near graduating Senior? Et cetera. But you claim that the payment of the Magazine Manager and the non-payment of the Athletic Manager proves their non-parallelism. Not so. The payment of publication managers is simply a last device to artificially support an institution voluntary enough but not universal enough to deserve support on its merits. It is not the feeling that they are not both voluntary activities.

And in further proof of their voluntary nature, let me give you my own experience. All during the fall I have been trying to double up on my work by writing an article

for class work and then using it as an editorial for the Magazine. As yet, I have not had the nerve to use a single one of them. Somehow the spirit has gone out of them. I intend to devote the next few years of my life to the study of Literature, yet there is nothing I hate more than to write a theme for class work. I know that this is an almost universal sentiment. The main reason we do not write more at the University is the fact that our English themes beat all creative desire out of us so that there are very few of us that come to feel the thrill of having written something in the formation of which we take pleasure and the contemplation of which we take pride. Yet most of us could. Any link that tends to connect our Magazine with the class room should be severed even before it is formed. Only when writing becomes a sport will we have a truly literary Magazine. Hours Credits is going the wrong way to get that condition.

TWO B's There are two ways to build a college athletic team, buy one, or build one.

Coach Trenchard has started in to build one. We didn't know how to kick, pass, fall on a ball, or tackle. He had Spring practice and taught us. We hadn't had a good or large enough coaching staff. He got one. This fall we had very poor material. He took what he had and built up a fairly efficient machine. His last and most important step was to begin developing material to work on. First, a class coach was hired. Even that was not near enough to the source of supply. Consequently Mr. Trenchard organized a state wide high school football contest. Every effort was made to secure competent coaching for each team. By December the sixth, all teams were eliminated except Washington, Raleigh and Wilmington. The last two teams were brought to the Hill at the expense of the Athletic Association on that date. Raleigh defeated Wilmington in as pretty a game as any one could wish. The next Saturday, Raleigh and Washington came here and

battled for the high school supremacy of the State. There ought to be a Tillett or Story in the bunch, "Some mute, inglorious Milton——."

As a result of this contest, football has been played in many places for the first time. Where it has been played before, the playing has been greatly improved.

In the face of this systematic, thorough plan of developing football doesn't it look a little childish to try to lower our athletic standards so we can get somebody else's players? As a matter of actual practice, the home product is usually the better even if he is a little inferior. Which is paradoxical enough for any conclusion.

THE VIRGINIA GAME

I am proud of just one thing about that Thanksgiving Game. I found out that those Virginia fellows were just ordinary humans. They got hurt, tired, discouraged, they pulled bonehead plays, they fell down when they hit somebody or when somebody hit them, just like ordinary folks. Right along in the first of the game I blocked a little fellow and when I hit him, he grunted just like a Wake Forest man would do. It surprised and delighted me so I cut him down again just for fun. Some nineteen others found out that they grunted too.

Now, honest, doesn't it look foolish when you see it put down on paper? But you know as well as I do that our feeling for the last few years was that a Virginia man is about equal to two of somebody else. France used to think that about the English soldiers and as long as she thought it, it was so. The saying, "Put 'Va.' on a class team and they can beat the Varsity" has been much more truth than a poor joke.

But that's over. The thought of the Virginia Game at the first of the season made the team shake all over. Toward the last, it was only along the spine where the hair rises on a dog before he hops his opponent. No longer will Carolina have to defeat both teams before she can win a game.

AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY SHEP. BRYAN

THE READERS' EDITORIAL PAGE

LET'S VOLUNTEER AGAIN

Of course we all know that the 5th and 6th of November has passed and more than that we all know what happened then. On those two days about three hundred of us answered the call of Orange County and helped to build up its highways. It is significant that three hundred students went out to help build a road that we all know will never do them any good, other than that they can say in after years when they read something in the paper about good roads days—that they helped build up the main road of Chapel Hill when they were in college. Now if they derive pleasure from this, think how much greater pleasure they would get, when they would pick up a newspaper and see where Carolina had beaten Virginia or some other team in football or baseball, by saying: "Well I helped to build the athletic field that those victorious athletes practiced and played on." Don't you believe they would be prouder of this than they are of the good roads that they built in Orange County?

Now an athletic field is something that we need and need badly. The one that we now have has begun to wash and every rain causes it to wash more and more. The grand stand—well, we all know what that needs, and if the fence had only a few more boards off, we would have a pasture instead of an athletic field. If some member of the faculty would speak on this matter of an athletic field during the short chapel period, and ask that all students who are interested and desire a new athletic field volunteer, I honestly believe that two hundred students would report on that field, and in the course of three or four days you would

think that a cyclone had struck this part of the country and brought Broad Street Park down here for us to play on. After the holidays would be an excellent time to start work, because the field will not be in use until baseball season begins. How about it, boys?

E. S. REID, JR.

AN ACT OF THOUGHTLESSNESS

There is one time here in our daily routine that we fellows show a very noticeable lack of—well, to be perfectly frank—a lack of politeness. And that time is immediately after the first tap of the 9:45 bell. It seems that the vibrations of the air cause a sympathetic rustling among all of us who are assembled in Chapel. One of our classmates, one of our instructors, a minister, or even a visitor, it matters not who the person, may be speaking earnestly, giving the very main point of his speech at that moment, yet let the first quiver of the sound of the bell permeate into the Chapel and all is over so far as the speech is concerned. There is immediately the sound of song books being shoved into their receptacles, of caps being strenuously sought for, a straining of the ears for the last word, of the eyes for the dismissing nod, and of the body towards the aisle. It seems that each person is afraid that his neighbor is going to beat him out the door, and, indeed, there do occur miniature races and football rushes when once the signal is given. As Professor Graham said a few days ago, "Theology or anything else has no show at all with that bell." The time is just wasted when the speech is interrupted in this way. Some of the faculty here, knowing the state of affairs, are always ready to call signals off by saying "give me just one more minute please" but visitors don't know our signals and others don't like to have to use them. So, fellows, just let's remember that there can be no classes 'till we or until our instructors, some of whom are always in Chapel, get there, and that the

speaker knows what the bell means as well as we do and usually has his speech timed within a minute of the bell, one way or the other. Let's think about how much pleasure it gives us to stroll on class a little late and nonchalantly give as our reason for being so the fact that we were kept overtime in Chapel.

—RAYMOND TAYLOR.

EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY CLAUDE BOSEMAN

"SCISSORS, NOT THE PEN"

War cry of the Modern Woman—"Millions for dress, but not one cent for clothing."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

WITH APOLOGIES

Staff Artist—"How about another take-off on September Morn?"

Editor—"Impossible!"

Staff Artist—"Well, don't get sore; that was merely a bare suggestion."—*California Pelican.*

PHONOGRPHIC PARAGRAPHS

"Oh, let's play the Victrola!"

She fusses around the records, scratches two and breaks a third on the corner of the cabinet.

She adjusts a disc. Whack! Down goes the needle.

The music starts.

She cranks the machine madly.

"Isn't that splendid?" she says, and begins to tell you about her adventures while sailing at Narragansett last summer.

The record hasn't a chance.

Before it runs down, though, she turns her back on the machine and rummages for another record.

Elapsed time—five minutes; listening to the music—five seconds.

. . . . . .

By the way, where does the music go when you shut the Victrola doors?—*The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Robber—"Hands up!"

Robbie—"Sheath thy knife. I wear Paris garters and no metal can touch me!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

INCISIVE

When fashion tied up women's feet
Till they could move no jot,
They merely smiled, so slow, so sweet—
And cut the Gordian knot.

The Pelican (Univ. of Cal.).

A maid who was thought quite a belle,
Was dancing the Boston right welle,
When a man somewhat plain,
Laid his foot on her train,
And she being a lady said, "Welle!"

—*Princeton Tiger.*

QUITE TRUE, GERTIE

Miss Innocence—"Why do they cheer when a man gets hurt?"

Wise Guy—"So the Co-eds can't hear what he says."—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

FUNERAL

Mrs. Ima Gossipe—"Did you go to Sadie Smith's funeral?"

Mrs. O. L. D. Henne—"Yes, and I would have had a perfectly enjoyable time if the house hadn't been so crowded."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

"Where is the spirit of '76?" thundered the holiday orator.

"All drunk up," moaned the unkempt but interested individual in the front row.—*Princeton Tiger.*

JUST LIKE A GIRL—BLESS 'EM

She sat in the stand,
Just back of the band,
And cheered every play with great vim.
Her face filled with frowns
When they held us for downs,
And she called: "Oh, give it to him!"

When our touchdown was scored,
She shrieked and she roared,
While the goal seemed to set her on fire;
Without proper prevention
She attracted attention,
Till the crowd around started to guy her.

But after the game,
This gushing young dame
Snuggled up to her lovey-dove hon;
And coquettishly said,
With a toss of her head:
"Tell me truthfully, George dear—who won?"
—*The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—"Have you read 'Freckles?'"
She (quickly)—"Oh, no! That's my veil!"—*Sun Dial.*

IMPERTINENT QUESTION

Scene—Interior, clothing store.
(Enter Fresh.)
Fresh—"Let's see your new underwear."
Lady Clerk (blushes)—"Sir!" (Recovers self-composure.) "Knit?"
Fresh—"Why not?"
(Quick curtain. Gallery goes wild.)—*Stanford Chaparral.*

HARVARD WIT

"My young man's a real gent," said Sadie, the saleslady, shifting her wad of chewing gum. "He never blows his soup like common people; he always fans it with his hat."

IS RUGBY ROUGH?

Tell me not in mournful number
Splinters are an empty dream;
For the bleachers are of lumber—
Penetration is my theme.

—*The Pelican* (Univ. of Cal.).

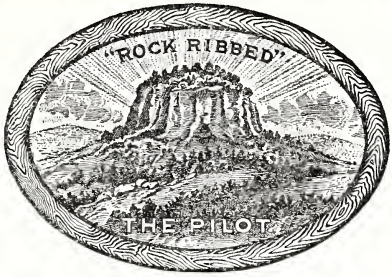
SACRIFICE

Sacrifice consists in giving up something without receiving subsequently something which is equal or greater in value. This is the distinction between a gift and a sacrifice. If your girl sends you a card at Christmas after you have sent her five pounds of Huyler's, you have sacrificed a similar number of ill-afforded beans. But if she presents you with a 14-karat chased cigarette case, you have made her a gift—for the difference is in your favor.

In the olden days it is said to have been the fashion to make sacrifices without expecting a return on the investment. However, this is probably untrue. While we have no sure means of knowing, it is a pretty safe bet that Abraham's olfactory organs advised him of the presence of a goat in the immediate neighborhood before he raised the tribal butcher knife over Isaac's heart.

Oftentimes what seems to be a sacrifice at the time will turn out later to be a gift. Whenever you borrow money to buy wedding presents for your friends, remember that some day they will have to return the favor to you. And if you have enough friends and defer your journey to the altar of Hymen long enough, you will be amply rewarded for the inconvenience you may have suffered in the negotiation of the loans, and their repayment—if you have the habit.

Truly, it is often more blessed to give than to receive.—*The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



THE POLICYHOLDERS' COMPANY

The Insurance Company with a **capital stock** offers the security of the cash paid in and a management by men financially interested in its success. It offers the disadvantage of the temptation upon the part of stockholders to pay themselves big dividends at the expense of the policyholders.

The **mutual** insurance company offers the advantage of crediting to the policyholders all the profits, but has not the security of paid in capital and is managed by men with no financial interest in its success.

This Company has the advantages of both
The disadvantages of neither

Fix that statement in your mind. It's a big thing to say. But it's a fact. Every policyholder has the security of paid in capital, the advantage of management by men financially interested, and **the policyholders get the dividends.**

BECAUSE, under its charter, the stockholders of this Company are FOREVER BARRED from receiving more than 50c annual dividend on each $1,000 of insurance in force. THE POLICYHOLDERS GET THE REST.

See now why this is the policyholders' Company?

I. M. BAILEY, College Agent

Southern LIFE and TRUST Company

GREENSBORO, N. C.

CAPITAL, $300,000.00 **SURPLUS OVER $300.000.00**

A. W. M'ALISTER, Mgr. **R. J. MEBANE, Asst. Mgr.**

COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y., Makers of the

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To the University of North Carolina, University of the South, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford and the others.

Class contracts a specialty. Reliable materials. Reasonable prices. Bulletins and Samples on request

WINSTON-SALEM

"The Live Wire" City of North Carolina

TAKE YOUR MEALS AT

LLOYD'S CAFE

FRESH FOOD—WELL PREPARED BY "UNCLE JIM," THE OLD RELIABLE

Meals at All Hours

Candy Cigarettes Cigars Soda Fountain

Wirt, Waterman and Edison Fountain Pens

(All Guaranteed)

ALL PENS REPAIRED

W. B. SORRELL, Jeweler

"Keeping in Front"

You fellows know what that means! We've been very successful in this regard with Fatima Cigarettes. By the way, these cigarettes were first sold in the college towns—and you agreed with us that they were good.

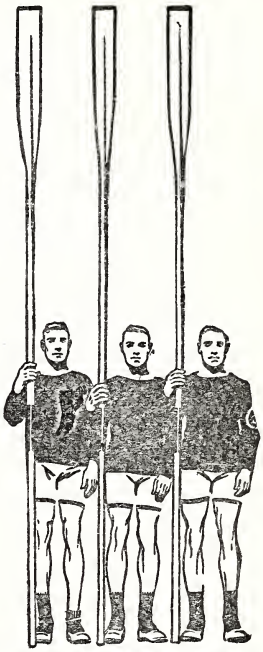
Then we put out for the big race, to make Fatimas of nation-wide reputation, and today more are sold than any other cigarette in this country.

No purer, or more carefully chosen tobacco grows than that in Fatimas. We purposely put them in a plain inexpensive wrapper—in this way we can afford quality tobacco, and twenty of the smokes for 15 cents.

Now your college crew is of utmost importance to you—so is a good cigarette, and it's your aim in life to keep Fatimas in the lead—right up to their good quality—right up to where you first found them, and will always find them.

Success fellows! You started this cigarette on its successful career—and you pull a strong oar all over this country.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



FATIMA

TURKISH BLEND

CIGARETTES

20 *for* 15¢

"Distinctively Individual"

THE

Citizens National Bank

RALEIGH, N. C.

With ample resources, offers its services and its facilities for business to the young business men of North Carolina

All kinds of COMMERCIAL BANKING handled, and through the RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY it takes care of Savings Accounts, and all classes of Trust Business

Four per cent. interest paid quarterly on time deposits

KLUTTZ'S NEW HABERDASHERY

Everything in UP-TO-DATE Men's Wear: Florsheim Shoes, Stetson Hats, Eclipse and Manhattan Shirts, Underwear, Gloves and Neckwear from the best manufacturers. Agency for Spalding Athletic Goods. The latest Novelties in Souvenirs, Pennants, Pillows, Banners, Gold and Silver Jewelry. Shields and College Posters, Cards and Stationery.

KLUTTZ'S BOOK STORE

Everything for the student. Something nice to eat, Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Sunshine Cakes and Crackers; Canned Goods, Pickles, Olives—the best variety—fresh and nice.

The best line cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes in town. Trade with the Original—ADAM.

"ESTABLISHED 1883"

FOISTER

KODAKS—SUPPLIES

FINISHING FOR THE AMATEUR

STROWD & TILLEY

FURNITURE
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

FAMOUS STAR BRAND SHOES

J. D. WEBB, President
C. B. GRIFFIN, Cashier

E. V. HOWELL, 1st Vice-Pres.
R. H. WARD, 2nd Vice-Pres.

The Peoples Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
AT YOUR DISPOSAL

"My Grandmother's School, My Mother's School and the School for My Daughter."

Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

One hundred and twelve years of unbroken history.
Beautiful and historic environments, with thorough modern equipment. $300,000 endowment.
Last year's enrollment six hundred and twenty-two (622). Faculty, fifty-three (53).
College course, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Academy (high school), average cost, $325.00 per year.
A safe, high-grade, conscientious school, best known through the thirteen thousand southern women it has trained.
Address, PRES. HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HOTEL LOCHMOOR

HUBERT LATTA, PROPRIETOR

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"Lochmoor for Mine"

THE

BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

M. C. S. NOBLE, President
H. H. PATTERSON, Vice-President
J. C. TAYLOR, Cashier

OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN ORANGE COUNTY

HOTEL WEBSTER

RATE, $2.00 PER DAY

Just Opposite Union Station

THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE NEWLY FURNISHED

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

HOTEL LEXINGTON

American Plan $2.50 to $4.00
European Plan $1.00 and Upwards

TWELFTH AND MAIN STREETS

RICHMOND : : : : : : : VIRGINIA

Piedmont

The Cigarette of Quality

Years ago Piedmont Cigarettes captured the country with their goodness. And their high quality still keeps them popular.

The choice, mild tobacco and careful workmanship that puts them so far above all imitations, has made Piedmont the biggest selling 5c. cigarette in America. Whole coupon in each package.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10 for 5¢

Boys, let "LONG" BILL JONES

DO YOUR PRESSING
CLEANING—ALTERING—REPAIRING

Same Good Work Same Old Stand

MAKE YOUR ROOM

"A COZY DEN"

RUGS, DRUGGETS, FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS

E. A. BROWN

ALWAYS SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT AT

GOOCH'S CAFE

Opposite the Campus

"OLEY"—AT YOUR SERVICE

WHEN IN WINSTON-SALEM EAT AT THE

PHOENIX CAFE

Clean Cooking—Wholesome Fare

EVERYTHING IN SEASON

THEMIS DEMETRELIS - - - - - - Proprietor

AGENCY
Whitman's
Famous Since 1842
Chocolates & Confections

ORANGE DRUG CO.

Patterson Bros.

DRUGGISTS

The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

All the courses of study in this College are technical and lead to graduation in Agriculture and allied subjects, in Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering; in Textile Art; and in Industrial Chemistry. Short courses are offered in Agriculture, in Mechanic Arts, and in Textile Art. One hundred and twenty scholarships are obtainable. For catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR, West Raleigh, N. C.

Winston-Salem Southbound

RAILWAY

The connecting link between the North and West and the Southeast.

Short Line

Between Roanoke, Va., Winston-Salem, Lexington, Albemarle, N. C., etc., and Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and other southern points.

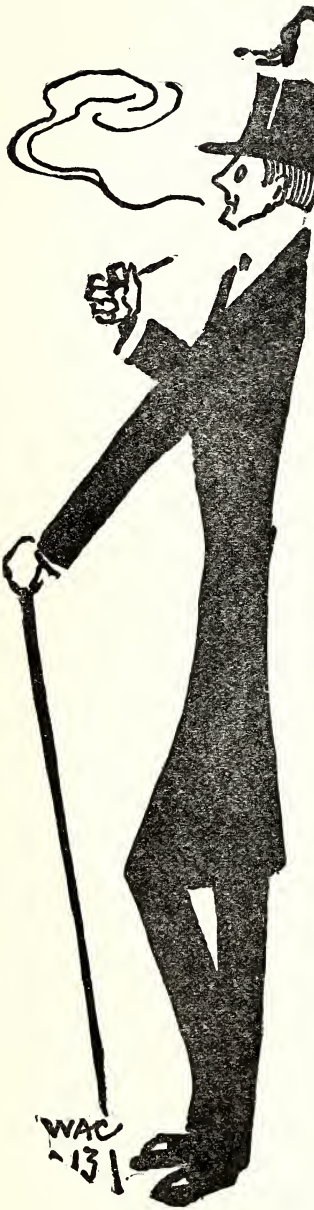
S. P. COLLIER, JR.,
Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Winston-Salem, N. C

WHEN IN RALEIGH, STOP AT

GIERSCH'S HOTEL AND CAFE
(European Plan)

MAKE OUR PLACE YOUR HEADQUARTERS

BEST and CHEAPEST



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

THE senior looks with pleasure on his college life—the close friendships—the good old times. Sentiment will continue to wreath memories with the curling smoke from the old pipe, and Velvet, dear old Velvet will go with him to the end; Velvet from old Kentucky—mellowed in the grim old warehouses—two years of aging—getting rid of harshness, becoming the smoothest of all smokes.

Men will come and men will go and Velvet will always go with them—what better testimony of worth?

At all dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c

Full Two Ounce Tins

Raleigh's Newest and Best Barber Shop

Seven first-class white barbers. Manicure and Chiropodist. Satisfaction is our motto. Give us a Trial; it is all we ask

UNION BARBER SHOP

Under Postal Telegraph Office, 12 W. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C.

WE DO GENUINE FRENCH DRY CLEANING

and Sample Dyeing as well as High Grade Laundry Work. We Will Appreciate Your Patronage. Write for Price List and Terms to Agents

Columbia Laundry Company

112½, 114, 116 Fayetteville St.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SCHIFFMAN JEWELRY COMPANY

LEADING JEWELERS

Opposite McAdoo Hotel - - Greensboro, N. C.

Diamonds, Fine Gold and Platinum Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Novelties, Etc.

COLLEGE AND CLASS PINS, MEDALS AND COLLEGE JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

WATCH FOR THE OVERLAND

It's Always in the Road and Phone Fifty-Eight or Twenty-Three, and Get the OLD RELIABLE

C. S. P.

FOR GOOD AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Prompt Attention to all Orders. Two Machines at Your Service Day and Night

C. S. PENDERGRAFT - - - CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

"GET IT AT ODELL'S"

FOOTBALL, BASKET BALL, BASE BALL, TRACK AND GYM SUPPLIES, SWEATERS, JERSEYS, ETC.

Complete Stock of Ansco Cameras and Supplies.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

TWICE A YEAR when our representatives call, Chapel Hill and vicinity has an opportunity to see "what's new and desirable" in superior footwear.
IN BETWEEN TIMES we welcome the opportunity to serve you by mail—always assuring you of prompt, careful attention to your every wish—your satisfaction is our whole thought.
N. HESS' SONS, 8 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY

Offers 21 Years Experience

UNIVERSITY BOYS

Meet your friends at the only BEST cafe in Durham

ROYAL CAFE

You Know You Will be Satisfied—Chapel Hill Auto Station

PICKARD'S LIVERY STABLE

PHONE NO. 30

NEAR THE PHONE EXCHANGE. THE BEST LIVERY IN TOWN. SPLENDID HORSES AND CARRIAGES. QUICK ATTENTION

G. C. PICKARD & SON

CALL AT

H. H. PATTERSON'S

OPPOSITE THE CAMPUS

Where you will find men's Furnishings, Trunks, Dress Suit Cases, Carpets, Rugs, Ready-Made Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Bowls and Pitchers, Hardware, Heaters, Stoves, and everything that is good to eat. All goods delivered promptly

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Andrews Cash Store Company

The store that patronizes all College publications, and sells High Grade Furnishings and General Merchandise, Walk Over Shoes, $4.00 and $5.00. Cluett Shirts, Arrow Notched Collars, Stetson and Chesterfield Hats. Glad to serve you.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

EAT AT THE

HENNESSEE CAFE

342 South Elm Street., Greensboro, N. C., Near R. R. Station

COME TO SEE US WHEN IN TOWN

EVERYTHING NEW AND PLENTY OF ROOM

Well Ventilated

J. R. DONNELL, Proprietor and Manager

WHEN IN RALEIGH, GO TO

Tucker Building Pharmacy

FOR YOUR DRINKS AND SMOKES, ETC.

(On the Corner)

THE ATTRACTIVE WAY

Through the Southeastern States---

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

AMPLE AND EXCELLENT THROUGH AND LOCAL TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN

Southeastern Commercial Centers and Resort Points

Also Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York

Through Tourist Sleeping Car Daily to

CALIFORNIA

Southern Railway system embraces territory offering unusually attractive and renumerative places for investment in agriculture, fruit culture, farming and manufacturing.

For full information and particulars, apply,

J. O. JONES

Traveling Passenger Agent,
215 Fayetteville Street,
RALEIGH, N. C.

THE ASSOCIATION STORE

All Kinds of Athletic Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Tobaccos and Drinks,
Student Supplies

J. L. ORR, Manager

The North Carolina State Normal & Industrial College

CULTURE — SCHOLARSHIP — SERVICE — SELF-SUPPORT

Five well-planned courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Music, and Home Economics.

Special courses in Pedagogy; in Manual Arts; in Domestic Science, Household Art and Economics; in Music; and in the Commercial Branches.

Teachers and Graduates of other colleges provided for in both regular and special courses.

Equipment modern, including furnished dormitories, library, laboratories, literary society halls, gymnasium, music rooms, teachers' training school, infirmary, model laundry, central heating plant, and open air recreation grounds.

Dormitories furnished by the State. Board at actual cost. Expenses—board, laundry, tuition, and text-books—$195.00 a year. Tuition free to those who pledge themselves to become teachers.

Fall term opens in September. Spring term begins January 26, 1914. Summer term begins June 1st.

For catalogue and other information address

JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

Zinzendorf Laundry

Winston-Salem, N. C.

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY REFUNDED

J. G. FEEZOR, Agent, No. 4 Old West

King's Business College

INCORPORATED.

CAPITAL STOCK, $30,000.00

A School with a Reputation for Doing High-Grade Work

One of the best equipped schools in the South. THE LARGEST. The strongest faculty. MORE GRADUATES IN POSITIONS than all other business schools in the State. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English. Write for our handsome catalogue.

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Raleigh, N. C., or Charlotte, N. C.

We also teach Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., by mail. Send for home study circular.

Address J. H. KING, Pres., Raleigh, N. C.

Murphy's Hotel

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. THIS NEW HOTEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED, IS THE MOST MODERN AND LARGEST HOUSE SOUTH OF NEW YORK. WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DESIRED BY THE TOURSITS AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. OUR HOUSE IS CONDUCTED ENTIRELY ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN AND OUR RATES ARE FROM $1.00 TO $5.00 PER DAY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE MEN

JAS. T. DISNEY, Manager

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
MARCH, 1914

Old Series Vol. 44 No. 4 New Series Vol. 31

ME AND BILL

MEBANE LONG

Bill and me had been cronies for about fifteen years. Moreover, we had slept in the same room, eaten at the same table, and cussed the same office boy for three years and a half.

It all started this way: When I went off to college, I went off with Bill. When I came home, I came home with Bill. When I played football, I played with Bill, except one time when Bill interrupted a fifty-yard run for a touchdown that I had almost finished, and I slugged him. We stopped playing right there and had a game of our own for about fifteen minutes. We were all right again in about two weeks, and have been as close as two cog-wheels ever since.

I used to get mad at him for getting drunk, but we never mixed about our difference of opinion. Bill used to be a plain, ordinary sot. He was on a jag two or three times a week, and when he was drunk he was drunk all over the campus at once. Carrying Bill to his room at night was to me just what going to church is to a Presbyterian deacon. I did it about three times a week for three college years. Of course I got disgusted, and didn't mind telling Bill so at all. And he was just so easy to please that he would swear off at noon and be on a charge by supper. Whiskey had Bill by the throat and would have killed him soon if something else hadn't interfered.

Bill kept charged up till one night he was lit for fair, and got a telegram that his mother, the only person in the world beside me that he cared for, was dead. Bill was sober when he finished reading the message. He went home and buried his mother and came back a man.

" Tony," he says to me the first night he was back, and we were sittin' before the little open fire, " I've drunk my last drop and been put to bed my last time." And I looked into his eyes and saw that he meant it this time. "She worried over it 'till she died, and the last thing she said was ' Telegraph Tony in case Bill's sick.' Tony," he says, " here's my hand on it, not college Bill's hand, but Bill's hand as a man."

And Bill hasn't touched liquor since and it's been ten years of industrious living; so industrious, in fact, that the night I am speaking of at present we had in actual cash between us thirty-five cents on the good side of eight dollars. Me and Bill went to the carnival that hit town that night, and put in a big night of it, but, mind you, we was sober the whole time through. The snakes and the wild men we saw would well nigh swamp India and all its coral strands.

The niggers breezing around over the grounds made it look just like Africa had been freighted across the ocean on a seaboard. We drank the pink out of lemonade and threw rings that cost a dollar a go. That, for quantity, was really great. We saw the famous high-diver, the man that had dived before European kings and was then making his last appearance in America. They said he dived, but I stood two feet from the pool and I'll swear that he went in feet first, and so will Bill; for he was closer than I was and got all the wetter.

Well, after we had spent all our eight-thirty-five between us except ten cents, we decided to have our palms read. The tax was ten cents each, and Bill being the luckiest man in a toss-up, went in to get his good nature imposed upon by the big fat lady in the kimona.

" Tony," says Bill, right flushed-like when he rushes out, " she told me all I've done and all I'm goin' to do. She told me all about that lemonade and those wild men, and the fight I was in when I got this scar on my cheek. And I've lost a dollar that I didn't know anything about. I'm also goin' to find somethin' before I leave here to-night,

and fall in with an old friend that I haven't seen in ten years. It's twelve-thirty now but I'm goin' to find that somethin', and see my old friend before I leave this place."

So Bill led the way all over that sawdust area, and the ground that he didn't cover wouldn't have brought thirty cents at public auction. After Bill had given every man of every color fair trial on the charge of being an old acquaintance, and dragged one man with a black face under an arc light because he had a figure like that of an old college chum, I got sleepy and told Bill so in a most emphatic manner.

Just as I was dragging Bill out of the gate he reached down and picked a shining half-dollar out of the sawdust. Of course Bill realized that this was what the fortune teller was talking about. He lost the fifty cents in as many seconds on a chance wheel and was still looking for that old friend of his when I got him out of the gate by one arm and one neck.

"Tony," he says, in a high indignation, "in ten more minutes, begosh, I would have been enjoyin' a smoke with an old chum, but you've ruined my chance. The lady said I was goin' to fall in with me friend and to keep her from lyin' I ought to find him."

Well, we started home, me walking, and Bill sulking along in front. I was disgusted with Bill and tired of my own company, so we didn't part our teeth the whole way home. I suppose Bill was thinking of that old friend he had failed to fall in with.

Bill got hurt that night, and I felt right sorry for him. He fell through a big hole in the platform of the Freight Department of the Southern. This would have been all right, but he did something else. When he got near the ground on his way down, instead of going straight on, he hit a barrel and went through the top of it with both feet in the lead. The barrel was full of rye whiskey as pure as Bill ever drank in his college days when whiskey was the closest acquaintance he had.

COMPETITION

LOWRY AXLEY

A wild and surging mass,—
  A cry from the crowd, a moan,
An onward rush, a straggler falls,
  Crushed, exhausted, alone.

On, with never a turn
  The mad line charges,—blind
To the plight, deaf to the wail
  Of the victim left behind.

Alone, alone, the wretch,
  No strength to stand the pace,
No help from the surging throng,—
  Nor ceases the merciless race.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIBRARY OF NORTH CAROLINA

J. F. Pugh

A library is naturally accumulated wherever learning is fostered; moreover, its make-up is an excellent indication of the character of the intellectual atmosphere wherein it abides. So the history of the University Library should be of interest to us. Originating simultaneously with the University, its life is coincident with that of the University, and to an interested observer its career reveals not a little of the real life of that institution.

The library was at first a trinity, comprising the University Library proper and those of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies, respectively. The first volume of the University Library was a gift, a folio copy of the works of Dr. Thomas Wilson. In fact most of the earlier additions seem to have been gifts. Other important donors at the beginning were Gov. William R. Davie, who gave fourteen volumes; Rev. David Kerr; Richard Benehan, Joseph R. Hill, who gave an encyclopedia of fourteen volumes; Joseph P. Gautier, whose donation, containing about one hundred volumes, consisted mostly of treatises on protestant theology. With these meagre beginnings the library had its origin. Those who were so inclined could not give much, and in those days the University's funds were slender indeed.

In 1803 an appeal was sent out to the state, deploring the condition of the library and asking all to come to its aid, even though the contribution was but one volume. The walls were without a roof, said the report, and the shelves almost naked. A trustee for each judicial district was appointed to receive contributions for the benefit of the library. The effort was not very successful. The people in general were poor and indifferent to the needs of education. $100 was raised in cash. Some of those appointed died, others were inactive. I take pleasure in

noting the names of those who worked hard to accomplish something. The most active were Col. William Polk, who secured fifty donations and gave one hundred dollars himself; Robert Montgomery, and Durant Hatch. Among the contributors we find many of the eminent men of the State, the most prominent of whom were Judge Cameron, John D. Hawkins, John Spence West, who raised eighty dollars and gave twenty, and ex-Governor Samuel Johnson who donated one hundred dollars. As the price of books was high and the funds were scarce, they had to be carefully expended. Most of the early purchases consisted of books in Latin and Greek and other such material as would aid class work.

In 1824 President Caldwell went to Europe. Before his departure he delivered an earnest appeal before the Board of Trustees, laying especial emphasis on the dearth of reading matter in the University. A school without books, he declared, was like a shoemaker without awls. As a result the Trustees decided to entrust Dr. Caldwell with six thousand dollars to be expended for books and apparatus. He purchased nine hundred and seventy-nine volumes, for which he paid $3,324.74. Mr. Cattel, a London bookseller, also presented the University with several copies.

Other means were resorted to in order to procure money. In 1813 the Trustees decided that every student should be considered as using the public Library and should pay a tax for the privilege. The fee charged was fifty cents the term, or one dollar the year. This amount was doubled in 1813. Two years later one hundred and seventy-four books were purchased with this fund. There is also a mention of forty-three volumes and sixty-four numbers of journals bought for $350. Since there is no further mention of this fund the tax was probably abolished, the students using their means to build up the society libraries.

In 1827 the Board decided to appropriate $250 per annum and to abolish the one dollar tax, but owing to a

lack of means the mere decision was all. During the years 1833-41 the Record Commission of the English government donated eighty-three folios and twenty octavos, among which was a copy of the Doomsday Book compiled by order of William the Conqueror. Another copy which the library obtained was a copy of Geometrie of the most ancient Philosopher Euclid of Megera, translated in English by H. Billingsly, a citizen of London. After the death of Dr. Mitchell the University purchased his books, 1,897 in number, for the library. These, with several small donations were all the books added to the library for several years, except the public documents sent by the government.

The Di and Phi Literary Societies were organized in 1796 and began at once to accumulate libraries of their own, which were supported entirely by the members of the two societies. The growing of the libraries was largely the result of rivalry. When one society obtained a book, the other procured another copy exactly like it, only a little better if possible. Special care was taken to secure works that would furnish material for debate. An inventory of the Di taken in 1835, shows the following:

	VOLUMES
Periodicals	371
Epistolary	77
Voyage and Travel	106
Politics and Law	72
Poetical	292
History	356
Natural History	37
Geographical	27
Dramatical	176
Theological	196
Biography	248
Novels and Romances	493
Miscellaneous	583
Total	2,954

The Phi was almost identical with this. Dr. Hooper said the two libraries were as near alike as the lower and upper jaw. The two, then, contained about six thousand volumes.

In 1812 it was reported that each of the society libraries possessed about one thousand books and that of the University about fifteen hundred. Twenty-four years later the University librarian reported only nineteen hundred and the records show that there had been no additions except from the public documents of the national government and of this and other states. When the school reopened after the War in 1875 Prof. F. P. Brewer's report states that the two societies contained about seven thousand each, and the University 8,394 volumes.

The libraries in the early days seem to have had no especial abiding place. Dr. Hooper said that when he came in 1804, that of the Di, consisting of a few half-worn, mouse-gnawed volumes, reposed in a cupboard which had the habit of migrating from room to room as the librarian changed. No one seems to have taken any interest in them but the mice, and perhaps they were the only ones capable of digesting the classics and the long-drawn theological matter which then comprised most of the works on hand. For years the University Library was kept in the President's house at the head of the stairs; afterwards it was placed in the University buildings, the repository being for a while in the south lecture room in the second story of the South Building.

Smith Hall was erected in 1850 for the accommodation of the library. The commencement dances were then held in the building, which, by the way, the students dubbed the " dance hall." The charter of the University provided that the library should be called in honor of the largest donor, but, as the largest was not large enough to merit this honor, the building was named for Gen. Benjamin Smith on account of his gifts to the infant University. In 1885 the Trustees decided that dances should no longer be

held in Smith Hall. During the Civil War the books were kept in the Old East Building.

In 1886 the two literary societies came to an agreement whereby their libraries were added to that of the University. The transition did not take place, however, without much excitement on the part of the societies. The Phi voted almost unanimously in favor of the motion, the Di went favorably forty-two to thirty. The books were then all removed to Smith Hall. In order to make the loss less painful, the Di Library was placed on the south side of the building and that of the Phi on the north. The librarian also issued the books according to the rules of the societies. At this time the partition between the two rooms at the end was removed and the enlarged space used for a reading room. The Visiting Committee of 1893 was much pleased with the management of the Library, though it regretted to see about four thousand volumes piled on the floor for want of space. In 1906 the two societies presented their libraries without any restrictions.

At this time Mr. Carnegie offered $50,000 for the erection of a library on condition that the University raise a like amount. The Committee appointed to raise the subscription was composed of President Venable, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, and Dr. Eben Alexander from the faculty, and Mr. E. Armfield, and Mr. George G. Stephens from the alumni. The required amount was procured by the time of the commencement of 1906, the corner stone laid on June the 4th by the Grand Lodge of Masons of North Carolina, and the building was ready for occupancy by October, 1907. Thus, after a century of uncertain fortunes, the Library entered into a home fitting to its dignity.

Having seen how the Library reached its present footing, and knowing the system under which the Library is now managed, we may take a look at the way it was controlled in its earlier days. The society librarians were of course students, and whoever assumed control had the books in his room. They changed hands often, for the volumes were mostly tattered and worn, and no one cared to assume

the responsibility of such a collection for a very long period. There was some ambition to choose a librarian who could wait on the ladies. This is the only qualification of eligibility which I find mentioned. Prior to 1838 the University Librarian was chosen from the faculty, after that the senior tutor filled this position. The salary before this time was half of the library fees paid by the students. Thereafter the salary of $100 was voted the librarian.

From the wages paid it can be inferred that the librarian's duties were not exceedingly arduous. The books were of such nature that no one cared to read them very much. Judge Battle said that the boys borrowed them mostly in order to make deadfalls for the mice. Professor Hubbard wrote in 1868 that books were seldom ever used except by the faculty. In 1838 about one hundred books were let out. Last year 18,516 were issued from the desk and over three thousand during November of this year. This does not take into consideration the volumes kept in the Chemistry Laboratory and other departments nor the books on reference nor the current publications. According to early regulations a book could be borrowed for three weeks, while only seniors and juniors could take an encyclopedia. It was difficult to procure the books because they were not classified in any intelligible arrangement. After the combination of the libraries in 1886 it was decided that the library should be opened three hours every day except Sunday and five hours on Saturday.

With the coming of the Carnegie Library and Dr. L. R. Wilson, however, the old order has changed. The books are classified so that any student can find out what the library contains on a given subject. About $10,000 is expended for its maintenance each year. Trained assistants are employed. The present building can accommodate 200,000 volumes.

The library not only contains books of general usefulness, but it also possesses several copies and collections which are very rare, the loss of which could not be replaced. There is a tradition that in the early part of the last

century books were donated by the great Napoleon. Among those which should be of special interest to us are Catesby's "Natural History of North Carolina," Brickells' "History of North Carolina," "Revised and Amended Prescript of the Order of the Ku Klux Klan," and a manuscript edition of O. Henry. Catesby's history was written during the years 1741-48, and is an intelligent and highly interesting description of the Carolinas at that period. Brickell's history, modelled somewhat after Catesby's, was edited in 1737. There are only two other known copies of "The Revised and Amended Prescript of the Order of the Klu Klux Klan," one belonging to Mr. J. L. Pearcy of Washington, D. C., and the other to the Southern Society of New York, and which is deposited in the library of Columbia University. There are also interesting files of old papers owned by the Historical Society.

DEATH

Moses Rountree

Unwelcome Death, thy secret hid from human mind
Speak and tell us, we who wander weak, and blind
To that which is beyond thy portals grim and cold,—
What is the raced-for goal of endless life,
And whether there be eternal joy or strife
Behind the ruffles of thy gloomy fold.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

S. B. LINDAU

The language of love—'tis a subject strange;
And what may the answer be?—
The impassioned speech of a lover bold
Murmured so tenderly.
Does he speak in the true—the true language of love
When he whispers in her ear,
"I want you, I need you, I love you, sweetheart;
You're the world to me, my dear?"

Or is music, sweet music, the language of love—
When a man sings unto a maid
Of his love so strong, so pure and true,
In a moonlight serenade?
Or perhaps the language of love is a tear,
Or mayhap it is a sigh,
Or is it the pain of an aching heart?
We have known all, you and I.

But none of these is love's true tongue,
Though all are part of love;
The language of love is a priceless thing,
A gift from the heavens above;
It is nearer and dearer than any of these;
'Tis a thing no man should miss;
It is better than words or music or sighs:
Love's language is a kiss.

LITERARY CULTURE IN THE UNIVERSITY

Lenoir Chambers

The chief characteristic of this student body is its desire to learn. The men here are in deadly earnest; they have come, the great majority of them, for an education and they are struggling for it, some with an enthusiasm approaching fanaticism. These facts are obvious to anyone who studies conditions here; and as a corallary the thought comes inevitably that many of them are struggling blindly. They want something—they don't know exactly what. They call it an education, but an education is not an A. B. degree.

The blind groping comes, I think, from circumstances that surround the home life of more than half the students here. They do not come from cultured homes (which does not mean that they do not come from a noble, reliable, sensible people, the back-bone of the nation); they do not come from homes where good books are as much a part of life as the tools they eat with. Few, very few, know the engrossing atmosphere of literature. They want to know and they are paying money to know. But in their very desire they are rushing along so fast that they are apt to miss the exact location of the turn. They struggle, but they struggle blindly; and the reason lies in the fact that instinct does not teach them and instinct does not teach them because there is no instinct.

Of all the student activities the one that is unanimously accounted the most successful (because thereby Carolina triumphs over other institutions) is debating. The record of victories and defeats is unique, but so is a North Carolinian's attitude toward public speaking. A citizen of Watauga County knows little of the poetry of Tennyson; he knows much of the oratory of William Jennings Bryan. Politics is instinctive in him; poetry is not. Political questions are debated in the University and they arouse

the interest of the students because a North Carolinian loves oratory. Country people particularly are successfully appealed to through the agency of a rostrum, a pair of flapping arms, a powerful voice, and quotations from the Bible; and the bulk of the population of North Carolinia is made up of country people. In addition we have in debating by far the most highly organized activity in the University. The society debates, the inter-class, the inter-society, all leading up to the inter-collegiate debates, backed by a passion for speaking, present an irresistible front—and Carolina wins.

That success in debating does not mean literary culture is illustrated in the MAGAZINE, which is as far below our general average of University achievement as debating is above. It is unnatural to hope for a literary magazine from a people who are not literary. How much of the material in the MAGAZINE comes to the editors unsolicited? I repeat, there is little natural fondness for literature in students here. They acquire some fondness through work for the privilege of which they are paying money. But how many acknowledged literary artists are familiar save those with whom a bare speaking acquaintance is gained in the curriculum? O. Henry is known and Mark Twain and Conan Doyle, and they know that Kipling wrote rhymes with a dash and sing-song to them. But do they know William Dean Howells or Henry James or William Watson or Alfred Noyes or Stephen Phillips? One does not expect this knowledge in every one, but one does expect it in the editor of a publication that pretends to be literary. And with all due respect to the admirable gentlemen, I don't believe the editors of two years ago knew any more about Stephen Phillips than they did about Pope Pius II. Familiarity with Stephen Phillips does not imply ability to edit a magazine, it does imply an interest in present-day literature, and if any man is expected to have such interest it is the editor.

In another field, that of music, the same general characteristics are patent. A company of musicians in a star

course performance is encouraged by continued applause. But when real artists appear before a University audience and one of them announces that he will sing an aria from Rigoletto, everybody laughs. Rigoletto is a funny word, you see—so is Timbuctoo. I don't mean to deny that the ordinary star course is of tremendous value—it is. It opens up a broad field to half the students here. And that is just the point. The field has not been entered before and no one can become familiar with it by listening to star courses for four years. It is acquired, to use a borrowed expression, through atmospheric pressure, which should begin to work before the child is born.

Once more—look at the field of drama. Can we expect a creditable performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* by persons who glory in *The Pink Lady?*

If we look for the causes behind this lack of culture in students and in students' homes, we come inevitably upon what our Northern friends sometimes call illiteracy, and that is caused by poor educational facilities, and that in turn brings us up against poverty and the Civil War and Reconstruction, from the darkness of which we are just now beginning to emerge. Universal education is doing its work there, but of necessity it seems desperately slow.

Can anything be done in the University outside of the slow evolution in the state? I think the Conference on Reading, started this year, a most significant step toward improvement. Any faint desire to become acquainted with literary masters is there given free rein and encouraged. Its value can never be accurately rated, but the idea is very suggestive. For any steps toward improvement must be spontaneous, or at least voluntary. And that brings us again to the proposition that rarely will voluntary work come save from persons with whom it is instinctive. It is not instinctive with the majority of students here.

THE ACE OF HEARTS

G. A. MARTIN

Fifty years ago on an island in the Mississippi stood Fort Sullivan. Above it floated the Confederate flag. North and west marauding bands of Federal soldiers swarmed. Week after week for the last month, the Confederates had been losing ground. Slowly but steadily the Federals, though few in numbers, had been capturing the out-posts of the Southerners, for the number of the Confederates was still smaller. More than one-half of the garrison of Fort Sullivan had been ordered East to strengthen the defense of Richmond. Fort Sullivan was now on the border of and almost within the Federal territory. It had escaped so far because of its position, surrounded as it was on all sides by the deep waters of the Mississippi. The commander of the fort, however, kept spies among his enemies to avoid being taken by surprise.

One night in November a spy returned to the fort with the news that the Federals were planning a night attack on Fort Sullivan. The commander had few men to spare, but he wisely selected four to keep a lookout on the west side of the river and save the fort from being taken by surprise from that quarter.

These four young men were close friends. They were of about the same age and had been reared in the same village. They had been schoolmates, and when the Confederacy called for volunteers they left their college courses unfinished and answered the call. They entered the army together. One of their number was soon made a lieutenant, and he was the leader of the little band of four which paddled its way to the west side of the river one dark night. The name of the leader was Herbert Arnold. The other three were Carl McCoy, Sidney Anthony, and Jim Miller. Jim was the smallest of the four; he weighed only 130 pounds. But he had the other qualities of a real soldier; he was true and brave.

Three-quarters of a mile from the shore the four young scouts found a unique place for their camp at the foot of a cliff. Here they built a little shack of pine poles and leaves. Here they built a little shack of pine poles and leaves. Here they slept and ate and whiled away their spare time playing cards. Sometimes one of them would go two or three miles into the enemy's territory, but they had no orders to act as spies, so they usually stayed close to camp. Their duty was to save the fort from being surprised by the enemy. They had a boat hidden among the bushes at the edge of the river; and as soon as they learned of an attack, they were to hasten to the fort with the news. At night one of their number stood guard at the top of the cliff by means of which he had a clear view of the valley beyond unless it was a very dark night; and even then it was hardly possible, the Southerners thought, that a band of soldiers could make their way up the valley without being detected by any one on the cliff. But this possibility proved easier than the Southerners thought it was, and their mistake cost them dearly.

By turns they stood on guard. A week had passed and nothing had happened. Then one night the lieutenant, the captain of the band, was on guard at the top of the cliff. The moon was shining behind the clouds, and at intervals it pierced through them and lighted up the valley. Then the clouds would dim the moon, and the valley would become a chasm of darkness to the sentinel on the cliff. As the moon slid from behind one of these dark clouds, the sentinel saw the last score of a band of horsemen pass out of sight and go toward the river. An attack on Fort Sullivan had been planned, and the Yankees had eluded the watchfulness of the young lieutenant who stood on guard. The enemy was already between the scouts' camp and Fort Sullivan.

At first the lieutenant was dumfounded. There was the enemy, and beyond, a mile away, the lieutenant could see the Fort, asleep. The safety of the Fort had been placed in his hands, and he had proven himself unworthy of such a

trust. Almost frantic he rushed into the camp where his friends lay sleeping. Hurriedly he told his story and bitterly censured himself for allowing the enemy to elude him.

As he told his story he stood in the doorway of the shack and pointed out to his friends the position of the enemy. Suddenly his countenance brightened and a smile broke over his face.

"I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed.

"Have what?" asked Sidney.

"Why, don't you see that high poplar on the edge of that cliff yonder? It is not more than three-quarters of a mile from the Fort. I am going to climb that poplar and fire my revolver. It will save the Fort," declared the lieutenant.

"That means sure death, for that poplar is within a hundred yards of the enemy," answered Sidney.

"But that is the only way to save the Fort," the lieutenant responded.

"The Fort must be saved," answered Sidney, "but it is no more your duty to save it than mine."

"Or mine," the others said together.

"Goodby," was the lieutenant's only answer. But as he took his first step, his friends were upon him.

"Let me go, boys. Every minute is a jewel now. I am in command. Let me go," commanded the lieutenant, struggling to free himself from his friends' grasp.

"You are not in command just now," Carl McCoy answered, "so listen to reason. Give us an equal chance; if you win, we will let you go."

"It was not your fault, Herbert, and we can't stand by and see you die like that," said Jim as he patted his friend on the shoulder and looked up into his face. "So be quick and let's settle it."

"Well, turn me loose. We will cast lots," the lieutenant answered, for he realized that his friends were determined.

There on the ground nearby lay the deck of cards where

the four young friends had been playing the evening before.

"The man who gets the lowest card saves the Fort," commanded the lieutenant. "Draw."

Carl took a card from the top of the deck, turned it toward the light, and said, "A nine spot."

Sidney followed his example, and said, "A queen."

The lieutenant drew third and triumphantly exclaimed, "A five."

Then Jim drew and as he glanced at his card he looked at each of his friends in turn. His eyes met those of the lieutenant and lingered there as he said, "A trey."

In two minutes Jim had bidden his friends farewell, had sent a loving word to his mother and a last kiss to his sweetheart, and was going at full speed through the woods toward the poplar.

Ten minutes passed. Jim had had time to reach the poplar. His three friends were sitting quietly just outside their den waiting to hear the signal which would mean safety for the Fort and death for Jim. Not a word had been spoken since Jim left. Each read the thoughts of the others. Herbert had scarcely raised his head from his hands.

Slowly the moon came from behind the clouds; and as it emerged its rays fell upon a white object within two feet of the young lieutenant's seat. The object attracted his attention. His eyes became riveted upon it. His form bent forward. His eyes almost bulged from their sockets now.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Sidney.

In answer the lieutenant arose, pointing his finger toward the white object on the ground, and they heard him say, "My God!"

The eyes of his two friends followed the direction of the lieutenant's finger. One glance told the story. There on the ground lay the card that Jim had drawn,—not a trey, but the ace of hearts.

Three shots rang out from the top of the poplar and echoed down the valley. From the Fort came an answer. Then a volley burst from a hundred Yankee muskets.

THE CLOISTERED CELIBATE

W. D. KERR

If only you knew how the day lights up
  When you smile, when you sing,—you would kiss me;
How when I am with you I quaff Cupid's cup
  And wonder, when gone, if you miss me.

If only your lips would an assent tell
  When I sigh, when I speak, when I falter,
I'd change my cloistered bachelor cell
  For a cheery fireside altar.

OUR ANNUAL DEFICIT

In the late spring of 1890, there appeared before the awestruck student body a small clothbound book purporting to be Volume I of the University annual, under the title of *The Hellenian.* It was printed on 130 pages of an inferior grade of paper about five by eight inches, and, save the fraternity emblems, contained perhaps half a dozen drawings. The catalog of the fraternities took up a large part of the book. The class rolls and histories together with a mere notice of athletics, nine pages of advertisements, and a small humorous department constituted the rest of the volume.

Its best wit was in the histories of the classes. I quote from those of '91 and '92: "'91, as Sophomores, * * *, we brought back the time-honored 'watermelon treat' which degenerate classes had allowed to be forgotten—and our hearts were made glad with the hearts of the melons, while the poor Fresh were given only the rinds, and these, to be rendered eatable, must first be deprived of rapid whirlings and twists through the air."

From the pen of the historian of '92, we have this: " * * * There appeared in the campus of U. N. C. a class, distinguished for learning, noted for beauty, conspicuous for grace, favored by nature, blessed by God, blacked by the Sophomores, and tenderly cared for by the faculty."

Thus it was that the eleven fraternities through their representatives launched the University annual on its sea of financial failure. Supported by little more than half of a student body of three hundred, is it any wonder that its success was not phenomenal?

The second volume differs from the first in having three photographs, the statistics of the college and the Freshman roll printed in a most brilliant emerald green.

We of the present feel hurt when we have to wait until after dinner for our mail, but we aren't the only ones. The

second *Hellenian* contains a page "Sacred to the Memory of the Late University Mail," all edged with black and done in very proper form.

To secure generality the second board introduced the University statistics. I quote in part:

"The average student is 5 feet 8¾ inches in height, weighs 151 pounds 3¾ ounces, wears a No. 6.8 shoe and a 7.1 hat; he goes to bed at 11:30, gets up at 7:25 and studies a little over five hours a day, exclusive of 17.5 hours a week he spends in the class room. One in every four has a moustache, one in every seven attends prayers and ten in every nineteen attend church regularly; the rest go to church occasionally. Out of every hundred, sixty play football, thirty-three, baseball, and fifty, tennis.* * * Every man in the University except one approves of college athletics. Six out of every thirteen play cards, three out of every seven visit ladies in the village, * * * one of every four performs on a musical instrument, barring the larynx, * * and three of every five belong to one of the ten fraternities represented here."

The preface to the issue of 1892 contains the following apology for the editor's transgressions: "Having malice toward none, all has been written in a spirit of true college fellowship." In this issue there are some eighteen photographs, including the athletic teams, the editors, the Seniors and the University buildings.

The whole publication shows development and broadening growth in every department. From a "frat" journal it was becoming in truth, a University annual.

Its statistical column, which did not consider eighty-eight Freshmen, age 18 1-2 years, contains these interesting facts:

4. Color of eyes: blue 44 per cent, gray 30 per cent, brown 22 per cent, black 4 per cent.
5. Color of hair: light 22 per cent, dark 78 per cent.
8. Moustache, 11 per cent.
13 Smoke, 43 per cent.

14. Chew, 19 per cent.
17. Own a dress suit, 23 per cent.
18. Carry a watch, 66 per cent.
19. Favorite study, Mathematics!
20. Most boring study, English!
21. Prefer blondes, 42 per cent; brunettes, 58 per cent.
22. Ever engaged, 26 per cent.
27. Expense per year, $357.35.
29. Wear glasses, 11 per cent.
30. Number of hours study per day, 6.
50. Average days missed from sickness, 2.
51. Play on musical instrument, 29 per cent.
53. Sent here, 66 per cent; came on own account 34 per cent.
54. Favor dancing at commencement, 88 per cent.

The fourth volume was the first one to notice the other college publications, the Magazine and *Tar Heel,* and also the first to contain any writing for its own sake. In this volume occur a " A Phonographic Photograph " of a German class at that time and specimen questions for an English I exam, both of which go to show that things don't change so much after all:

" * * * Long continues slowly to translate, but presently is hung by the word ' Thur.'

" 'What does that mean, Mr. Long?' no answer.

" 'Anyone in the class may tell us, right quickly now, if you please.'

" No one in the class seemed inclined to tell us ' right quickly now,' so the Prof. proceeds: ' Thur means door gentlemen; let me make it clear. In Germany they have two kinds of doors, that is two varieties, i. e. big doors and little doors; the door in front is a big door, the doors inside are the little doors; if a door is not a big door it is a little door. Sometimes when I was a student in Germany and came home late, (smiles) the door was locked, that is the big door. Now get this point right clearly now, and you will never have to get it again.' "

"*Examination on Fresh English, May,* 1893.

"2. In the sentence, 'Strike him for pie, Mary Ann,' name the kind of pie referred to, and, also, give as near as you can, the advalorem duty on mules under the McKinley law.

"3. How do you account for the difference between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse, and what is your opinion of the Police Force of New York City?

"Pledge."

Several of the old drags are still applicable even in this enlightened age. For instance:

Wanted—A new stock of lectures on Geology.—Collier Cobb.

———o———

For sale—All my books. Never been used.

———o———

Wanted—A cigarette.

N. B. I left mine on the train coming up last Fall.

———o———

Two of the best witticisms, if such they may be called, are found in Volume VI, one, the heading of the humor department, and the other, an extract from an MS. found in a bottle.

"STOP

"Before perusing what is to follow, the reader must be in the proper state of mind, and must remember that in every joke someone must be the goat. We have tried not to drag anyone too much, but, if we, or our artists, have done aught that would be taken exception to, we beg leave to refer anyone to our committee of three who have promised to settle any and all disputes. * * *

"P. S. Better make arrangements with your undertaker before calling upon them."

"Extract from an MS. found in a bottle:

"* * * Dearest, when I gaze upon thy form, and see the hyperbolic, parabolic, and ellyptical curves that form your outline, I am transformed into a state similar to

that when working out variables to their limits. Thou art a wonderful variable, whose limit is beyond my comprehension. Oh, let my arms and thy waist be synonymous curves and be not forever my asymtote. * * *"

And so the *Hellenian* continued broadening and becoming better by bitter experiences of financial failures and cold receptions, until a very pessimistic editor-in-chief prefaced the eleventh volume after this fashion:

"Before the reader has finished looking over this eleventh volume, he will find that it differs materially from the *Hellenian* that has heretofore made its yearly appearance. For the past ten years the Greek letter fraternities have been making an effort to publish a college annual that would represent fully every phase of our University life," and so forth.

The attitude of this editor was perhaps the main cause for the appearance in the *Tar Heel* of the eighteenth of February, 1901, of the announcement that a college annual was to be published. A contest was instituted offering a prize to the one who would suggest the best title.

The first *Yackety-Yack* appeared in the spring of 1901 under the joint management of the fraternities and the two societies.

It has been practically the same since its first volume. Each has been like the one before only larger and better. It has been as nearly as could be expected a true picture of our University life in all its phases, so I need not dwell on its varied appearance and contents.

The financial burden of the proposition was divided equally between the societies and the "frats," until 1906. The managers from that time on have had to bear the brunt of their own misdeeds. It is needless to add that none of them have become rich, although many claim to have been reduced to paupers.

It would give me great joy to be able to close this by saying that the annual has lived happily ever after, but Whiting's troubled look for the past few months forbids. I can only wish him and his successors more success than anyone before him.

SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY TOM LINN, JR.

CHEESE!

Cheese is a word of foreign derivation. It is derived from the German word *chesein,* meaning indigestion. No one who has eaten it doubts its etymology. If genius is "the capacity for bearing infinite pain," cheese and green apples easily hold the championship as genius developers.

Many scientists wonder if a rose or cheese changed to any other name would smell the same—Limburger for example. If so, we wish that the codger who runs the Limburger cheesery across the street, would marry off about a carload of his product. Of course, a change of name would be agreeable to said cheese—for everybody knows that Limburger is nothing but "old made" cheese. Limburger is called Limburger because it was first smelt in Limburg. It was while touring Denmark shortly after the introduction of Limburger into that country, that Shakespeare penned the classic lines: "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark."

The word cheese itself has few redeeming features. When a usurper tries to occupy the place that you had your eye on, you kindly inform him that he must think he is the "whole cheese." And folks who eat raw onions or Limburger and immediately seek the companionship of the best people are quickly given the hint to "cheese it." Surely the straw that broke the camel's back was none other than a cheese straw.

Limburger is the highest priced cheese on the market; it tastes the same as any other cheese—the odor is different.

However, there are two sides to every question—and we want to be fair—but after eating cheese we can't help from feeling a little one-sided (especially from the chest down. In the name of fairness, we must admit, however,

that cheese has been known to succeed where others fail. For example, an old shepherd who once lay sick of fever, nigh unto death, lost one of his favorite goats. He was much distressed and his children sought diligently to find the goat, but without avail.

One day, about dark, the physician noticed that his patient was slowly pining away, and he asked him what he wanted.

"I want my goat," was his gasping reply.

The doctor, who was a graduate of Hamburg University, thought a moment, and then wrote a prescription for one dose of cheese.

The old shepherd ate the cheese—and sure enough, "it got his goat."

The funeral exercises were held the next morning.

—George Graham, '11.

THE DEBUT OF CASEY'S SON

The Mudville team was losing, for a week they'd done the same,
The pennant that before seemed cinched, hung on this one game.
In Mudville's lucky eight, a mighty rally came,
Four runs that left them one ahead, could they win undying fame?
The Mudville team went slowly out on to the field of fray,
One run ahead, three men to get, an inning left to play.
The field was wrapped in silence and no one made a sound
For Mudville's twirler might not last that fateful round.

The first man scratched a hit to right and danced far off the base,
The pitcher turned and the hitter faced as he settled in his place.
He's going to use a "spitter" rang through the crowded stands,

And the ball went hissing madly forth from the boxman's
mighty hand.
The batter tried to dodge the sphere but his move was
just too late,
It hit him squarely in the ribs and he dropped across
the plate.
Men on first and second and one run will tie the score,
The twirler casts his eyes around, and then winds up once
more.

The next man bunts, the pitcher fields and wings the pill
toward third,
The man slides in, and then the dust cloud hides what has
occurred.
The trusty baseman drops the ball, for it was a wretched
peg,
And the runner's spikes have driven true and deep into
his leg.
The Pilot slowly eyes the bench, as if to find one there
To take the place of the man at third, then motions in
despair:
A youth runs out upon the field to fill the gap at third,
The Umpire bellowed out his name, but not a person heard.

The bases full and no one out, a pennant to be won;
The pitcher throws, the batter swings, the Umpire cries
"strike one;"
Again the twirler hurls the ball, the hitter's club swings
true,
For a moment a streak of dirty white is seen against the
blue;
The kid at third base spears the ball, and jumps upon the
sack,
And then he turns and plants the sphere in the other run-
ner's back.

An unassisted triple play, that came in the nick of time,
But the noise is hushed as an old, old man totters down the line;
He holds out a feeble, shaky hand to the youth who saved the game,
"My son," he cries, "you're a credit to your old and honored name."
"Well, who are you, and who's the boy," cried out an anxious fan?
The manager faced the crowded stands, and from his eye a tear there ran,
He doffed his cap and loudly cried, "Since now that Mudville's won,
Hear ye, 'tis immortal Casey here, and the boy is *Casey's Son.*

Leland Francis Valley.

SOME LITERATURE, BELIEVE ME

Sling, slang, slung—but the most frequent of these is slang. Slum girls, shop girls, school girls, society girls, now use slang. The English language is rapidly developing into the English slanguage.

Here is a defense, however, offered in behalf of the users of slang: The world's greatest writers use slang. Do you doubt the statement? Give heed, then, poor peruser.

Consult the greatest writer of English literature. Turn to Act II, Scene 1 of his wonderful play, "Julius Cæsar."

Portia speaks to Brutus:

"No My Brutus; you have *some* sick offence within your mind."

Come, now, you wouldn't think it of Shakespeare, would you?

Turn to a more recent figure in English literature. In the introduction to Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive" we are told that the author's words are the living reflection of a spirit beautiful and fearless. Note particularly, please, the first two words in this passage:

"*Believe me,* without further instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art."

Although Ruskin did use the familiar expression, free from all criticism, what would happen to the unfortunate student of English who would use in his theme such beautiful and fearless words as "believe me?"

Turn to the commanding figure of Robert Browning in the field of lyric poetry. He furnishes us an example of pure slang in his Prologue to "Fifine at the Fair." Read this stanza:

"I shall never join its flight,
For naught buoys flesh in air,
If it touch the sea—*good night!*
Death sure and swift waits there."

Linger awhile over the third line and obtain full force of "good night."

Little did the young lady think that she was quoting from the world's greatest authors when she entered the car the other night and remarked: "Good night! This is some crowd, believe me." In behalf of Messrs. Shakespeare, Ruskin and Browning, however, it would be fair also to state that such slang expressions as those previously alluded to are not used on account of undue familiarity with the works of the above mentioned gentlemen.

Do you get me, Steve?

—DOUGLAS RIGHTS.

VERSES TO ANGELINE (ANGEL OF MINE)

Der teeth dot shine,
In dot bean of thine
Sweet Angeline.
Are like dewdrops white
Vot sparkles bright
In der sunlight
Angel of mine.

Undt dose eyes so bright
Like der stars of night,
Dearest divine,
Ven dey at me glance
Undt seem to dance
My! Rouse mit der trance,
Sweetheart of mine.

But O! dot nose,
Like summer's last rose,
Saddest fright!
Mit you to remain
Vould giff me a pain,
Ach! drive me insane,
Good night!

—Dutch Poet: Heinie Long.

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

They came into our room without knocking. The leader looked at the faces of my roommate and me inquiringly, then in a disappointed tone, he asked, "Do you fellows room here? We're looking for a fellow, black hair, heavy set, wears glasses, and takes German 1. Do you know him?" We looked at the husky trio. The leader was a star football back, his second a scrub, and the other a thorough man. We then answered that we did not know the fellow. They left our room with determined looks on their faces, and we heard their voices as they went through the building making the same sinister inquiry at each room. I pitied the poor fellow, whoever he might be. I wondered what he had done. I was sorry that I hadn't asked them, but I didn't want to mix into any trouble. Then we heard the footsteps of the same trio in the hall. They passed out of our building. They had not found their man. But the same look of serious determination darkened each face. We saw them go toward the South Building. They were bound to get him,—and what would they do to him?

I then thought of an engagement and went over to the Carr Building to see a friend. We had settled ourselves to bone for a Math. exam. When the door opened, and I was startled to see the same trio appear in the aperture. Their faces lighted, and I was appalled when I heard the leader say, "Here he is fellows!" Then they cried in chorus, "For the love of Mike lend us your German jack."

—B. F. AULD.

A MODEL STUDENT

"How many hours have you passed?" The answer is somewhat distressing to lots of us. After months of preparation, being examined very few times during the term, we are found to be woefully lacking in numbers of hours passed when the final examinations take place.

My friend Ben has no cause to worry over hours not passed, and examinations affect him not the least bit, for he is always examined without notice. When it comes to passing half hours or hours, why Ben is perfect, and his course is not unfamiliar to us close observers of him. True, Ben works all day, the full length of the day, and seldom does he take a rest. When in good shape he can easily pass twenty-four hours per.

He mixes action with his clock-like headwork, and like the rest of us, he sometimes becomes alarmed. His hands are always busy. He is always prepared for an examination or so-called "quiz." His answers are as accurate as the college bell and he is not infallible. Ben is a great aid to those who stay with him for he keeps them posted, saves them much embarrassment and usually relieves them from uncertainty.

But how does he manage to pass so many hours, the greatest number ever known to be passed in any day? He is just built that way. He was put here to work. To work is the only duty, seemingly the only pleasure of the one in our midst who stands on the chiffonier as a model for us in the way of passing hours, Big Ben.

—MCDANIEL LEWIS.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

BOARD OF EDITORS

W. P. FULLER, Philanthropic, Editor-in-Chief
LOWRY AXLEY, Dialectic, Assistant Editor-in-Chief

DIALECTIC
G. W. Eutsler, Literary Editor
T. C. Linn, Sketches

PHILANTHROPIC
J. S. Bryan, "Around the Well"
C. A. Boseman, Exchanges

T. C. Boushall, Philanthropic, Literary Editor
M. R. DUNNAGAN, Dialectic, Business Manager

J. V. Whitfield, Philanthropic
P. Woolcott, Philanthropic
} Assistant Business Managers

EDITORIAL

FRESHMEN; TAKE NOTICE The Sketch Department will be turned over to the Freshman Class next month. The only material used will be that from the 1917 men. This is following the precedent established last year. All contributions must be in by the twelfth of March. Give material in to W. P. Fuller or T. C. Linn.

4(c) Practically everybody agrees in the theory of the eight hour law in regard to athletics, and as long as you talk generalities, he will agree heartily. However, translate the law into the specific case of Tandy, and the specification of three days before the Virginia game, and it is mighty hard. It would be so easy to let down the bars for a few minutes and let just one slip through. But that would lead to another and then another,

and after a while it would resemble the old fable of the sheep, the fence, and the pasture.

In an editorial on February 12, the *Tar Heel* called attention to a case where another college was suffering from debarred athletes. I could give you nine other examples of the same thing from personal letters from head coaches and graduate managers of colleges from New England to California. What I wish particularly to talk about, however, is about "seeing" professors about 5's of athletes. To any such practice, I am entirely opposed. Most people will admit that class work should be considered before athletics. Let's be generous and place Class work and athletics on the same basis. Well then, if you are unsatisfactory on over half your class work, would the Faculty allow you to take on an extra three hour course with six laboratories a week? Just because I happened to be editor-in-chief of this publication, would you approve for a second the idea of picking a man to approach the coach and ask him to show me special favor on the football field?

I must admit the man who asks a Faculty member to change a grade on athletic grounds and the Faculty member who listens favorably to such an appeal both drop a notch lower in my estimation.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BILL

As a side line, Bill is janitor of the South Building. By instinct he is a philosopher.

"How are you feeling this morning, Bill?"

"Mighty fine for an old broken down man like me, thank you sir."

"Now Bill, if I were to call you old and broken down, you would get mad."

"No sir. Cause if I wasn't old, your saying it wouldn't break me down, and if I was, it would be true."

"Well sir, not going to church today?"

"No, Bill, I don't believe in church going. There are too many hypocrites in the church."

"Well sir, I's generally noticed that people don't

stumble over things that's behind them, 'less they's walking backwards."

Then Bill spoiled (or perfected it, as you will) by laughing.

$6,320 OF DEBT The Athletic Association is $6,320 in debt while at the end of last year it was $4,650 in debt. In spite of this I see no particular justification in the charges of extravagance. We gained $1,801 by gate receipts over all traveling expenses last fall. This is the best showing since I have been in college. The biggest item of outgo was $1,200 for equipment. At the beginning of the year we had absolutely no football gear. You could not have outfitted a single team. We were compelled to buy a whole new outfit. This is a result of last year's poor management. Coach Cartmell's salary of $1,000 came out of the Athletic Association this year. I believe I am correct in saying that only half of his salary was paid by the Association last year. The $300 for the High School Football Contest was higher than was expected. This was due to the necessity of having two games played here to decide the championship instead of one as anticipated. Wilson and Pendleton drew $900 each. Bocock received $3,000 for coaching football and basketball two years ago. We paid less for more this fall, for Trenchard's salary is paid by the alumni.

But the chief bone of contention is the $577 for training table. Avoiding a discussion of the desirability of having a training table, I will say that it would be manifestedly unfair to demand not only most of a man's time but more money for board than he was accustomed to pay.

Also notice the last two sentences of the financial report: "The Athletic Association still has $976 credit with the alumni committee *over and above* the $1,000 which it promised to pay for coaches. This report does not include spring registration fees," of which I understand about $800 is available. This would subtract $2,776 from our debt, leaving it $3,556 or just $1,094 better than when

the season started. With a favorable baseball schedule, we ought to soon see daylight.

HALLELUJAH! Some time ago President Graham made a chapel talk on the general theme of swearing. He told of a disgusting example on the ball field. A few days later, as each man entered chapel, he found a neat card in his seat on one side of which had been printed ten good *reasons* why one should swear. On the other side was a pledge, which obligated the signer to stop swearing and to try to get someone else to stop. These were to be signed and kept privately by whoever wished to do so. Professor Patterson followed up these cards with another plea for no swearing.

I doubt if very many of the "cuss cards," as they are called, were signed. Nevertheless, the combined result of this series of attacks has been rather noticeable. At least there is little swearing on the ball field.

My father once had in his employ a man who, when he wanted to swear, would sing instead.

READ THIS In compliance with a suggestion from President Graham the University of North Carolina has adopted a new set of eligibility rules. These are purposely modeled after those of the University of Virginia, and are in most cases identical, word for word. Both sets of rules appeared in the February *Alumni Review*. The only places in which the rules of the two institutions differ are on points which our present condition demand.

There is one important exception to this generalization, however, and on that we are more strict and more sensible than Virginia. Instead of rule 3 below, Virginia has rule 4, as quoted still later. The salient features of our new rules and vital points of differences between the two institutions follow.

CAROLINA RULES

No. 3. A student who was in attendance upon the University during a previous term or session must have passed satisfactory examinations on at least eight hours of work before he will be allowed to represent the University in any athletic contest.

Rule 4 (part): A preliminary report of the scholastic standing of the members of the football team shall be called for on October the 15th, and of the baseball team on March the 15th, and the players notified of their deficiencies. Another report shall be called for on November the 15th for the football team and April 15th for the baseball team, at which time any player deficient in a majority of his studies shall be debarred from representing the University during the remainder of the term.

Rule 5. The members of any athletic team may be allowed not more than ten lecture days leave of absence from the University for the purpose of engaging in athletic contests; but no student who is a member of more than one athletic team shall be allowed more than twenty days leave of absence during the entire session for a such a purpose. (Virginia allows eight and sixteen).

Rule 11. No student who has been a member of, or a substitute member of the football or baseball team of another college or University during the preceding college year shall be permitted to become a member of either team of this University during his first session with the following exception:

Such student will be eligible for these teams at this University if he shall have registered in this University not later than within one week after the opening of the preceding spring term, and shall have been a student here during the said term.

Rule 14: No student of this University shall be eligible for any athletic team who shall have played upon or been a member or a substitute member of any of the professional or league teams in Classes A, B, C, and D, in

the publication of the American Sports Company. To the list of professional teams thus prescribed shall be added all league teams in any state or states, which the leading University of such state or states declares professional and from which it debars its own players.

VIRGINIA'S DIFFERENCES

4. Special reports may be made to the President from time to time by any minor faculty with respect to the class standing and progress in study of each regular and substitute player on the athletic teams, and if the president and such faculty are convinced that the class standing is discreditable, such student may be required to sever his connection with such team.

12. No "coach" not an alumnus and no "trainer" not an officer of the University, shall be employed for the purpose of instructing or training any athletic team in this University.

15. "Training tables" for football, baseball, and track teams are hereby abolished.

AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY SHEP. BRYAN

THE READERS' EDITORIAL PAGE

THE BACK STAIRS

Of all local means of self-annihilation, the easiest, quickest, and surest is a nocturnal descent of the back chapel stairs. No steps of more innocent appearance and more deadly purpose could have been devised. What more could the melancholy man want? Are they not a delight to him? A step or two downward in the darkness and all is over—all pecuniary, all matrimonial, all culinary troubles. This machine has an efficiency of one hundred per cent, that is, it produces instantaneous fatal results in ninety-nine per cent of the cases, and in the one hundredth case, injury which soon or later provides employment for the undertaker. When we consider the uncertain results of the rope, razor and rifle methods, the advantage of the back stairs must be acknowledged. Again hemp is not free, nor are cutlery and firearms, while the stairs may be had "by the poorest comer"—another free institution in our free country, three cheers to the architect who planned it, the stair way. If this benevolent and initiative man had only ordered the placing of a plaster virgin over the doorway, he would have had a more correct copy of his mediæval model.

—Tom Linn, Jr.

JUST A LITTLE CARELESSNESS

The trouble with us all is each of us is a privileged character. Everybody understands that there are general laws which the type must obey, but none of us is a representative of the type—each of us is above it. Most of the others are average fellows—fair representatives of the type

—but my action alone can have but little to do with the mischief wrought by the type.

This attitude on the part of so nearly all of us is the reason our campus is cut up into private walks which look like pig-paths through a wheat-field. It is not laziness on our part; it is carelessness. We are not too lazy to walk three more steps to the corner and thus help to keep the campus beautiful. We are too careless to remember that it is our duty to act as we would have others do, or else we feel that we are just a little bigger than the other fellow and have the right to walk across the grass when and where we please. Of course the other fellow should not walk on the grass, but what little harm I do will make no difference. That is the way part of us see it. Others look at it differently. They decide that nearly everybody else is walking on the grass and it will hurt nothing if one more does the same. So the grass is trampled on and killed, not because we do not think, but either because we forget that we are just an ordinary fellow or because we excuse ourselves on the ground that everybody else is doing it.

For four years the University is the home of each of you, nine months out of twelve. Not a man should need to be told to "keep off the grass." A very little thoughtfulness on the part of each of us would make it easier to keep the campus beautiful. It is a poor excuse that just says, "The others do it." Walk to the corner next time, and you will be glad you did it.

—G. A. MARTIN.

HISSING

With geese, hissing is natural; with men it is not only unnatural but it is also ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike. A goose cannot help it, but a man—a gentleman, I should say—can and should abstain from hissing under all circumstances. The person from whose lips a hiss emanates, brands himself, in my opinion, as a thoughtless, selfish, and extremely ill-mannered fellow. To the gentler-

bred person, he is repugnant and is, in a sense cowardly, in that he perpetrates his deed under the cover of a crowd with the reasonable assurance that the person toward whom he directs the insult will not know its immediate source.

Now with regard to hissing I want to bring the matter a little closer home. At nearly every Star Course I have attended I have heard hissing. It occurs chiefly, if not always, during the applause, and from what I can deduce, it is done by persons who do not want the applause to continue and thus bring the performer back before the audience. I do not know whether the hissing is aimed directly at the performers themselves or at the persons who are vigorously applauding; but this I do know, that no matter to whom it is directed, it has a very disgusting and repugnant sound,—a sound which does not ring with the true Carolina and sportsmanlike spirit.

—Fred McCall.

SUPPORT THE ATHLETIC STORE

Why don't you buy your athletic goods and stationery at the Athletic Store? Is it because Kluttz is nearer, or is just because you are not in the habit of buying there? If everybody you know bought at the Athletic Store wouldn't you trade there also? Then why don't you start something by buying that tennis racket or that theme tablet there? You should, because the Athletic Store needs your support. You are a student and the Athletic Store is a student organization, in that it is managed by the Athletic Association. Therefore you should support it if for no other reason than your University loyalty.

But aside from loyalty, you can't say you don't trade at the Athletic Store because of the inferiority of their goods; they are first quality goods. They are the reliable and the best. Then just take the hint and support this part of the University by letting Orr measure you for that new pair of tennis trousers.

—F. O. Clarkson.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

When I returned last fall I noticed that all the walls of the buildings had been newly whitewashed or painted. The object of this seemed to be that those who wished to keep the buildings looking attractive and decent had purposed to cover up the mutilations of the past.

Hardly had the year begun, however, when there was a slight difference to be noted in the appearance of the walls from the condition they were in last spring. This interested me and I took the trouble to notice the type of men who roomed or lived nearest these markings on the walls. The results I obtained were quite interesting. Where there were mainly Seniors there was little or no writing or marking; where there were Juniors and Seniors in predominance the writing was little increased; when it came to the habitat of Sophomores, the writing was pronounced and here began character *sketches,* just whose character it was sketching would be cruel to state. And now, when it seemed that Freshman held the district, the white on the walls was hardly visible. Poetry, epigrams, other "—amns," pictures and the like were abundant.

From these observations I became extremely hopeful. I saw that it was but a matter of evolution; that college training after all would bring a man out from his primitive state of mural decorations. Daniel translated the writing on the wall to mean " you are weighed in the balances and found wanting," and so it could be interpreted today.

Marking up walls is childish, a relic of prep school days. If we cut it out this year, and create a sentiment against it there will be no writing on the walls next year.

—THOS. C. BOUSHALL.

EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY CLAUDE BOSEMAN

"SCISSORS, NOT THE PEN"

THE MASTER DREAMER

He came and lived his hour then went his way,
Went sadly, half forgotten through the grey.
They laughed to see him brooding on the moon,
And mocked him for an idle dreaming loon.
But he, scarce heeding, smiled away the pain,
And knew the sun was sweeter for the rain.
Alone he walked the moonlit dewy ways,
And breathed the hearts of roses singing lays.
Forgave them all, and rendered for the whole,
The poor half-broken fragments of his soul.
And when his song was done, he stole away,
Stole silently and softly through the grey.

—*The Redwood.*

<>=<>

He—" Since you lost the bet, I think I can claim the forfeit.

She—" I really don't know what you mean; and besides, someone might see us."—*Yale Record.*

<>=<>

PUNCH BOWL'S HANDY GUIDE TO PUBLIC SPEAKING

For Mass Meetings—" Well, fellows, I haven't anything to say . . . . You all heard what So and So said. . . . . out there to win."

Class Banquets—" Fellows, this reminds me of a little story I heard the other day . . . . I don't know whether you've heard it . . . . We've got the best class in the University."

The Toastmaster—" . . . . Fellows, you all know who he is . . . . Let's hear from——."

Publication Board Meetings—" Well, fellows, it seems

to me . . . . The worst bunch of candidates we've ever had . . . . "

To the Dean—" Excuse me, sir, but I—er—wanted to ask . . . . Thank you, sir."

At Your Old School—" . . . . I remember when I used to be here . . . . Down at college . . . . After you've been away . . . . You'll wish you had studied harder here."—W. W.

<>=<>

A farmer to the Chem. lab. strayed,
And (oh, 'tis sad to tell),
Mixed glycerine with NO_2,
And it blew the J_2L!

—*Illinois Siren.*

<>=<>

Anthropology Prof. (lecturing)—" . . . . and the women of the tribe wear nothing."

Student (waking up)—" Where is that place, professor?"

And upon the reply he took the first lecture note in four years.—*The Punch Bowl.*

<>=<>

CONSERVING ENERGY

'14—" Why don't you laugh when the professor tells a joke?"

'15—" I'm going to drop this course next week.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

<>=<>

Fluff—" To what do you attribute the increased interest in the feminist movement?"

Ruff—"Slit skirts."—*California Pelican.*

<>=<>

His life was a short—a lyric dare—
A gauntlet flung to Death and Hell—
Hell, stooping low with mocking air,
Picked up the gauntlet, and he fell.

—*The Occident.*

The University of North Carolina Magazine

The Star's Scoop

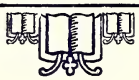
When True Was False

North Carolina's Trustee System

Mannerisms and Folk-Lore of the Coast

APRIL, 1914

The University of North Carolina



Young Men Trained to be Leaders in Their Communities in the State

Faculty Numbers 94. Library of 65,000 Volumes Equipment Valued at $900,000.00

Special Training for

Teachers, Lawyers, Physicians
Chemical, Electrical, Mining and Civil
Engineers, Pharmacists
and for Educated, Useful Citizenship

For Catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR

CHAPEL HILL - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

THE JEFFERSON

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Most Magnificent Hotel in the South

European Plan ∴ 400 Rooms ∴ 300 Baths
Rooms Single and En Suite, with and without
Private Baths ∴ Turkish and Roman Baths

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS

LARGE CONVENTION HALL

RATES $1.50 PER DAY AND UP

O. F. WEISIGER, MANAGER

Wedding Invitations

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED

YOU can't afford to place your order where cheapness of production is the thing striven for rather than the quiet elegance and strict adherence to correct social form which characterize *our work.* All the latest and most correct styles of engraving and sizes. *Samples furnished.*

THE : SEEMAN : PRINTERY

Established 1885 Durham, North Carolina

The Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company

LIFE FIRE

INSURANCE

Real Estate Bonds Loans

THE EMERSON

Baltimore's Newest and Most Complete Hotel
The Rendezvous of Southerners visiting
BALTIMORE

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

Maryland cooking at its highest excellence. Convenient for shopping and theatre-going. European Plan. Running ice water in every room.

TO GET THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM YOUR VISIT TO BALTIMORE, STOP AT THE EMERSON.

ROOMS $2.00 A DAY UP. ROOMS WITH BATH, $2.50 A DAY UP.

STREET CARS FROM ALL RAILWAY STATIONS AND STEAMSHIP DOCKS TO THE DOOR.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TAILORS **HABERDASHERS**

"At the Sign of the Scissors"

EVERYTHING FROM HAT TO SOX FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN. EVENING WEAR A SPECIALTY. WRITE US YOUR WANTS—MAIL ORDERS WILL HAVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION. OUR SUITS ARE TAILORED TO SATISFY THE MOST PARTICULAR. OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE ON THE HILL WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF FURNISHINGS FOR SPRING. OUR CUTTERS WILL BE THERE TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE FOR THAT SPRING SUIT.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

RECEIPTS are gladly issued on payment of bills due THE MAGAZINE either for subscriptions or advertisements.

The University Press

ZEB. P. COUNCIL, Manager

PRINTING

THE KIND THAT PLEASES—ON STOCK THAT LOOKS GOOD

Phone 158

The University Magazine is published by the two literary societies of the University of North Carolina. It is issued six times each collegiate year, and its purpose is to foster literary spirit among the students of the University. It exists as the organ of our alumni and student body. Every student and alumnus should be on the mailing list.

If a subscriber desires to have his copy stopped at the expiration of his subscription, notice must be given to that effect; otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of subscription is desired. Always notify us when you change your post office address.

Subscription price $1.00 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

The following is a list of those who have made the existence of this **Magazine** possible. Were it not for the friends of the University who advertise in our college publications, this **Magazine** could not exist. Our subscription amounts to only about one-third the cost of **Magazine.** If you are a Carolina man, show it by patronizing those who patronize Carolina. Here they are:

CHAPEL HILL

University Press
The University of North Car.
The Association Store
Chapel Hill Ins. & Realty Co.
Bank of Chapel Hill
Kluttz's New Haberdashery
Kluttz's Book Store
Bill Jones
Gooch's Cafe
Orange Drug Co.
Patterson's Bros.
Pickard's Livery Stable
Eubanks Drug Co.
Andrews Cash Store Co.
H. H. Patterson
W. B. Sorrell
People's Bank
Strowd & Tilley
Foister
C. S. Pendergraft

DURHAM

The Seeman Printery
Hotel Lochmoor
Royal Cafe

GREENSBORO

Hill-Stockard Co.
Odell Hardware Co.
Southern Life & Trust Co.
State Normal College
Hennessee Cafe
Schiffman Jewelry Co.
Columbia Laundry Co.

WINSTON-SALEM

Phoenix Cafe
Zinzendorf Laundry
Winston-Salem Southb'd Ry.
Salem Academy
A. H. Galloway

RALEIGH

Jolly & Wynne
Giersch's Hotel and Cafe
King's Business College
Citizen's National Bank
N. C. College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts
Tucker Building Pharmacy

MISCELLANEOUS

N. Hess' Sons, Baltimore, Md.
Cotrell & Leonard, New York
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Southern Railway
Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.
Hotel Lexington, Richmond, Va.
Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va.
The Emerson Hotel, Baltimore.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Star's Scoop	*Carey Dowd, Jr.*	247
La Calavera	*D. H. Killeffer*	250
Mannerisms and Folk-Lore of the Coast—	*J. F. Pugh*	252
When True was False	*T. C. Linn, Jr.*	258
North Carolina's Trustee System—	*Walter P. Fuller*	262
Night and Day	*Lowry Axley*	274
A Serenade	*J. F. Pugh*	275
A Glimpse at the Other Half	*Stuart Willis*	276
Just a Sparrow	*J. L. Orr*	282
Care	*J. L. Orr*	282
The Light	*B. F. Auld*	283
Fifty-Four Years of the Y. M. C. A.—	*Philip Woollcott*	285
Sketches		295
Editorial		305
Around the Well		310
Exchanges		312

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
APRIL, 1914

Old Series Vol. 45 No. 5 New Series Vol. 32

THE STAR'S SCOOP

CAREY DOWD, JR.

Rodney Sloan sat in O'Hagan's ten cent restaurant munching his crullers and washing them down with great gulps of coal black coffee. Inwardly a storm raged while without a cold, drizzling rain added to his melancholy feelings. He finished his meal and, pushing the dishes away from him, he placed his elbows on the table and sat there brooding.

He got up and walked to the cashier's cage, threw down his check accompanied with his last dime. He stood glaring out into the dismal, drizzly darkness for a moment and then, as if a new determination—a decision—had come over him, he pulled his coat tight across his neck and plunged out into the darkness.

The wind was cold and biting tonight while the rain seemed to Sloan nothing but sheets of ice which penetrated to his innermost bones, causing him to shudder. The fine drizzle pierced every hole in his raggy coat until finally, seeing it was doing no good, he let his coat fall away from his neck.

He walked on a couple of blocks and stopped in the shelter of a corner. The world seemed gloomier tonight than ever. A policeman came along on his beat and, seeing him standing there in the shadow, punched him in the side with his stick, advising him to move on.

Sloan moved on and on in the dismal rain and piercing cold until he found himself in front of the office of the "Sun." He glanced in. The lights were on and the force was working hard on the morning edition. He stood there

and thought. Finally, he walked in. He walked up to the city editor's desk who was then "slashing" some copy. After the copy had been edited he turned to Sloan with a look that seemed to grudge him every minute of his time and—

"What for you?" he growled.

Sloan told him that he was once a reporter on the "Sun" and a newspaper man.

"Want a good story?" he asked.

"Not much time to get it in now," replied the editor doubtfully, "but go ahead. I'll see."

"Then give me some paper and an envelope," commanded Sloan.

The city editor complied and pointed him to a typewriter—one among many on a long table which Sloan recognized as the reporters' desk.

He sat down and inserted the paper in the machine. In the rear he could hear the clicking of the linotypes. He could hear the men shouting from one to another. He knew it all. He had been through the mill.

His eyes now rested on the machine in front of him. He commenced playing with the keys. Then he began to write. His "stuff" was now his sole object. He had been out a long time and the work was hard for a while. Slowly he began to get faster. He was breathing hard as he wrote. His smile broadened as he finished line after line. The old speed was coming back. He was absorbed in his story. In his "lead" he had summed up the whole story and his smile grew broader as he developed the details of his story paragraph by paragraph. He got faster and faster and his smile got broader and broader. He realized he was writing a perfect story.

In a while he stopped. He pulled the paper from the machine and re-read his "copy"—correcting as he went. He folded it up and placed it in the envelope. On this he wrote "not to be opened 'till 11 o'clock." He went over

to the city editor's desk and, as he was busy, he laid his envelope on the desk and walked out.

The city editor picked up the envelope, glanced at it, read the writing and tore it open. Newspaper men have no ethics. His eyes opened. He grabbed the telephone.

"2093 Market" he shouted into the mouthpiece.

"Hello. Police Headquarters? Who? Sullivan? A suicide! Tenth Street Bridge! 10:30! Rodney Sloan!" he bellowed into the instrument.

"Here, Grant!" he commanded of the Sun's "star" reporter. "Read this and get on the job."

Grant glanced at the story, grabbed his coat and hat and bolted out of the door on a run. Two "cubs" walked in and the editor handed them the story.

"Here you," he commanded, "read this and read a perfect story."

It was in truth a masterpiece. It told of the downfall of a man whose struggle with the oppressor had been hard. It told of his fight for existence. It told of a human life trying to rise. It told of sin and the penalty to be paid. It was an expert's last assignment and it was perfect.

The "cubs" handed the story back. Grant came running in and, with coat and hat still on, started an attack on his typewriter.

"Get there?" queried the city editor.

"No," answered Grant. "Too late. Just as he jumped off. 10:30 sharp."

* * * * * * * * *

"Copy!" shouted the black-faced boy as he came through the door from the press room.

"Copy," answered the editor. "Front page, three columns, double decker with banks."

LA CALAVERA

D. H. KILLEFFER

The sea was calm and shimmered like the coils
Of some great python waiting for its prey.
A breath of air sent us to sea across
The slowly moving waves of sapphire blue.
The tropic sun beat down upon the deck
Until the pitch oozed out of every seam.

I sat beside the leeward rail and gazed
Into the cooling depths below the sea;
And there I saw some bones, a skeleton,
All white and ghastly there upon its bed
Of slime and silt, divested of its flesh,
And all the things that once had made it man.
The fish swam in and out between its ribs;
It leered and grinned from out its hollow eyes.
I stared,—It laughed and leered the more. My blood
Ran cold, and on my brow was icy sweat.

Throughout that day and half the next, the sea
Remained that oily, snaky green that comes
Before a gale. At shortly after noon
The second day, the clouds had gathered thick.
Then came such wind and rain, that now
I wonder how we lived to tell the tale.
The rain came down in torrents such as made
The noonday seem as night to me on watch.
Our sturdy vessel was an egg shell in
The mighty grasp of such great wind and waves.—
Upon the foremost shrouds I saw again
That fleshless face, those sightless eyes, those teeth
That gleamed and grinned and mocked at me.—
What errand had that specter there?—I watched,
And as I watched it vanished from my sight.

* * * * * * *

For two long days and nights the storm raged on,
But on the third we found ourselves upon
A quiet sea beneath a clear blue sky.
And, as we sailed upon our homeward way,
My specter guest appeared to me again.
This time I asked its name and mission on
My ship.—Its jaws moved up and down as if
It wished to speak,—and yet it made no sound.—
I asked again its country and its race,
But still no answer came from that still shape.—
Why did it dog my ship in calm and storm
Without surcease?—And then it was no more.—
My God! I loathed the thing!—I stood awhile;
I knew this visitor who followed thus
Eternally, could be but one and that—
Forbid the thought—and that is DEATH.

MANNERISMS AND FOLK-LORE OF THE COAST

J. F. PUGH

Idioms and "catch phrases" are always popular because they express an idea with a spirited effect that attracts attention. There is that suggestiveness about them which makes one use the word "nutty" instead of the respectable "silly." Especially is this liking for idioms prominent among an uncultivated people. Their limited vocabulary forces them, perhaps, to resort to unusual methods of speech in order to give their meaning zest. The peoples in the mountains and on the coast of our own state have expressions peculiar to themselves. I should like to call attention briefly to those of the coast.

Two considerations should be noted here. These people are the descendants solely of English settlers. Many of the forms given have doubtless arisen here in America, some may owe their origin to the negro, but a few are the survivals of phrases brought from England. So far as my own knowledge goes this article pertains only to the country north of the Albemarle Sound; however, I suppose that one part of the coast is largely typical of the rest.

Many expressions, such as "right peart" and "right smart," are too well known to call for comment, I take it: others seem to be less common. The Old English word "mammock," meaning "to treat cruelly," is often heard. To say that an incident is "right cappin' ", is to say that it is extraordinary. "Flimmicate" and "Flabbergast" are two terms which seem to express nervous excitement and fatigue, and which are used almost exclusively by the women. For instance, a woman who is over-wrought may exclaim that she is "about to flimmicate." "Sorty middlin' ", given in answer to a salutation is equivalent to "tolerably well." "Lay it eend fer eend" means "lay it horizontally." One occasionally hears the Old English

"hit" for it, and also "cyart" and "keow"—forms of pronunciation which certain cultivated families, notably in Virginia, still follow. But the word which puzzles newcomers considerably is "crampy," and which expresses the same thing as "delightfully humourous." "He shore is crampy" is complimentary. A unique manner of mentioning a married woman by her husband's first name still persists, although rapidly passing out. For example, if Betsey Brown marries Sam Smith, her neighbors then speak of her as "Betsey Sam."

Longer idiomatic expressions, which add much picturesqueness and vivacity to speech, are frequently employed. "Go up the spout" and "kick the bucket over" are used synonymously to express either extreme misfortune or death. "Keep yer nose out'n the dirt" is a homely way of saying "hold yer head up." When one man tells another that he has not sense enough "to grease a gimlet," he has exhauseed his vocabulary of contempt, since a gimlet's one of the simplest of instruments. "Knock yer lights out" has a rather violent meaning, because the "lights" are taken to be a vulnerable spot. Nothing could better express the idea of haste to a coaster than "Don't let any grass grow under yer feet."

Many phrases owe their origin to the sea. From associations with the tide, therefore, a dying man is said to be "driftin' ", or "passin' out". "He tuk water" is only another way of saying that he showed the white feather. "He is four sheets in the wind" describes the condition of a man who has too much whiskey "aboard." In wishing another success in any undertaking one generally says, "I wish ye fair sailin' ". A questionable yarn sounds "fishy," I suppose, because of its slippery character. One who has run aground in his activities is, of course, "beached."

Among such a people one will naturally find superstitions and charms galore. I shall give only a few. A firm belief is held in dreams, which if of bad omen should be well considered. A dream,

"Dreamed Friday night and Saturday morning told
Will come to pass before it's nine days old."

If a boy puts on a shirt, or a girl a sunbonnet, wrong-side out on the first day of the year, neither may expect to marry during that year. To break a mirror here, as in most other places, presages all sorts of ill luck. No housewife should begin to knit an article on Friday or misfortune will come to the wearer. The story is told of a dissatisfied wife who knit all of her husband's socks on Fridays for ten years before the charm worked. Itch of the nose is a sure sign of company, the part of the nose affected denoting the gender of the visitor. Also, the housewife who drops a dishrag knows well that company is coming to dine. When making a visit, one should take notice if he trips his foot on the doorstep. Should he trip the left, he may know that he is unwelcome; if the right foot is the offending member however, he may enter with impunity. A straying dog may be cured of the habit by clipping off the tip of his tail and burying it under the door-step. Much attention is paid by the farmers to the moon. Produce which matures above ground is planted during a full moon, that which matures underground is planted during the dark of the moon. Some of the beautiful superstitutions connected with the church still survive. On Christmas Eve night, for instance, it is said that the pokeberry bush sprouts—a similar belief being held by the mountaineers of Kentucky, I understand. "Warm Christmas; fat graveyards," say the old wives.

Much comment has been made on the fact that the mountaineers still sing ballads, as "Barbara Allen," handed down from the time of Queen Elizabeth. "Barbara Allen" is also sung on the coast, though the version is slightly different from that of the mountains. Among the easterners there are heard many ballads and folk-songs. The writer has been told that a song formerly very popular was Lady Dufferin's sentimental "Lament of the Irish Immigrant," the first lines of which are:

"I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And love-light in your eye."

There are several songs of sea life, as one might expect. Sailors are fond of singing. Many of the ditties are mere doggerel; some, however, possess a certain charm of expression. I give the following as a sample.

"A pretty, fair maid in the garden,
A sailor lad came passing by;
He said, "young lady, don't you want to marry?"
Said he, "Young lady, can't you fancy I?"

"Oh no! My true love's on the ocean,
Seven long years he's been to sea:
I'll wait for him till seven years longer
If that's the time He'll return to me."

He said, "Perhaps your true Love's drowned,
Or has been in some battle slain.
Perhaps he's to some pretty girl married,
Where you'll never see his face again."

"If he's drowned, I hope he's happy,
Or has been in some battle slain;
If he's to some pretty girl married,
I love the girl that married him."

He ran his hands all in his pockets,
(Her fingers being neat and small)
Pulled out the ring they broke at parting,
And at his feet his love did fall.

All in his arms he did embrace her,
And gave her kisses one, two, three.
He says, "This is your single sailor,
Who has returned to marry thee."

Some of these folk-songs are no one knows how old. It is often hard to distinguish between them and the rhymes of other origin; still, occasionally we find one that bears many of the ear-marks of age and the ballad. There is a lilt in some of them which recalls stories of knights and troubadours. As an example I should like to give the song of "William Taylor." It runs thus:

"William Taylor's my true lover,
  Fond affections cast away.
All because we do not marry—
  It's all because of the Lady Gay."
Tol le lol le ding dol ding dol, ding dol,
Tol le lol le ding dol ding dol day.

Dressed herself in gallant style,
  Shipped on board a volunteer;
Silv'ry buttons flew off her waistcoats,
  And her snowy white breast did appear.
Tol etc.

Then the captain made inquiries,
  "What misfortune brought you here?"
"Sir, I'm in serach of my true lover,
  Cast away the other year."
Tol etc.

"If you're in search of your true lover,
  Oh, pray tell to me his name."
"Sir, his name is William Taylor;
  He goes dressed in velvet green."
Tol etc.

"If his name be William Taylor;
  Dressed in velvet as you say;
Madam he'll be married tomorrow
  On yonder's isle to the Lady Gay.
Tol etc.

Then she wrung her lily-white hands,
  Crying, "Alas, I am undone.—
Sir, I'll see him tomorrow morning
  By the rising of the sun."
Tol etc.

She rose up early in the morning,
  Aye, she rose at the break of day,
There she saw little William Taylor
  Walking out with the Lady Gay.
Tol etc.

Then sword and pistol she called for—
  Sword and pistol were by her side.—
Down she shot little William Taylor
  Walking out with his lady bride.
Tol etc.

WHEN TRUE WAS FALSE

T. C. LINN, JR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JIMMY TRUE—A college student.
ABEL TRITE—Another of the same genus.
HORNY HANDED HENRY—The colored janitor.
TIME—Present, late winter, early morning.

[SCENE—A college room trapped out with the customary sagging pennants and ill-hung posters. At the right is a door, and in the middle of the rear wall is a large open window, in which is an alarm clock. A door and a window are at the right. On each side of the rear window is a single iron bed. In the foreground is a table littered with books, baseball goods and anything else pertaining to a good college education. A washstand and a bureau stand on the right. When the curtain rises, Jimmy True and Abel Trite are both in bed, and the alarm clock is going off.]

Abel Trite (rolling over in bed): James! Oh James! Is that our friend Ben emitting those vibrations which strike so harshly on my ears?

Jimmy True: So I would infer, gentle comrade of my slumbers.

Abel Trite: Well, James, it must be time for you to get up for your eight-thirty. Don't you suppose you'd better shut off the clock?

Jimmy: Abel, you seem to forget that Dr. Benbow hasn't encountered the magnetism of your own personality on his eight-thirty now for the last two weeks just because you *would* lie up here in bed while the bright morning hours flew by and he dispensed unappreciated wisdom.

Abel: Am I to understand then, James, that you are so indifferent toward the call of duty as to intend not to get up for your eight-thirty?

Jimmy: If you understand the call of duty to be synonymous with that of big Ben, such is my intention, oh somnolent bed fellow!

Abel: Then I shall have to stop the clock myself. (He picks up one of his shoes and throws it at the clock. Both shoe and clock go out the window and are heard to hit below. The clock stops ringing). James, you will rue this.

Jimmy: Yes, I believe that was my clock.

Abel: Hark, hark, methinks I hear the shuffling shoe of Horny Handed Henry abrading the stairs. How musical is the jangle of his buckets.

H. H. Henry: (enters with two water-filled tin buckets. He pours the water from one into the pitcher on the washstand): Good mawning, good boss man.

Abel: Ah, Henry, your arrival is opportune. You have come to us in a time of great need. A friend indeed is a friend in need. My daily researches into Shakspeare convince me of his veracity. Henry, Mr. Trite wants you to close the window.

H. H. Henry: Yes sir, good boss man. I'd a bin er 'round sooner but my clock run down on me last night and I'se kind of laid out this mawning with a cold. (Haltingly) You ain't got nothing, good boss man, as ud help er old nigger's cold as is served you faithful, is yer?

Abel: Ter-be-sure, Henry, ter-be-sure. Here's some "Gowan's"—the best known remedy for coughs, colds, and all afflictions of the pulmonary organs. Apply this to the affected parts twice daily and watch for the results. Never let it be said that Abel Trite didn't know how to reward faithfulness.

H. H. Henry: Thanke sir, thanke sir (exit).

Abel: (sitting up in bed). Now I shall be up and to my duty. (Slips on bath robe and exits at right).

(Jimmy turns over in bed and sits up. Yawns and stretches for some time. Abel is heard in the next room loudly singing "Work for the Night is Coming." When he has finished the first verse, he repeats the last few

words "for the night—when man's work is done" emphatically.)

Jimmy: (slipping on a bathrobe). Well, I'm glad he's got some justification for loafing all night. (Starts toward the right exit, and almost collides with Abel who is coming on the stage now partly dressed, drying his face.

Abel: Greetings, James; I observe my example has had a salutary effect on you. (Walking on across the stage wiping his face.) Some fellows just haven't any initiative. (Looks at his bedside for his other shoe, doesn't find it there and darts underneath the bed. He then goes ruefully to the window and looks out. He again turns toward the audience, putting his hand to his forehead, and sees Jim's shoes lying by his bed. He darts toward them and squeezes his feet into them with expressions of pain, at the same time throwing his own one shoe under his bed). Boys especially have to have examples set for them. (Rises and walks forward limping). Boys whose names I might mention if I wou—(looking up and sees Jim coming in buttoning his shirt. Both begin to dress hurriedly. Abel is compelled to limp when he walks around, and starts humming. James notices his limping, stops dressing a moment in surprise.)

Jimmy: Abel, I trust you are not suffering from any affliction of the locomotive organs this morning.

Abel: Me? Why no! How could you imagine it? (Goes to take a step and winces).

James: Abel, your conduct is phenomenal. I don't understand it. If you are unwell, tell me as a trusting room mate should, so that I may help you.

Abel: No, James, it's nothing—only the out cropping of my inherent malady. All my people had gout on both sides, and now I'm beginning to suffer its pains. It is a just affliction (blowing his nose and wiping his eyes). You know we are no better than our fathers.

Jimmy: (looking around for his shoes). Accept my heartiest sympathy, dear Abel, and if—(turns suddenly

around and looks at Abel's feet). Abel Trite, do I see your plebian feet encased in my eight dollar shoes?

Abel: (shuffles his feet and looks foolish). Er, ah, yes, I'm quite sure they did cost eight dollars when you bought them, but—they're not worth a cent more than four now.

Jimmy: Then things have come to such a pass that you would deceive your own dear room mate, your best friend? You have no more respect for yourself nor regard for your room mate than to purloin his most indispensable possessions?

Abel: (contritely). Oh James, can you ever forgive me?

James: (in stentorian tones). Forgive you? You? I *spurn* you. You have wronged me foully. All is over between us.

Abel: Oh say not so, dear James. Only consider how utterly destitute my life would be, could I not have the pleasure of your society as a room mate. What would I do if I could not watch your eyelids gently close at night, if I could not softly bid them open again after the night's sweet rest? (Jimmy shows signs of relenting). Only think, dear James, and you cannot deny me.

Jimmy: That would be too severe on you. You have wronged me, but I will forgive you. I will reinstate you in my affections. I will give you a second chance—oh, the gospel of a second chance! (Appearing to swallow his indignation). Wear the shoes, wear them to the uttermost hob nail, and don't think you're making me mad. I'm impervious to you, sir. Those are Timmy Hinkelberry's shoes—I swiped them yesterday. My own are in the closet.

CURTAIN

NORTH CAROLINA'S TRUSTEE SYSTEM

WALTER P. FULLER

This is preeminently the age of the investigator. Congress investigates everything from the production of turtles in the Everglades to the Standard Oil. Every magazine has its pet subject for investigation; one, Mexico, another, child labor, a third, prison reforms. At the University everything investigatable has been investigated at one time or another. To this last statement, however, there appears one large exception—our trustee system.

While practically every other state in the Union during the last eight years has made more or less sweeping changes in its government of state institutions of learning, Carolina has done nothing. This is true in spite of the fact that on three apparently vital points Carolina's system differs radically from every generally accepted principle. In the first place Carolina has eighty-three trustees, nine times as many as the average, and with one exception four times as many as any other state institution. This number is larger than the combined number of the entire boards of the following fourteen states: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, West Virginia, Oklahoma, South Carolina. In the second place Carolina is the only state with one exception in which the trustees are selected by the lower House. South Carolina is the other state. In fact this is the only institution in North Carolina, even, in which the Lower House selects the trustees. In the third place Carolina is in a decided minority of colleges that do not secure a closer contact by more frequent meetings of the trustees at the state university while it is in actual operation. In the fourth place, whether for better or for worse, the Carolina trustees exercise less power than is accorded trustees under the most modern ideas of trusteeship.

Let us consider first the number of trustees and the method of appointing them.

When the scattered farmer-warriors of '76 attempted to build a college, they realized the absolute need of co-operation. Therefore when it came to the selection of trustees, they thought that by naming a large number of trustees from all parts of the state they would secure state-wide interest and support. The law read: "Five from each judicial district," making forty in all. Thus came what many consider the first grave defect—the size of the body. Twenty-five was the largest attendance they ever had, and that meeting was to select a site. Fifteen was an average, and they were from the immediate neighborhood. The first meeting was at Fayetteville, Dec. 18, 1789, and was attended by seventeen men.

Battle's History, in telling of the first organization says: "The trustees were a self perpetuating body, having co-optative powers, being authorized to fill vacancies caused by death, refusing to serve, resignation, or removal from the state." This immediately raised a storm of protest. Here in the very frontier of Democracy was being formed a limited aristocracy. The law was soon changed and the power of selection vested in the legislature. We see the legislature responding to the strong desire of the hundreds of ambitious Carolinians for a place on the board. In 1804, the very first year the Assembly had the power of appointment, the number allowed from each district was doubled from four to eight although the full number was not at the time appointed, for by 1821 we find only fifty-four trustees. At that time the number was raised to 65, and the unit of selection changed from the judicial district to the county, one for each; but the man representing that county did not necessarily have to come from it. At the same time we see 7 declared a quorum. In Battle's History occurs this significant statement: "The trustees ratified all the acts of the executive committee."

Then came the suspension as a cause of the War. When

the institution was revived in 1863, the Carpet bag administration made an asset out of the board. Ninety trustees, one from each county, were appointed by the Board of Education. This board, eight in number, who were appointed every two years, were *ex officio* members. They were mostly cheap politicians with at least selfish if not harmless interests to look after. As has been explained before, since 1854 practically all the power had gravitated to the executive committee, and under the 1868 act it still remained there, but,—and here is the nigger in the woodpile—instead of being chosen annually by the general board "with reference to their interest in the University and their proximity to Raleigh," the committee consisted of the *ex officio* board, the president, and only three trustees elected by the trustees themselves.

The executive committee elected all officers in 1868.

From this period we have one excellent change and that was the fixing of a trustee's term at eight years and providing for the expiration of a fourth of the terms every two years, which last is the genesis of all good trustee systems. While if a man has shown any particular interest, he has had no difficulty in being appointed, yet there has been a tremendous number of men who have acted as trustees. From 1874 to 1911 there were 344 trustees. The representation-by-county system was dropped in the year 1874.

A few minor changes only have been made, and today the board of trustees stands substantially as follows. The eighty members serve eight years. They are elected by a shifting committee and appointed by the chairman of the Lower House. About 75 per cent of the trustees are alumni. The trustees elect the executive committee. Five of this committee constitute a quorum.

As to whether or not the majority of a board should be alumni, whether the Governor should appoint, the State elect, or the Legislature choose trustees, or as to the proper number, or whether this or that shall or shall not be done cannot be settled definitely, as authorities disagree. The

logical thing to do, therefore, is to make a study of other institutions and see the tendency there. In pursuance of this policy, data has been collected upon the trustee systems of the Normal at Greensboro and the A. & M. at Raleigh and 39 of the state institutions of America with a view toward considering the three points mentioned above as vital—place of meeting, method of appointment, and largeness of number.

First, our other state institutions. I quote verbatim letters from the presidents of the two institutions. President Hill of the A. & M. says in part: "We have sixteen trustees and the Governor is *ex officio* chairman of the board. Our trustees serve eight years and four of them retire, unless they are reappointed, every two years. They are appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate. The Governor is free to make his choice of anybody in the state, and is not restricted by congressional districts or in any other way. Our board regularly meets once a year. Sometimes, however, it is called at other times if there are any very important matters to be presented.

President Foust of the Normal says in part: "We have eleven members on our board of trustees, one member for each congressional district, and the state superintendent is *ex officio* president of the board. The members of the board serve for six years, the terms being so arranged that one third of the board retires every two years. The members of the board are nominated by the State Board of Education and confirmed by the Senate."

There we have the sister state institutions which have only one feature in common; namely, fractional expiration of terms of office. From the good feature of all three, could be made an excellent board. One board is elected by a legislative committee, another by the Governor, the third by the Board of Education. One has 80, one 60 and one 11. Two meet once, one twice.

The manner of selecting the members has progressed along definite lines. In fourteen states the Governor ap-

points them, subject to the confirmation of the Senate. Eleven leave it entirely in the hands of the governor. Five states choose by regular state elections. Illinois, one of these, until 1877 had them appointed by the governor alone. Three states—Pennsylvania, Louisiana and New York—have self perpetuating boards. It is only fair to add that in these cases the institutions are more or less private institutions with only nominal state control. Until 1869 Mississippi was self perpetuating and Indiana was until even later. The former now has appointment and legislative confirmation, while the later allows the board of education to elect five and the alumni the remaining three. There are only two besides North Carolina that still have only legislative appointment and one of them is modified. South Carolina is purely so, while Vermont has half elected by the alumni. Minnesota had legislative choice as late as 1860, and Iowa for ten years longer. Since 1907 three states—Florida, Georgia and North Dakota—have added senatorial confirmation to their system which had hitherto been left entirely to the governor. Strange to say, since then North Dakota has taken exactly the opposite step, giving the chief executive full power. The tendency has distinctly been toward governor appointment and popular election. The movement of the university back to the people of the state has developed the state university as a factor in politics which recently, especially in the West, has led to certain provisions to safeguard this new development. Iowa provides that not more than three can belong to the same political party. This has been since 1909. Kansas has it too. Since there are only three on the Board with a $3,500 salary, this is significant. Missouri prohibits more than five being in the dominant party. Half of the board must be of the party opposite the governor in Tennessee. It is particularly significant since Tennessee recently has completly reorganized after studying carefully all systems in use. West Virginia's four must each belong to a different party.

There are certain other restrictions on choice. For instance, six states provide for one member from each congressional district. Wisconsin, one of the number, further provides that there shall be two from the state at large. Tennessee, another, says four with two from Knoxville. Georgia's only requirement is that two shall be from Athens, the University seat. Florida and Vermont have the state especially divided into sections for the purpose. Kansas stipulates that there shall not be over one from a district. Until 1867 Maine elected one for each county. Incidentally Rhode Island still does.

Are there any other restrictions? Yes. The alumni often have a share. In fourteen states they have a large influence unofficially, and in many cases control the board. Iowa provides for three by law, Kansas says there must not be over one, while Tennessee requires one third. Besides these (and including Iowa) the following changes have occurred since 1907. Kentucky is limited to one. Oklohoma had one for two years, 1909-11, but the system was then changed to a Board of Education. Vermont increased the number to let the alumni elect one themselves. Before the Kentucky Legislature at present is a bill to allow the alumni to elect six additional trustees and to require the governor to make a fifth of his appointments from the alumni.

Of most vital interest to North Carolina is an analysis of the number of the board. She has 80. The most popular number is nine, seven states preferring that; five is the next with as many advocates. Four have eight; three, six and seven each; two have four, ten, thirteen, fifteen and eighteen. The latter two are Georgia and Vermont. One state has three, one twelve. Ohio has nineteen. Those three odd organizations—Penn., Tulane, and New York all have large numbers, seventeen, twenty-four, and thirty-two respectively. The Quakers inherit their large numbers from the union of two schools of twelve each. Kentucky probably will increase soon from fifteen to twenty-

one. In 1867 Maine cut her sixty-seven by half. Mississippi dropped in 1876 from fifteen to eight. 1860 saw Minnesota change from twelve to nine. Illinois once had thirty-one, then in 1873 decided that eleven was enough and still later went to nine. West Virginia changed eleven to four. The following changes have been made since 1907; Nebraska four to six; Nevada four to five; Kansas seven to three; Arizona seven to six; Michigan eight to nine; Utah (once twelve) nine to thirteen; Iowa thirteen to nine; Oklahoma nine to six. The number is generally smaller in the new states and larger in the old states and the average is about twelve (including *ex officio*). Tennessee has for a long time had Carolina's system exactly. Starting at first with a large board this was increased from time to time until they had about eighty. In 1879 the board resolved to fill no vacancies until the board had dropped below thirty. Later this was cut to twelve.

Of the *ex officio* members (not counted above) the governor is most important after the president, who in some form or other (from chairman to member by courtesy) is on every board. Twenty states put the governor on the board. Almost as large a number recognize the state superintendent of education.

The length of term varies as much as the number. Six years is by far the most popular, fifteen having this length. Eight use four; three, twelve; two have nine, and six ten. One each three, five, seven, and eight. Three are for life, Ohio, Tulane and Pennsylvania. It is peculiar to note that all these changes to life terms have come since 1907. The increase in length is most notable in the West. Nevada has a split system, four being chosen for four years and one for two. Idaho has gone from six to five. Indiana, formerly for life, has returned to three. Since 1907 there have been few changes except for life terms. Georgia cut two years from her eight. Oklahoma added two to her four, Wisconsin went from three to four, and Texas from two to six.

For all this service there is little pay. Several pay actual expenses of the meeting except traveling. All states having boards of education pay well, Kansas leading with $3,500. Missouri pays traveling expenses. North Dakota allows three dollars a day and expenses, while Georgia gives four dollars and expenses, and Iowa seven dollars and expenses but not to exceed sixty days a year, Mississippi five dollars and expenses, Montana traveling expenses, Oklahoma six dollars and expenses, South Dakota and West Virginia one thousand dollars a year and expenses. Practically all payment for service has existed only for a short time, and is particularly noticeable in states which have been active in seeking reforms in college government.

Concerning Carolina's large number of trustees the following quotations are of interest:

From the president of a western institution: "I have read with amazement the statement in your letter that you have eighty trustees appointed by the Legislature, and am wondering whether or not there is some typographical error in this."

From the secretary of an institution in the North: "A body of eighty trustees seems almost too unwieldly for efficient action." Next to North Carolina this institution has the largest number. President Robert L. Slagle of South Dakota says: "I have done executive work in three institutions of collegiate work since 1897, and therefore am very well acquainted with the members of the board. I must say that I am in favor of the small governing board, who have time to familiarize themselves with the work done in the institutions."

From the secretary of one of our southern neighbors: "The only suggestion that I would make would be to drop eight ninths of this number and eliminate the fraction."

We will now consider the place of trustee meetings. At the beginning of our history bad roads and the inaccessibility of Chapel Hill led to the meetings being held in Raleigh. Thus came what many consider the second grave

defect: the lack of an intimate knowledge of the University's affairs. At present there are two annual meetings, one at Raleigh in January, and one at Chapel Hill during the commencement. The meeting in June is limited by custom and a banquet to two hours. Moreover, no one will contend that a true conception of the college machinery and needs can be gathered at this time. No part of the trustee's traveling expenses are paid by the state.

Regarding the A. & M. President Hill says: "The board always meets at the college. The executive committee from the board meets several times during the year. It meets simply as it is needed. The relationship between the trustees and the College is a very close and cordial one."

President Foust says: "We usually have one meeting of the board each year. This meeting is held at our annual commencement. The board has an executive committee composed of four members who look after the details of the administration when the board is not in session."

But consider the figures relative to this matter of how often these boards meet and where. As shown by the other state colleges, practically all of the boards put most of the actual work into the hands of the executive committee which meets usually frequently. From incomplete inquiries we find that eight full boards meet monthly, two six times a year, nine four times a year, one three, six twice a year, and five once. Twenty meet at the University, opposed to four who do not. These four also are located in a small town, inconvenient to reach. Utah meets four times a year, once at the University. West Virginia meets only at call. Virginia's board of visitors usually has 100 per cent attendance, as certified by her secretary.

As a final enquiry into the three great points upon which the efficiency of our trustee system depends—method of appointment, numbers, and place of meeting—it might be well to enquire just exactly what are the duties of a board of trustees. The original act says: "To make all such laws and regulations for the University and preserva-

tion of order and good morals therein as are usually made in such seminaries, and as to them may appear necessary, provided they be not contrary to the state law and personal liberty."

Probably the following quotations will express most adequately the duties of the governing board:

"The trustee of a university is not an executive officer. . . . He is charged with the general problems of the university. . . . These questions will be, in the main, questions of policy, not questions of detail."

Dr. Murray Butler, President of Columbia, said before a governmental investigating committee of England: "The final word and authority rests with the trustees of a university. . . . They are the incorporate body who hold all the funds, who make the major appointments, and whose disapproval would be effective in preventing any proposed departure of policy. . . . the conditions of admission, the conditions of graduation, the length of the program of study, the extent and variety and character of the teaching, and studies leading to any degree, or to any acedemic distinction of any kind are prescribed in the first instance by the faculty. Their conclusions must be concurred in by the trustees. If any specific act proposes a departure from existing principles, they may interfere. They very rarely do this. . . . that only matters of real importance are referred to the Trustees at all."

There are three common names for the governing board of a university. The most common is the name of Trustee, eighteen using that name. Practically all of those using that name are in the South and East and were founded early in our history. In the Middle West and West the name Regent predominates, thirteen using this. The third group is very small, yet it is the most significant of them all. Three states have a Board of Education. There are six others which have many of its vital features. Kansas has a Board of Administration that is exactly the same thing and West Virginia's Regents are also. Each of these

names typify a stage in the administration system. "Trustee" represents the conservative board Carolina has; "Regent," the rather too liberal system that nearly wrecked Oklahoma; the "Board of Education" the modern efficient system. The case of Oklahoma should not be taken as typical of the boards of regents. It merely shows the possible outcome of the greater freedom and power generally allowed regents, and the newness of problems in the states where the regents are in control. We, in our early history, had the same upheavals. The state board of education is a salaried board, usually of three, that devotes its entire time to educational supervision, and has control of all the state institutions of learning. In 1907 there was but one board of education with this function, while today there are five. Of those which are leaning toward the central board Georgia has a large *ex officio* membership composed of the chairmen of the boards of eight kindred state institutions. South Dakota's Regents of education also belong to this class. Florida has a dual system. Iowa has recently run the whole gauntlet—trustee, regent, board of control. Idaho is the only state that has shown any tendency opposed to this movement, she having recently changed her regents for trustees. There is, however, a decided uncertainty as to the unalloyed virtues of this recent development.

President Van Hise, of Wisconsin, in an address delivered before the National Association of State Universities October 19, expresses the belief that the modern tendency toward central boards of control for all state institutions as noted in the preceding paragraph is unwise. He cites the instance of Florida and of Oklahoma and South Dakota as proving the dangers of this new tendency. The movement was started, he claims, as an attempt to prevent the serious duplication of courses in the various state institutions; the partisanship and bitterness incited by the attempts of friends of one or other of the state institutions to secure an undue amount of the appropriations for the support of state institutions; a waste of equipment, and a con-

sequent weakness of the teaching forces. He says in conclusion: "In the case of overlapping institutions, if cooperation be not successful, central boards are inevitable. Of the types of existing central boards that of Iowa is probably the best, in that it holds to the principle of a nonpaid board of moderate size for the government of educational institutions and thus in a measure at least retains the advantages of independent governing boards.

An interesting correllary to this growth is the appointment of boards of visitors, whose only duty is to visit the University and make unofficial suggestions. There are six of these. Colorado has a board of 80 appointed annually by the board of regents. That of Indiana is small but it is of interest because it includes the supreme court of the state. Missouri has five, Nevada seventeen. In Wisconsin the board of visitors formerly held control. This has gradually changed until the regents predominate and the visitors are merely advisory. This seems to indicate a reaction against the small radical board. In Virginia, however, the Board of Visitors is the controlling body. It is interesting to note that for several years West Virginia called her governing board after her parent state, Virginia, but eventually dropped the name in favor of regents. Missouri calls her board Curators, while Tulane uses Administrators. As above noted, Florida has a very unsatisfactory hybrid system evolved from a cross between the trustees and a state board of education. Each institution in the state has a trustee board, but in addition, the state board of education has a close and superior jurisdiction. So we see the spectacle of a faculty that looks to a board that in turn looks still further to another board.

Summarizing the various virtues and vices shown it is clear that it would be well to investigate along these lines. Especially significant is a comparison of North Carolina with Tennessee. Formerly they had identical systems. The former considered her condition, studied her neighbors and renovated her system. Carolina has made no

vital change since the Civil War. First, the tendency toward the small board is marked. Whether the growing custom of appointing visitors is a reaction is questionable. Second, the place of meeting should undoubtedly be at the seat of the University. The larger the board, the more vital that need. Third, the question of the powers of the trustees involve the entire system. Should the faculty practically control the entire policy without the balancing influence of a more or less impersonal body, or should the trustees be merely a finance committee with the main body of the board a figurehead?

NIGHT AND DAY

LOWRY AXLEY

A tinge of the sky with gold
By the glare of the setting sun;
A calm o'er all the land,
And day is done.

A streak of light in the East,—
New battles to be won;
A hurry and shout for the strife,—
Day has begun.

A SERENADE

J. F. Pugh

The moon's last beams are streaming
  Across the rose-decked pane
Wherein my love lies dreaming
  As in a fairy fane,
For on the roses gleaming
  The moon's rays pearl the dew
Their beauty to me seeming
  Of you, my love, of you.
Lest fear should mar my lady's dreams
  With thoughts of night,
O moon, let all your farewell beams
  Be bright, be bright.

Up from the southland sighing
  Cometh a perfumed breath,
And trails where you are lying
  The red rose' scented death.
Yet bring the pinions flying
  A saddened strain, I wot,
Like dim minds softly crying
  For mem'ries half-forgot.
Lest you should mar my lady's sleep
  Or ere you go,
O southern wind, lightly, lightly creep;
  Breathe low, breathe low.

A GLIMPSE AT THE OTHER HALF

STUART WILLIS

In the fall of 1882 a negro named Pat fell into a controversy with a student. In those days it sometimes happened that a student or a number of students whipped an impudent negro on occasion. Justifying his act on this ground, the offended student took some friends with him to whip Pat. They came upon him and his gang in an old cabin, and one of the students was shot in the affray.

This year some twenty negro men have studied under University students who are giving of themselves that these men may have some advantages of a common school education. Why this difference? Let us look for a moment at the situation then.

In those days the negro question was "full of dynamite." The personal and moral influence of the white people did not obtain then in the way in which it did when the negro was in slavery. The satisfactory social and industrial relations of slavery times had become strained and often broken. Before slavery ceased, the white masters and mistresses were interested in their slaves not merely as toilers or bondservants but as human beings as well. The house maids and cooks knew and loved their mistresses. The master's contact with his coachman, his butler and his field hands did not admit of cruelties. The white men and women visited the negro cabins, not, of course, on terms of social equality but from friendly interest. The children played together. The older servants were respected by the white children in the terms of Uncle Ephraim or Aunt Minerva Ann. There has been many an Uncle Remus to tell old folk-lore tales to "little master James." Thus the masters and the mastered were friendly because they were all people.

It was this sort of thing—this semi-social intercourse between the races that imparted to the negro much of his

industrial skill and so "quickly transformed him from a savage to a civilized man." Thus the negro learned much from his contact with a higher race thru slavery. But the institution of slavery had to pass and the negro was given his freedom. His checkrein of bondage was suddenly removed, and, like a pendulum, the race swung to the opposite extreme. He was free but entirely unorganized, living an absolutely purposeless existence. His practical usefullness had been destroyed. His northern friends, growing weary, deserted him; he had divorced the favor of his original southern white friends who had grown tired of indulging him, of sympathizing with his indolence, his ignorance and his crime. He was left to himself to work out his own salvation. He has been in a pitiable condition.

Nevertheless there is hope, for he is not wholly at fault. He has been exploited by men who have shown more concern for "dollars and dividends" than sympathy and regard for humanity.

It has been said that release from this rests in his freedom. Let us see. Legally he is no longer in bondage; he has freedom. But politically and morally he is still a slave. Tied down by his ignorance, by his lack of race pride, and by his destitution of self confidence, he is a slave. The freedom which means his self-mastery, his ability to take what he has, to use it and improve it, he does not yet possess. His awakened self-mastery, racial integrity and racial respect will create in him, not the scorn of a servant's life, but will raise in him an ambition to be a more reliable servant, a more efficient janitor, a more responsible cook, a more consistent brick layer. His freedom will come with a training in the trades.

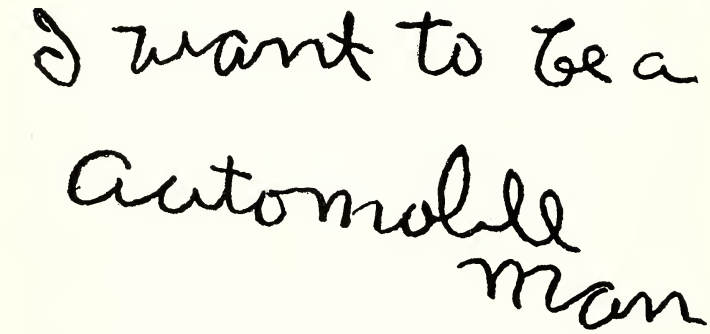
The negro has taken a more advanced step religiously than industriously. We are used to think of the negro's religion as a matter of emotional frenzy or ecstacy, but he has some rational ideas and hopes and aspirations that flourish and die without our knowledge of them.

To ascertain some of these hopes and aspirations, to get

their point of view, I passed some slips of paper among the members of a Sunday School class made up of average Chapel Hill negroes and asked them to answer two questions: (1) "What does life mean to you?" and (2) "What does religion mean to you?" One said life meant service. Another calls it making the best use of his opportunities. A third said religion means living the golden rule. "Religion means I am trying to live a Christian girl. I am trying to look up."

We see, then, that beneath their ignorance and moral deformities lie spiritual strivings. They are trying to rise, by themselves, from a slavery that is appealing and sympathetic. They are capable of being trained.

I put this question to a number of boys at an average age of nineteen. "What do you mean to be?" In these answers are found the ambitions of typical young negro men. Of the group, several expressed the desire to be "automobile men," two expected to be tailors, one a "train porter if the lord spare me." To be a school teacher was the aim of one or two. Another said "i Aspect to work fore my livin' and i Aspect to Be honest." Look at this.



Is there a reason for the intelligent white people of the South to be concerned about this problem? I said the negro race was a friendless race, but this is not unqualifiedly true, for again the southerner's sympathy is manifesting itself. We are realizing that the negro race is a friendless race; is

a child race. We are realizing that our economic and civic life is advanced or retarded by his conditions of living. He washes our clothes in his home. Shall his home be sanitary and free from disease? He prepares our food. Shall he have some knowledge of cleanliness and sanitation? He nurses our children. Shall we be concerned about the moral example he sets the child. We have seen the "folly of northern tutelage." His help must come from intelligent southern white people, and the benevolent endeavor of these people is gradually asserting itself. No longer are a few fanatics beating the air and advocating ideal theories and impossibilities. Rather we are coming to have "an enthusiasm for the possible." We are recognizing our social obligation to ourselves thru the negro and our obligation to him for his own sake.

There has been a lack of appreciation of the sacredness of a human being in our attitude toward the negro. But the negro is being rediscovered along with other forgotten classes. The investigating spirit of social service which has sent Jacob Reece to find the man in the slums, the same spirit that has found the child in the factory and the girl in the sweatshops, is refinding the negro. The negro is being recognized, race prejudice is steadily passing, the breach of estrangement is being spanned from the white side, and the hopes of the negro's future can fructify.

In the fall of 1882 a band of negro men shot and killed a University student. In 1913 a band of negro men are studying in a night school under University students who are giving freely of their knowledge to them. These students go in pairs five nights a week to teach men and boys who have no opportunities for an education. Elementary spelling, reading, writing, history and the rudiments of mathematics and grammar are taught. Those men, many of them, are hungering for something we have. Is this not a double challenge to us; on the one hand a challenge to help those who are seeking it, and on the other to

help those who are so in need of help that they do not realize it?

Seeing another need, some students made an investigation this winter into the health, housing, and sanitary conditions in negro life in Chapel Hill. This investigation inquired into the occupation of the householder, the water the family used, how many families used water from the same well, whether the laws of sanitation were observed in keeping of toilets, whether yards and homes were kept clean. In short, it inquired into and ascertained a fairly correct idea of the health and sanitary conditions that exist in this community of 700 people. The investigation showed that while "health conditions were above the average found in negro settlements in the south, the sanitary conditions exhibited room for improvement."

So to what I will do in life I am undecided. First of all I want to be a man and whatever I may do or be, I want to do it the best I can. If I had the opportunity or the chance I would be a Doctor

It is impossible to do all the investigation revealed the need of, but we have asked members of the faculty to give talks on sanitation in the various negro churches during the spring. We are cooperating with the Community Club of Chapel Hill in a "Clean-Up Week" campaign for the

negroes. Their moral needs are partially reached by student teachers in their Sunday Schools.

Finally there remains one thing in which we all may have our part: we can lend patient encouragement to the particular negroes we know. We can sympathize. We can help a dependent race in its efforts to take a forward step out of its darkness. We can help bring the negro's hope of a fuller, happier, more efficient life to fruition. Thus we can have our part in the work with Dr. Weatherford, who is giving untiring energy in writing and speaking in behalf of the negro, with Rev. John Little out in Louisville, Ky., where he is remaking a negro civilization; with Mr. Jackson Davis, who is teaching the Virginia negro practical farming and training up a new citizenship out of a people whom we once thought were incapable of any development.

JUST A SPARROW

J. L. ORR

He is just a sparrow small
  Upon my window sill;
He holds his place with solemn face
  As long as I sit still.
He watches me with knowing gaze
  When sombre cares are nigh;
So hard he tries to sympathize
  I almost hear him cry.

He's ready, too, when I am gay
  To keep away my care.
When I am sad this feathered lad
  Is there to help me bear.
He seems to feel in his sparrow heart
  The things I feel in mine.
He seems to say in his sparrow way,
  "Cheer up! The sun will shine."

CARE

J. L. ORR

Like a brook that is choked by a boulder,
  Like a fire cut off from the air,
Like a flower shut out from the sunshine
  Is a life that is stifled with care.

THE LIGHT

B. F. Auld

He was grudgingly born into a small, wretched, poverty stricken family one June afternoon. He was repulsed, unwelcomed. Indeed, how could he be welcomed? Were there not already two boys? If it had been a girl,—well, she may have been of some future use. And then he cried so much—cried if he was not nursed, cried if he was hurt. In fact, he cried incessantly. The services of the mother, too, could ill be spared. Tomatoes were ripe and she could make a dollar per day. But, no, she must stay at home with the brat. The father and the boys left for the country to pick tomatoes, but she must swelter in the vile tenement, with the cry of the neglected baby sounding in her ears.

But the summer passed. More summers came and went. The baby's cries were heard no more. The child had long since found them useless. He was fed when it was no trouble to do so—otherwise he went hungry. He was clad not wholly,—when his brothers had outgrown their jackets which were originally mean. He was regarded hostilely by everyone. What right had he in their midst? He contributed nothing. He was a parasite. And he, in turn, said nothing. His large, sad, blue eyes made eloquent appeals for pity. But his silence was mistaken for sulkiness, and he was cuffed accordingly.

At this time there came a little baby sister into the world. She drew the attention of the family from him. He was no longer thought of at all. But he would steal to the cradle and watch the baby as it laughed and clapped its tiny hands. It laughed at him. It was the only thing that had ever warmed toward him,—his baby sister. He went to see her every night. He would go unobserved to her cradle, pick up the cover, and silently worship.

During the days he stayed in the wharves picking up the driftwood from the water. He was of no use around

the house and he was too small for the can shop. He stayed all day long on the wharf and at night brought home the wood that must last all winter. He did not come home at all during the day. He got no dinner. He ate scarcely any breakfast. But he'd sit on the wharf, the little urchin with his long hook, and think of that little form, those warm, affectionate eyes.

But the days grew shorter. The light in the baby's eyes, too, became dimmer. One night, he was no longer greeted by the bright, affectionate glance but the eyes were closed in a profound, mysterious sleep.

Two days later they took her away. He heard them say that she had gone to a better place. He wondered where. He knew of no better place, no heaven. He had often heard his parents speak of Poland, their fatherland, a place across the sea. They had said that that was a better place. Maybe she had gone there—across the sea.

Now, he sat on the wharf and thought of her, the loving little baby. She must have gone across the water. And here he was near the same water. He wondered how far away she was. He looked out, and in the distance he saw a light. He had seen it many times before, but he had not thought much of it. There was an end somewhere, and all the ships went toward that light.

He came to the wharf every night and watched the light. It shone steadfastly, then it blinked, twinkled,—just like her eyes. He gazed and saw the beams impelling, inviting him to come. He had swum before. He could swim. He thought of the distance. But what of that! He would reach the light, he would reach her. He jumped into the water, and swam slowly, weakly, hopefully toward the light.

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Philip Woollcott

Say "Carolina" to a present day Carolina man, and he thinks of the Y. M. C. A. along with the other big and worth-while things of his college life. The man who doesn't think this is the man who is ignorant of the four year's life he has spent in Chapel Hill.

Both in numbers and in prestige the largest organization on the Hill, the Y. M. C. A. has a past as glorious as that of any Carolina institution and a future brightened by the successes of that well founded past and the marvelous awakening of the present.

There are three great periods in the life and development of the spiritual side of the University as expressed in the Young Men's Christian Association. These three periods are: the Ante-bellum, lasting only a few months during the year 1860; the Middle Period from 1876 until recent years; and the Present Period. The first is distinct in itself; the latter two are more closely connected, the one growing out of the labors, both failures and successes, of the other. The following is an attempt to picture clearly and concisely the Y. M. C. A.—its history, its development, and its far-reaching work of influence for good.

THE ANTE BELLUM PERIOD (1860)

Before 1860 there had been no organized group of young men at the University who were pursuing the work and spirit of Christ. There had been, however, some thirteen years after the first Y. M. C. A. beginnings in London, 1844, a movement in a few of the American cities and colleges to organize the earnest young Christians into an active, co-operative brotherhood. During the collegiate year 1857-8 Y. M. C. A's were founded independently at Michigan and Virginia, the latter having for one of its most ardent advocates and hardest workers Dr. Thomas

Hume, who later was to take such an active interest in Carolina's Y. M. C. A. The Carolina association followed in a very few years, for in April of the year 1860 the religiously inclined churchmen of the University established the local organization, the third college association in the United States.

The constitution of the association was based on that of Virginia. The object was the "improvement of the spiritual condition of the students, and the extension of religious advantages to destitute points in the neighborhood of the University."

This following card was published and sent abroad throughout the state:

"We have the pleasure to announce that the students of the University of North Carolina have established a Young Men's Christian Association.

"If parents and others who send young men to the University will give them letters of introduction to us, it will afford us great pleasure to introduce them to the pious students of the University, and also to the pastors of the church to which they or their friends may belong.

"The Association hopes in this way to accomplish much good; for sad experience has taught us that many pious and moral young men are led astray by falling into the company of the dissipated and vicious when they enter college."

The following is an account of the foundation, taken from the "North Carolina University Magazine," May, 1860:

"*Young Men's Christian Association*—This body has been organized and gives promise of great benefit to the students and to all others who may choose to connect themselves with it. It is instituted for the extension of Christian sympathy and religious influence throughout the community. We earnestly recommend the Christian Association to all our fellow students, knowing that it will advance the piety and usefulness of all who are willing to

lend their aid to the advancement of so noble a cause. Its meetings are monthly and while no duty is imposed upon a member without his consent, no perceptible loss of time can result to the student. We have been furnished with the following list of officers, chosen to serve the remainder of this session:

President: James Kelly .....Moore County
Vice-President: Wm. M. Brooks...Chatham County
Vice-President: L. R. Bell.....Oxford, N. C.
Vice-President: Jas. Turner Morehead..Greensboro
Recording Sect'y: Arch. McFadyen..Cumberl'd Co.
Ass't Rec. Sec.: Guilford Nicholson, Halifax County
Corresponding Sec.: A. Hill Patterson, Milton, N. C.
Treasurer: O. H. Blocker.....Cumberland County
Librarian: John H. Thorp.....Nash County
Manager: Lawson W. Sykes.....Aberdeen, Miss.
Manager: Walter J. Smith.....Cumberland County
Manager: William J. Headen.....Chatham County

It is interesting to note that the first president has a son in college at present.

There were in college at this time about 400 men, only a few more than are in the present day Bible classes; but there are no statistics to show the membership of the Association of this period. It must have included, though, only a small part of the total number of students.

The hopes of the founders were short lived indeed. The life of the association was destined in a few months to be cut short by the war. The following Fall saw the number of University students drop from over 400 to only a few above the 100 mark. From '61 to '70 the average attendance at the University was only 84, while in the last mentioned year only 55 students were here, 30 of whom were from Orange County, and 19 of these 30 from Chapel Hill itself. The remaining 25 were all from this state, most of them from neighboring counties. There was of course very little organization of any kind here when the war began, and the Y. M. C. A., being the last founded and

least organized institution here, was naturally the first to fall.

Such was the short but heroic two month's life of the Carolina Ante-bellum Y. M. C. A.

THE MIDDLE PERIOD (1876—)

After an absence of 16 years from University life, the Y. M. C. A. was reorganized September 17, 1876—the second year of the re-opening. The Catalogue for 1887 makes mention of a "Young Men's Christian Association," whereas before this all religious mention had been only of the various churches in the village. From this time until about 1888 the Association had merely a so-so existence. In 1885 all organized effort was at a very low point, there being only 48 active and 8 associate members.

In 1886 George B. Hanna, James H. Southgate, Eugene L. Harris, and other representatives of North Carolina towns that were interested in Y. M. C. A. work met with several Carolina men to discuss ways and means of extending the work and benefit of the Y. M. C. A. to the whole state. At this time there was only $12 in the state treasury.

In 1888 we find mention of Carolina attendance at the 12th Annual Y. M. C. A. State Convention. So it seems that the existence of state conventions began at the same time our later Y. M. C. A. began—1876.

Little is known of the manner of organization of this era just mentioned or of the nature or extent of the work. From this time on, however, we have a more definite knowledge of the Y. M. C. A's administration, work, and benefit.

The rooms of the Association were in the South Building first floor rear where the two large rooms are today. (Later meetings were held in Chapel when Dr. Winston became President—1891). On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights the students congregated in the big room. There was no Pickwick to go to, no fraternity houses to go to, no automobiles to drive over to Durham in; in fact there was nothing at all for the stu-

dents to do to amuse themselves right after supper. As a result the Y. M. C. A. room was the center of social life; here the fellows came together and sat around the big, open, cheerful fire in the homelike apartment; here they had their informal discussions, both religious and otherwise. In those days the fellows sang a lot. Some, it is said, went to the meetings more for the singing than for anything else. The club-like nature of the Y. M. C. A. made the students have a very kindly feeling towards it. About a half or three fourths of an hour after supper the meetings began, and on account of the above mentioned facts they were very well attended. Great speakers, such as John R. Mott, Robt. E. Speer, and the future Governor, Glenn, were often secured to appear before the Association, and very deep interest was felt in these nightly meetings. Such was the home life of the Y. M. C. A. room—the University Club, it might be called.

The Bible Classes at this time consisted of only about 50 per cent of the total Y. M. C. A. membership, while today there are almost 50 more men in the Bible Class than there are in the Association. This fact was probably due to the uninteresting and unbeneficial nature of the courses, which were a study of a list of answers to such questions as "I do not believe in the Bible" and the like. The answers were all quotations from the Bible and the whole was very stupid indeed. The men attended them, not because they enjoyed them or really learned anything or got any good out of them, but merely out of loyalty to the Association.

About 1890, though, reforms began to be put forward by some of the more progressive members. Instead of electing the President at the end of the year, they began to elect him in January to serve for that Spring and the following Fall. In this way the organization work would never be at a stand-still. Then, too, some of the students who were most vitally interested in and connected with the Y. M. C. A. began to conduct the country Sunday Schools.

In 1890 the first Y. M. C. A. handbook was gotten out by the Y. M. C. A. President, A. H. Patterson, now Professor of Physics at the University. This work, along with others begun at this time, has been kept up through our own day. Before this time the Y. M. C. A. work had been done in a haphazard way by haphazard committees. There had been no efficient, result-producing system at all. But under this same regime our present cabinet saw its first beginnings. Men were selected for committee chairmen according to their ability to fill certain positions and were held responsible for the work of their assistants. It is interesting to know that there were committees of three men from each denomination in college whose duty it was to put the students in touch with the ministers of the town. A. H. Patterson, Howard Rondthaler, now President of Salem College, Lacy L. Little, now a missionary to China, and George C. Worth, associated as a medical minister with Little, were some of the men of this period who were making the Y. M. C. A. begin to be a real part of college and a vital, necessary force in its life.

The work of these men and their associates brought the active membership in 1892 up to 112. Great interest in the local association and in the general student movement was manifested. This was shown by the fact that in this year 22 delegates were sent to the State Convention at Raleigh. During a stay of 10 days here, the Evangelist Pearson secured near a hundred professions.

Up to this time and until the building of the Bynum Gymnasium, the gym. had been considered a part of the Y. M. C. A. Our present Commons Hall was used as gym. until it was turned into a dining hall. Then Memorial Hall was used until the present gym. was built.

Soon after the Y. M. C. A. was moved from the South Building into the Chapel, this building was found inconvenient and inadequate for all the necessary meetings and incapable of being used as a club house. Then began the fight for a building in which to house the Association. On

February 24, 1893, the students held a mass meeting in the interest of getting a building for the Y. M. C. A. In less than 24 hours $2,500 was raised from the student body. By commencement $6,000 had been pledged, mainly by the students. The "Tar Heel" of June 13, 1893, was a special Y. M. C. A. edition, devoted to the work and, more especially, to the needs of the association. Canvasses were made throughout the state, but only after a struggle of 10 years were the hopes of the first advocates of a home for the Y. M. C. A. to be realized. 1904 saw the completion of the present building at a total cost of $12,000. The President during the year '03-'04, R. M. Harper, now a Boston Minister and at one time assistant to Dr. W. D. Weatherford, together with Z. V. Judd and Professor Gore, were the men who brought the campaign to such a happy end.

In 1905-06 A. F. Jackson was the first Secretary. He was followed by F. B. Rankin, who is now a minister at Rutherfordton, N. C. Then came Eugene E. Barnett, student, Y. M. C. A. secretary, intercollegiate debater, and now our missionary in China. Ed P. Hall came after him, and his several years stay here gave the Association a remarkable lift towards its present position. And this year Frank P. Graham is still raising the standards of the Y. M. C. A. The work of these men, together with that of the student members, such as Hoke Ramsaur, now one of the traveling secretaries for the Student Volunteer Movement, Edgar Turlington, Rhodes scholar, and "Doug" Rights, who is studying for the ministry, and that of Dr. Thomas Hume and others has been the means of making the association such an essential force in our University life.

All during this time—the Middle Period—there was a gradual development in numbers, value of service, and effectiveness of organization, all tending towards a stronger, more capable, and more useful institution.

Such was the struggle and the fight of the Middle Period,

the result of which is the biggest, busiest, and best organization on the Hill today.

THE PRESENT PERIOD (1914)

To tell of the Y. M. C. A. today is to tell of its efficient management and organization and the good results that are produced by these. This year the membership has passed the high water mark of 300, with a bible study enrollment of even greater number.

The Cabinet system begun in 1890 survives in the capable Cabinet of today. The President with his committee, selects the Cabinet, and a study of this Cabinet is a study of the Y. M. C. A. work of this period. Today there are a dozen or more members—department heads—who are earnestly engaged in making the Y. M. C. A. bigger and more far-reaching every day.

The Bible classes have changed from a study of useless Bible quotations as they were in the early 90's to a system of discussions of life questions brought up by regular, assigned lessons, and they are all the time becoming more and more popular. The leaders of these classes are the leaders of college in studies, literature, social life, and athletics. With a memberhip of over 300, the average attendance per Sunday is 140, 28 more than the total number belonging to the Y. M. C. A. in 1892.

The membership committee is doing real work in securing new members. They are waging a vigorously successful campaign at the first of the year and are following that up throughout the year.

The Social Committee has changed the annual reception from a pushing, punch spilling mob at a meant-to-be-very-formal affair in the by-far-too-small Y. M. C. A. building to a really home-like, delightful reception in the adequate spaces of the Library.

The Association building, although by no means large enough for present day needs, has something of the old-time, club-like nature that the old South Building room had.

At the first of the year the new students are met at the train by men well trained and generalled under capable leaders and are shown to their rooms and boarding houses; they are made to feel at home, whereas formerly they were made to feel as if they were stepping into the last place on earth.

There is aso an efficient committee that secures jobs for those who want to help themselves through college.

Yearly about $350 is collected from the students, faculty, and alumni by the Y. M. C. A. and sent to Eugene E. Barnett, our missionary in China.

The Y. M. C. A. book exchange has been changed from a three day affair at the beginning of the two terms to an all year around, everyday business concern that not only exchanges old books on commission but secures new ones from the publishers.

Not only does the Association do all these things through its cabinet organization, but it also extends itself beyond the campus limits; it is thus in harmony with the original object in 1860; "the extension of religious advantages to destitute points in the neighborhood of the University." Home mission work is being done, and a negro night school has been started near Chapel Hill. There are a good number of boys who teach on an average fifteen colored boys every night. Neighborhood work has progressed rapidly and is being more and more efficiently organized. Corn Clubs have been started for the boys, and the Country Sunday School work is carried on earnestly every week.

Great speakers, such as Mercer and Hurrey, who come right down to the heart and soul experiences of men, are brought before the student body by the Y. M. C. A.

This is in part the work of the Y. M. C. A.—the work of the thoroughly organized system of Cabinet officers—the one feature that gives the Y. M. C. A. its wonderful strength and capacity for work and more work. Nor are its men the one sided religionists we might expect them to be; they are the vital backbone of college—our strongest

men. On the cabinet are the man who scored against Virginia in football last fall (who is also editor-in-chief of the MAGAZINE and managing editor of the *Tar Heel*), several of our best men of letters, Phi Beta Kappa men, two state record holders in track (there are four N. C. men on the cabinet altogether), debaters, and other men who are fighting for other things in college besides the Association. The story of the Y. M. C. A. today, as it was in the past, is a story of the fight of strong men—of the University's heart, the fighting blood of the pick of the State—of an institution which touches and labors for the good of every nook and cranny of every student home in the University and every home within reach of University men. In short, we have here, in the shape of the Y. M. C. A. a remarkable power for good. Here, as in hardly any other college Association, the work is real—it is really amounting to something worth while.

This is the Young Men's Christian Association of the University of North Carolina; this is the biggest field for actual life that is offered to a student. Here is a story of fight and struggle from a despised bunch of sky-pilots to success—to a group of the University's best working for the University's good.

The Y. M. C. A.! May the succession of coming years bring it the success of real service that the succession of past years has already brought.

SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY TOM LINN, JR.

The contents of this department for this month are a result of the Sigma Upsilon freshman sketch contest. The winning contribution appears first in these columns and the second and third choices immediately follow. In our opinion the ability shown in the some fifty contributions is one of the most hopeful signs in our field of literature that has appeared this year. Of course there are many faults that a critic can easily find; but this isn't a criticism, it's an attempt to develop the literary talent at the University—EDITOR.

DEAF AND DUMB, BUT NOT BLIND

With one or two exceptions, the boys of the Dramatic Club were the only passengers on the early train from New Bern to Wilmington. All had been up late the night before and were feeling rather blue. Cox and Coggin were in the rear end of the car trying to devise a plan to revive their spirits.

Cox's ingenious brain was hard at work and soon produced a little card which bore the following inscription:

> "I am deaf and dumb. Please help me to get money to establish myself in some legitimate business and God will help you."

Coggin volunteered to play the deaf and dumb man and to share the receipts with Cox for furnishing the brain for the project. He began at the front end of the car and passed the card to several Carolina boys. Each gave him a penny or button. Thus encouraged, he decided to try the game on a young lady sitting in the rear end of the car. Cox accompanied him to add dignity to the occasion. They walked up and Coggin presented his card. The girl read it and asked:

"Were you born deaf and dumb?"

"No, ma'am," replied Coggin.

"How long have you been in this condition?" asked the girl.

"Oh, about three weeks," and Coggin eased into the seat with her.

Cox was astounded, but quickly regained his composure when he saw another young lady entering the car. Snatching the card from Coggin, he whispered, "I am deaf and dumb now!"

—J. A. CAPPS.

A TROPIC NIGHT

. . . And you lean back easy like in your armchair on the porch and close your eyes, tho 'tis so dark it doesn't make any difference, and take it all in. The Gulf breeze, as soft as eider-down, rumples up your hair and wanders off into the orange grove behind the house. . . . and pretty soon comes back and bathes you in the delicious perfume. The honeysuckle and cape-jessamine vie with each other as to whose scent shall predominate. . . . and the wild olive drifting in adds to the harmony of perfume. . . . And the cat comes and jumps up in your lap and watches the glow of your cigar with eyes which themselves seem to be two glowing coals. . . . And bye and bye the moon comes up. . . . and the wind dies down. . . . and the swish-wash of the waves on the beach ceases. . . . and the cat purrs on and on. . . and all of a sudden, there is a perfect silver highway leading out to sea. . . . and you lean back again. . . and dream. . . . and seem to float like a golden autumn leaf upon a quiet stream of perfume.

—N. A. REASONER.

A FISH STORY

Well, as I was a-saying, Hiram, I was fishing down in that channel hole off the point of Clemens Island. Now

mind ye, I was fishing in the channel and not in the bay which by reason of the narrowness of the island was only 'bout fifteen feet behind me. I was fishing along easylike, when all of a sudden, I got a whopping big bite. I calculated I must have hooked a whale but pretty soon I knew for sure it was a sizeable tunnyfish. Now you know how tunnyfish do, they turn sideways and you can't hardly pull 'em up. Well I was pulling away all I knew how, and when he came out, I was pulling so hard that I threw him clean over my head into the bay; where bless me if a dadblamed bass didn't think I was angling for him and start off with tunnyfish and all. That kind of riled me up some, so I pulled up right sharp and threw him clear back into the channel. Now would you believe it, when he went over I saw that he was smaller than the tunnyfish. Hiram, you know I don't take any stock in those stories about the voracity of bass but I will believe most anything you want me to now. As soon as the bass hit the water, he was snapped up by a toadfish, which as I threw back into the channel, I saw was smaller than the bass. Well, no sooner had the toadfish hit the water than he was gobbled down by a six inch catfish which when I threw up in the air was devoured hull by a yearling kingfisher (an old one would have known better). And then, would you believe it, the compression was so great that the whole thing hexploded. and that was why I didn't have any fish that evening. Yes siree, hexploded—hexploded.

—N. A. REASONER.

TAPS

Sounding clear across the campus
In the silence of the night,
Ring the echoes of the bugle,
Filtering through like misty light,
Half asleep—and still I hear it,
'Gainst my consciousness it raps,
And I sink into my slumber,
With the memory of taps. —A. M. LINDAU.

WEEKS AND THE PREACHER

When the Dramatic Club visited Greensboro last week, W. P. M. Weeks was very much excited. He told me that he expected to call on a young lady there, whom he loved very much, but he had never met her parents, and that he was very anxious lest the first impression should prove unfavorable.

I advised him to take the old lady a box of bonbons and the old man a few cigars and a pint of booze. He threw his hands up and with horror on his face said: "The father is a Methodist preacher." "Then take the girl out to hear him preach," I replied. "Sit on the front row, and when all is over flatter the old fellow. Tell him he is the finest preacher you have ever heard."

Weeks thought an hour in the front pew of a church would be a great sacrifice for any girl, and I had much trouble in convincing him that it was the only way to the old man's heart. At last he agreed.

On Sunday morning while walking down street I noticed a lot of people entering a building. I thought it might be some kind of a show or blind tiger, and went in also. Imagine my surprise when I discovered myself in a church. As I turned to go out I saw Weeks entering with his girl. This caused me to change my mind about going out.

Weeks and his girl went up and sat on the front row. As they walked up an old maid sang, "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh."

When the song was over the preacher rose, adjusted his spectacles and looked over the congregation. Then he opened the Bible and after turning many leaves back and forth he looked at the audience again, cleared up his throat and said: "My beloved, you will find my text in Matthew, 15-22, which reads:" then he looked at Weeks, " 'My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.' Let us pray."

—J. A. CAPPS.

CHOIR PRACTICE

Nothing is more certain of a quarrel than a volunteer choir at practice. The director is of course very patient. He calls out very politely "368."

"Let's sing 573, 184, 415, 510," from the mouths of several ladies.

"Oh, no! I think 618 is much prettier."

"Let's try something fast like 335."

"Why didn't Miss Alexander come tonight?"

"She is giving a little dance."

"Oh, I think the new step in the 'hesitation' the most graceful I ever saw."

"Yes, Mr. Beachamp does it so bee-ootifully."

"When is he going to start his dancing class? I'm just crazy to take."

"Next week, up in the Armory."

Whereupon the very patient director calls out, a little firmly "368."

* * * * * * *

The director sings a solo Sunday Morning.

J. Earle Harris.

THE UNIVERSAL EXPERIENCE

Next day I was going to take a trip to the city. My father had made the announcement of this trip, and as a result of this announcement my whole life was bubbling up with joy. Just to imagine seeing the big houses, the paved streets, and the countless number of people was too much for my twelve-year old heart. The old wagon was rigged out as a ship of the plains. I was right there when the rigging and cover were being placed on the wagon, in order to catch every word about the big city. That night the hired man told me in very vivid terms about the big court-house I would see; about the big clock on top of it, and how when the clock would strike it could be heard all over the city. He said: "Now be sure and look for the big clock. You cannot help from seeing it, because it has four

faces." This revelation was too much of a surprise for me. How could a clock have four faces? This was the question that I carried with me to bed that night. Did I sleep any? Well I suppose not. That big clock with four faces was my whole thoughts and dreams, therefore, no sleep. Away towards the middle of the night, what should I hear but the patter of raindrops on the house-top. This did not arouse my fears, because I knew we could keep dry in the covered wagon. I must see that four-faced clock.

Next morning it was still raining. I was the first one to get up, and I was the busiest one on the farm. My thoughts were still on the wonderful four-faced clock which I was going to see that day. But the rain; it was coming down in torrents. The roads were muddy, all the streams were swollen. What were we going to do? Go to the city or at least I was, for I must see that magical four-faced clock. The first stream that we crossed came up to the wagon-bed. I could see a troubled look upon my father's face. What did this look mean? Still the rain fell and oozed through our canvas cover. Drive on, go through water twenty feet deep, push through mud hub deep. Just anything in order to see that clock.

We stopped at the first country village to let the horses rest. The rain was still pouring down. My father said to the neighbor, who was going with us, "We shall have to turn back, because we can never get across Buffalo River."

O cruel fates! Would I ever look right? Would I ever feel right? Part of my best life had been taken from me. I felt almost like commiting suicide, because I would not get to see the clock that day. My hopes were all blasted; my joys were all gone.

Something had happened of which I had never dreamed. My first sad, sad—Disappointment.

—D. V. PIKE.

WHERE BILL "BUSTED"

Thinking that Bill, janitor of the South Building, had reaped altogether too much misled credit from an article appearing in last month's Magazine, written by a junior, and in which Bill uncompromisingly puts one over on that person, I decided that the relation of an incident in which Bill fell to the fact that there was a freshman on the Campus who refused to represent such inconsiderable prey, would tend to even up matters as far as Bill was concerned. By way of explanation, it might be well to say that Bill is the focus of the reflection of all superiority that lurks about in the obscurities of the Campus. Bill is always on top when there is any trampling done, and he makes a specialty of freshmen. There was one freshman, however, that laid for Bill. Bill came in to bring the clothes of the freshman the other day, and was surprised to see the first year man before the picture of a young lady, his whole personality disrupted by apparent grief. Now Bill can express his real nature occasionally, and this was the sort of circumstance that would produce the expression. Since this was the first year of the young man, he felt justified in attempting some sort of consolation, and the most usual sort, it seemed to him, was by asking what was the matter. The freshman answered so pathetically and so appealingly, though in unintelligible form, that Bill felt disposed to proceed in his paternal enterprise. He asked if the young man's sister were dead, and many other things until the freshman answered that it was his sweetheart. Then Bill, enticed beyond all prudence, asked still further what the trouble was. The young man answered that it was the looks, the appearance of the picture.

"Well sir," said Bill, embarking on a new project of consolation, "I'll jest tell you. That's jest about as good a lookin' young lady as I've seen, and they ain't no way a'gittin' around it."

"No, not around the picture Bill, that's just what I'm worrying about."

Then Bill saw a smile approaching the innocent features of the freshman. He was bewildered, then didn't laugh, but spent the next few minutes in adapting himself to the innovation.

—C. F. ANDREWS.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Snowballing, to my mind, is an invention of Satan, sent upon the earth for the express use of sophomores and similar animals, and used by them as an agency for the subjugation and mutilation of freshmen. I look upon this sport with scorn, disapprobation, and loathing. I do not mind putting my mouth into a soft clean snowball, but I seriously object to having a hard dirty one put into it for me. I would far rather be blackballed than snowballed. upper classmen who can't hit a barn door with a baseball, in some miraculous manner, seem to locate every vulnerable spot on my person with these satanic missiles. Some of U. N. C's. critics are right. Too much attention is paid to athletics. Footballing is all right; so is baseballing; so is basketballing, but when it comes to snowballing, then, sir—nay, before then—it is time to draw the line.

A. M. LINDAU.

BROTHERLY ASSISTANCE

It was in front of the Post Office, immediately after I had descended from the carriage, that I met a second year man with a pleasant looking and congenial face.

"Hello there, old scout, how are you?"

"Fine, thank you."

"Have you secured your room yet?"

"No, not yet, and I would like to get one at once. Can you help me out?"

"Yes, I'm sure I have one that will suit you all right. There are two nice beds, a dresser, a radiator, and everything else you will need. For all this I will not charge much, except for the radiator. That costs like smoke,

but I'll sell it along with the other furniture at a low price —say, ten dollars."

"If you think this is as good as I can do I'll take it."

"Yes! You can't beat that. Now before you do anything else you had better arrange for your chapel seat. As I'm not going to Chapel any this year I'll sell you mine. The regular price is five dollars, but just because it's you, I'll let you have mine for three dollars."

"I wasn't figuring on buying one, but since everybody else has one I suppose I'll take it.

"Oh, you'll never regret it all right, and I'm sure it's the best you can do—Yes, Bill I'm coming—Well, old scout, I trust that you will get along all right. I'll call around tonight and we will go to the Pickwick."

—J. I. GROOME.

THE FERN-BANKS

Deeply recessed away back among pine-green hills, wierdly sequestered in a narrow moss-covered and vine-entangled valley, there runs a creek for a beautiful half mile through deep, reflecting pools and rocky shallows. Great trees: the knotted sycamores, gnarled maples, ancient cedars, and evergreen pines cover the slopes of the little valley, growing in all their wild primeval beauty and grandeur to the very water's edge. Away up the slopes, in the cool shade of the great woods, around the fallen moss, and lichen-grown trunks, over great, grey rocks in every little recess and hollow, the green, wild fern grows—grows rampant—making a carpet for this woodland fairyland. Along the creek banks winds a narrow, pine-needled pathway running, here, about a little copse-wood, and there, along the edge of a mirror-like pool, throughout the length of the valley. Here nature, unmolested and untrammeled, beautiful in her wild simplicity, lives as queen of a painted fairyland, here the wild folk of the wood live, the birds sing joyously, waters rush wantonly, and green clad hills echo back the joy of it all! —WILL WILSON KIRK.

THE FORGOTTEN BUNDLE

The mountaineer had finished his day's mission in the city and was preparing to depart for his home. The team having been hitched to the wagon, he mounted to the seat and started on his eight mile journey. He had always had the idea, when returning from the city, that he had forgotten something, but this time the idea was stronger than ever. To be sure, he looked over the things that he had bought and checked up everything to the very last one.

As he traveled on, trying to think of something that he had forgotten, the feeling became more and more intense. At the three mile-post he checked the goods up again, but found nothing missing. He repeated the process further on, but with the same results.

Finally, about sunset, he reached his home. His mind was so absorbed in thought that he scarcely noticed his daughter who came to meet him at the gate. He almost fainted when she asked, "Where's Ma?"

—F. E. KENDRICK.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies
of the University of North Carolina

BOARD OF EDITORS
W. P. FULLER, Philanthropic, Editor-in-Chief
LOWRY AXLEY, Dialectic, Assistant Editor-in-Chief

DIALECTIC
G. W. Eutsler, Literary Editor
T. C. Linn, Sketches

PHILANTHROPIC
J. S. Bryan, "Around the Well"
C. A. Boseman, Exchanges

T. C. Boushall, Philanthropic, Literary Editor
M. R. DUNNAGAN, Dialectic, Business Manager

J. V. Whitfield, Philanthropic
P. Woolcott, Philanthropic
} Assistant Business Managers

EDITORIAL

A MATTER OF PRONOUNS

Two men were once out hunting when a deer sprang up in front of them. Mr. First Man promptly shot it.

"Gee," said Mr. Second Man, "We've killed a deer haven't we?"

"We?" cried Mr. First Man, "there ain't no 'we' in this."

Whereupon the two approached to examine their game. They found to their amazement that it was Mr. Farmer's calf.

"Now haven't we played Hell?" said Mr. First Man.

* * * * * * * *

The basketball team was leaving for the Virginia Game in Raleigh.

"What are we going to do to Virginia?" cried Mr. Typical Student as he saw a member of the team crossing the Campus with his suitcase.

Two days later Mr. Typical Student saw the same member of the team crossing the Campus with a crippled foot.

"What in the Hell did you let Virginia beat you for?" he said.

UNANSWERED AND UNANSWERABLE

How much of himself does a man owe to himself and how much to his community? I know two men, one or the other of whom I take almost invariably as a model for practically every expression of human energy. Yet these men represent the two poles of type. One man has thrown himself wholeheartedly into every movement for possible improvement; the other has largely withdrawn himself from the currents of life. The one from the midst of the turmoil by personal contact with every unit would make his influence felt; the other, saving his energies, would attempt to help direct the movement by the large from without. One would sacrifice his deliberately planned personal development to the direct service of his fellows; the other would attend first to his own mental growth. Yet either could have been what the other is. Which is best? Neither is selfish. Both would serve. It is a question each earnest man must settle consciously or unconciously. How much of his time belongs to himself, how much to his room mate, his class mate, his team, his Y. M. C. A., his publications, his committees? Which is the higher unselfishness? To serve primarily or to develop primarily?

But consider it selfishly. Does not man owe a certain duty to himself? Is there not a limit beyond which he should not be expected to give himself? This is preeminently an age of social service. Yet Christ, the greatest of all, gave but three years out of thirty three. Where can you draw the line? Once caught in the whirl of col-

lege activities it is almost impossible to withdraw. One activity fits you for another. If you do this, you must do that. But the line must be drawn: where, each man's abilities and tastes must decide.

COACH TRENCHARD: A REVIEW On March the third, 1913, Coach Trenchard started spring football practice at the University of North Carolina. He arrived about the first of February. For about fourteen months he has been devoting all his time and wonderful energy to one thing: to develop athletics at the University of North Carolina. He was given a rousing welcome by the discouraged student body. He had their confidence from the start. In certain fields he has made some bitter enemies, in others, as strong friends. Has he done good? Has he improved athletics?

Coach Trenchard found an absolute disorganized condition in athletics. There was no definite system of coaching, no definite financial plan, no organized effort to secure or develop prospective athletes from prep schools, no attempt to improve them after they arrived. Here and there individuals would attmpt to advance. Impossible. Even Capt. "Boxey" Tillett was unable to have spring practice the year before.

Coach Trenchard has been here fourteen months. This is his home, improving athletes his profession. Spring practice is an accepted fact. A daily average of forty men worked for ten weeks last year. Three men made the Varsity as a result of it who certainly would not have made it otherwise. The high school state contest in football was a wonderful success. Football was played for the first time in many schools, in others it was improved. Systems and coaches were furnished. For the first time in four years class football has meant something. A heavy schedule, including games between the two lower teams and high schools, was arranged. Good men have been developed. With finances in a hopeless muddle, mired neck

deep in mud, he has spent much more money than usual and still reduced the debt. Better equipment, better advantages have been secured. And most important of all, a definite aggressive system of coaching has been adopted. As to whether it is the best, cannot be decided. The main thing is that it is a *system.* There are many other advantages and chances that space prohibits mentioning. Sufficient to say, Mr. Trenchard is fighting for every single thing he believes will advance athletics. In his own words: "I am going after everything legitimate that will help athletics and athletes, and going after it hard." Naturally, a man who considers life a game, with rules, to be fought like football; will make enemies. He has met much just and more unjust opposition. A man who concentrates his energies on any one thing is certain to magnify its importance. On many things therefore, he will justify opposition. On the other hand his opponents may also be subject to the same criticism as he of over-emphasis on other things.

This one thing I know. Mr. Trenchard fights over and above board. He fights hard. I believe he has the good of this University at heart as much or more than any man who owes it as little. The number who works harder than he for it is very, very small. Oppose any particular plan he advocates, if you will. He does not mind that. He loves a fight. But don't attack his purpose. Imagine athletics without Trenchard! If he fails, the show is over.

OUR HEAD COACH AND OUR PRESIDENT

Coach Trenchard proposes that within thirty days after the fall exams any man who wishes may have a chance, upon the payment of five dollars, to stand off a "Five" on two and not more than two courses. He frankly admits he wants it for athletic reasons. Acting President Graham opposes the plan.

Mr. Graham advances, I understand, two reasons against it. First, a man who has a second chance so soon will not

work as hard on the first. Second, a man so attempting to remove the condition will neglect his spring work.

Mr. Trenchard says for his side of the question that by getting up his failed work at once the student will in a great number of cases lay a necessary foundation for his spring work; that many men fail to return the next fall because they gradually grow discouraged during the summer, and that if they had a clean slate, they would return; and that it is easier to get off the work while the student is still fresh on it than to wait eight months.

The "Around the Well" Department for next month would welcome any opinion from any member of the University on the subject. Please submit any article to Shep Bryan by the twelfth of the month.

AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY SHEP. BRYAN

THE READERS' EDITORIAL PAGE

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP

The small amount of interest which the members take in the literary societies at present is evident to everyone. I believe that there is one main cause for this. The societies go out entirely for numbers. As soon as the college opens in the fall committees are appointed for the sole purpose of getting the largest possible numbers of men to join. The members of the committees rush around to the rooms of the Freshmen with a line of argument which is sometimes half false, but which is, from the standpoint of the Freshman, absolutely unanswerable. He may not have the slightest taste for debating or the slightest interest in the kind of work done by the societies, but he can't answer the upper-classmen, at least not until he becomes a little more at home than he is in the first two or three weeks. The committee men, thus, get him into a corner. He doesn't know of anything else to do, so that half the time he will join the society just to stop the argument, only to find that he has "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

As a remedy for this state of affairs I would suggest three things; first, that there be no membership committees; second, that the nominal secrecy of the societies be abolished, so that the Freshman may know exactly what he is joining; third, that no Freshman should join a society until after Christmas, that is until he has had time to consider whether he really wishes to join or not.

So much for new men. Now there is a change along the same line which, I think, would add to the efficiency of the societies. As it is now, it is next to impossible for a

member to withdraw from a society. If a man loses interest in the work of the society it is unjust, both to the society and to the man himself, that he be required to continue his membership. I think therefore, that every one who wishes to resign should be allowed to do so. If these plans were in effect, there would be no one in the societies who did not have the work at heart. If that was the case the society would be a great influence for good to its members instead of being, as it is now to a good many, a useless expense, an inconvenience, and a bore.

—D. Pruden.

[The department is limited to this one article this month because the Magazine wishes to turn it over next month to a consideration of this vital question and Mr. Trenchard's proposed plan as explained in the regular Editorials. It is hoped that both sides of the above question will be represented by men in both societies.—Ed.]

EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY CLAUDE BOSEMAN

"SCISSORS, NOT THE PEN"

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

—*The Collegian.*

Disgusted Teacher—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

Inquisitive Stude—"Is that the reason so many of us flunked in the last exam?"—*The Student.*

"Cy" Young in Oakland stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)
Tom Lennon read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It didn't.)

—*The Collegian.*

HE AND SHE

Before an immense fireplace two lazy looking rockers cuddled up together. The light was out, but the big Yule log sent a cheery glow over the whole room, bringing in relief the faces of the boy and girl who occupied the chairs. Christmas wreaths and red ribbon and holly and mistletoe were scattered promiscuously around. Suggestive looking boxes and bundles were piled on desk and bookcase. Even the wood box in the corner appeared in a fes-

tive attire of running cedar and holly; even the black cat wore a red bow in honor of the occasion; and even the toy dog with the wriggly tail looked particularly joyous and wriggly.

She was a Meredith Junior, specializing in "the wiles o' wimmin," and he was a Wake Forest Senior, specializing in Physics. The talk had reached the point of discussing conduction. Being a specialist she knew the surest argument—an appeal to his vanity—so she admitted herself open to conviction and sat back to enjoy the process of convincing. Frequently she interrupted, this serving to prolong the explanation.

"Metals are better conductors than wood. Here, put your finger on my knife blade. Now, touch the handle. You see—"

"But doesn't my finger conduct anything?" she interrupted. This was his cue to make a tender reply. He missed it.

"Under certain circumstances, yes. Here the metal was the stronger. Put your right hand on your left arm. It is warmer? Yes, human bodies naturally tend to warm each other. It is—"

"Brr!—I'm so cold!" she shivered.

He got up and punched the fire.

—*The Acorn* (*Meredith College.*)

"I see they are taking the elevators out of the Ontario store."

"Is that so? Why?"

"They're going to put in safety razors."—*The Student.*

Professor ————, of the University, has lately sprung into fame by asserting that he never hugged or kissed a woman. This statement provoked the following from one of his understudies:

Professor, Oh Professor,
Did you never shyly slip
Your arm around a damsel
With a red and pouting lip?

Did you never feel a quiver
From your fingers to your toes,
When you sought to kiss rightly,
But caromed upon her nose?

Professor, Oh Professor,
Did you never take a drive
When the moon-light and the maiden
Made you glad you were alive?
Never guide the horse one-handed,
Or, through one part of the trip,
Let him amble slowly homeward
With the lines wrapped 'round the whip?

Professor, Oh Professor,
In your tan-and-freckle days,
Did you never try "post-office"
And such osculating plays?
Did the girlie of your fancy
Never kiss you on the cheek,
And you, to prove devotion,
Wouldn't wash it for a week?

Professor, Oh Professor,
Of your failings I take note,
And it's hard to think that, really
You have the right to vote.
And my only hope, Professor,
If it's true you've not been kissed,
Is that Fate has fixed it some way
That you don't know what you've missed.

—*Exchange.*

WORTH A TRIAL

"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?" asked the proud young wife.

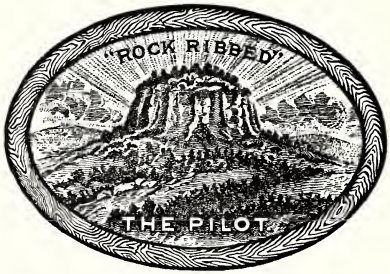
"No," replied the Judge, absently, "I never did. But I dare say they deserve it."—*Kaimin.*

My heart's wish

Make her fair as summer skies,
  As soft as heatherdown,
Give her eyes of azure blue,
  Add a golden crown.
Make her heart a tender flower,
  To understand and feel,
But keep it ever strong and true
  As mighty bands of steel.
Keep her soul in purity,
  In tenderness divine—
A presence ever fragrant,
  This lady fair of mine.

—*Natalie Hughes Tuck,*
State Normal Magazine.

APPROVAL



OUR Policyholders, with unmistakable emphasis, have placed their stamp of approval on "The Pilot Company." Over ***one-tenth*** of the entire business of last year was written on the lives of people who already held "Pilot Policies." No stronger endorsement of this faith in the Company and its future and their approval of its policy can be given.

Many Carolina Alumni have made good in the ranks of the "Pilot Men." You can do likewise. Give us an opportunity to confer with you before you enter other work.

Southern Life & Trust Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

A. W. McALISTER, Pres't — R. G. VAUGHN, 1st Vice-Pres't
A. M. SCALES, 2nd Vice-Pres't — R. J. MEBANE, 3rd Vice-Pres't
ARTHUR WATT, Secretary

COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y., Makers of the

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To the University of North Carolina, University of the South, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford and the others.

Class contracts a specialty. Reliable materials. Reasonable prices. Bulletins and Samples on request

WE DO GENUINE FRENCH DRY CLEANING

and Sample Dyeing as well as High Grade Laundry Work. We Will Appreciate Your Patronage. Write for Price List and Terms to Agents

Columbia Laundry Company

112½, 114, 116 Fayetteville St.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SCHIFFMAN JEWELRY COMPANY

LEADING JEWELERS

Opposite McAdoo Hotel - - Greensboro, N. C.

Diamonds, Fine Gold and Platinum Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Novelties, Etc.

COLLEGE AND CLASS PINS, MEDALS AND COLLEGE JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

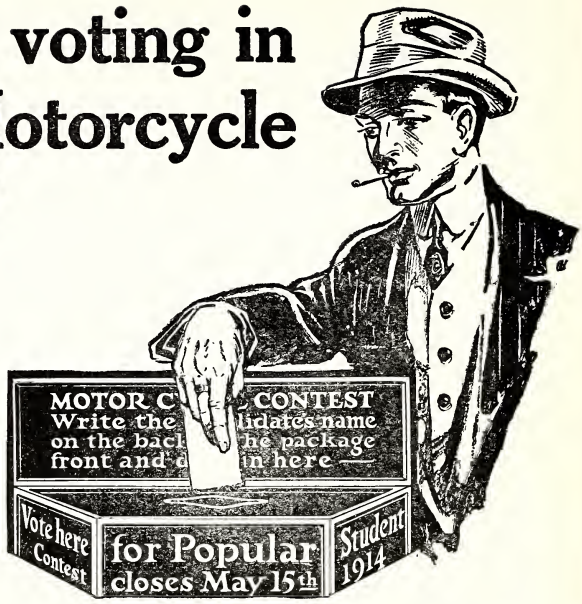
Wirt, Waterman and Edison Fountain Pens

(All Guaranteed)

ALL PENS REPAIRED

W. B. SORRELL, Jeweler

Are you voting in the big Motorcycle Contest?



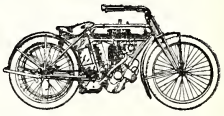
You will find a Ballot Box in every tobacco store in town. It costs nothing to vote—and it takes only half a minute to write the name of your choice on the back of a Fatima, Piedmont or Chesterfield package front. So look over the list of nominees and vote for one of them—or if you have another choice, put him in the race. The more the merrier.

Standing of Nominees

David Heath	26,720
George Eutsler	26,240
R. W. Jernigan	24,300
J. L. Parker	15,390
A. H. Moore	6,030
Joe Hoffman	1,570
J. L. Orr	1,290
L. L. Abernethy	910

Contest Closes Promptly at Noon May 15

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



This Trophy is for our most Popular Student

It will be a big honor to win this handsome $200 M-M Motorcycle—and every student in this college should help decide who shall receive this honor. The voting value of cigarette package fronts is as follows:

Fatima . . 60 votes
Piedmont . 20 votes
Chesterfield 10 votes

THE

Citizens National Bank

RALEIGH, N. C.

With ample resources, offers its services and its facilities for business to the young business men of North Carolina

All kinds of COMMERCIAL BANKING handled, and through the RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY it takes care of Savings Accounts, and all classes of Trust Business

Four per cent. interest paid quarterly on time deposits

KLUTTZ'S NEW HABERDASHERY

Everything in UP-TO-DATE Men's Wear: Florsheim Shoes, Stetson Hats, Eclipse and Manhattan Shirts, Underwear, Gloves and Neckwear from the best manufacturers. Agency for Spalding Athletic Goods. The latest Novelties in Souvenirs, Pennants, Pillows, Banners, Gold and Silver Jewelry. Shields and College Posters, Cards and Stationery.

KLUTTZ'S BOOK STORE

Everything for the student. Something nice to eat, Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Sunshine Cakes and Crackers; Canned Goods, Pickles, Olives—the best variety—fresh and nice.

The best line cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes in town. Trade with the Original—ADAM.

"ESTABLISHED 1883"

FOISTER

KODAKS—SUPPLIES

FINISHING FOR THE AMATEUR

STROWD & TILLEY

FURNITURE

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

FAMOUS STAR BRAND SHOES

J. D. WEBB, President
C. B. GRIFFIN, Cashier

E. V. HOWELL, 1st Vice-Pres.
R. H. WARD, 2nd Vice-Pres.

The Peoples Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
AT YOUR DISPOSAL

"My Grandmother's School, My Mother's School and the School for My Daughter."

Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

One hundred and twelve years of unbroken history.
Beautiful and historic environments, with thorough modern equipment.
$300,000 endowment.
Last year's enrollment six hundred and twenty-two (622). Faculty, fifty-three (53).
College course, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Academy (high school), average cost, $325.00 per year.
A safe, high-grade, conscientious school, best known through the thirteen thousand southern women it has trained.
Address, PRES. HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Jolly & Wynne's

JEWELRY, CUT GLASS, CHINA, FLAT, HOLLOW AND FANCY STERLING WARE

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, COLLEGE JEWELRY WEDDING PRESENTS

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Company

128 FAYETTEVILLE STREET : : : RALEIGH, N. C.

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

M. C. S. Noble, President — H. H. Patterson, Vice-President — J. C. Taylor, Cashier

OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN ORANGE COUNTY

WATCH FOR THE OVERLAND

It's Always in the Road and Phone Fifty-Eight or Twenty-Three, and Get the OLD RELIABLE

C. S. P.

FOR GOOD AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Prompt Attention to all Orders. Two Machines at Your Service Day and Night

C. S. PENDERGRAFT - - - CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

American Plan $2.50 to $4.00

European Plan $1.00 and Upwards

TWELFTH AND MAIN STREETS

RICHMOND : : : : : : : VIRGINIA

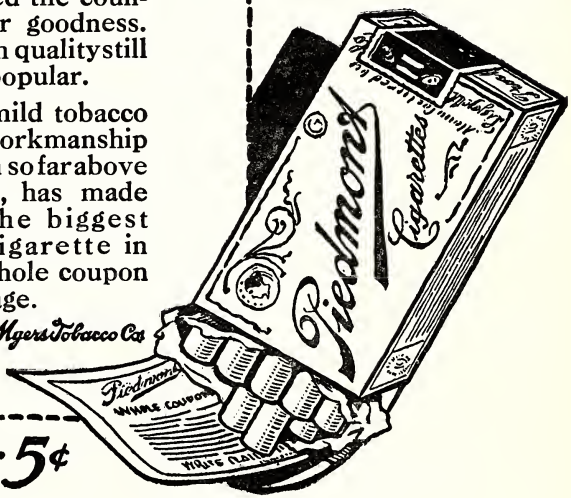
Piedmont

The Cigarette of Quality

Years ago Piedmont Cigarettes captured the country with their goodness. And their high quality still keeps them popular.

The choice, mild tobacco and careful workmanship that puts them so far above all imitations, has made Piedmont the biggest selling 5c. cigarette in America. Whole coupon in each package.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



10 for 5¢

Boys, let "LONG" BILL JONES

DO YOUR PRESSING
CLEANING—ALTERING—REPAIRING

Same Good Work — Same Old Stand

WINSTON-SALEM

"The Live Wire" City of North Carolina

ALWAYS SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT AT

GOOCH'S CAFE

Opposite the Campus

"OLEY"—AT YOUR SERVICE

WHEN IN WINSTON-SALEM EAT AT THE

PHOENIX CAFE

Clean Cooking—Wholesome Fare
EVERYTHING IN SEASON
THEMIS DEMETRELIS - - - - - - Proprietor

AGENCY
Whitman's
Famous Since 1842
Chocolates & Confections

ORANGE DRUG CO.

Patterson Bros.

DRUGGISTS

The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

All the courses of study in this College are technical and lead to graduation in Agriculture and allied subjects, in Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering; in Textile Art; and in Industrial Chemistry. Short courses are offered in Agriculture, in Mechanic Arts, and in Textile Art. One hundred and twenty scholarships are obtainable. For catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR, West Raleigh, N. C.

Winston-Salem Southbound

RAILWAY

The connecting link between the North and West and the Southeast.

Short Line

Between Roanoke, Va., Winston-Salem, Lexington, Albemarle, N. C., etc., and Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and other southern points.

S. P. COLLIER, JR.,
Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Winston-Salem, N. C

WHEN IN RALEIGH, STOP AT

GIERSCH'S HOTEL AND CAFE
(European Plan)

MAKE OUR PLACE YOUR HEADQUARTERS

BEST and CHEAPEST

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

OVER the hills with dog and Velvet is companionship indeed!

Velvet, the finest leaf from old Kentucky—aged by time—the only make-sure process. The leaf hangs in the old warehouse for over 2 years—gradually changing from green to mellow—then you get the smooth, full flavored, good tasting smoke that the southern planters themselves like. Never a bite in such tobacco.

Velvet! Don't forget!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c

Full 2 ounce tins

"GET IT AT ODELL'S"

FOOTBALL, BASKET BALL, BASE BALL, TRACK AND GYM SUPPLIES, SWEATERS, JERSEYS, ETC.

Complete Stock of Ansco Cameras and Supplies.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

TWICE A YEAR when our representatives call, Chapel Hill and vicinity has an opportunity to see "what's new and desirable" in superior footwear.
IN BETWEEN TIMES we welcome the opportunity to serve you by mail—always assuring you of prompt, careful attention to your every wish—your satisfaction is our whole thought.
N. HESS' SONS, 8 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY

Offers 21 Years Experience

UNIVERSITY BOYS

Meet your friends at the only BEST cafe in Durham

ROYAL CAFE

You Know You Will be Satisfied—Chapel Hill Auto Station

PICKARD'S LIVERY STABLE

PHONE NO. 30

NEAR THE PHONE EXCHANGE. THE BEST LIVERY IN TOWN. SPLENDID HORSES AND CARRIAGES. QUICK ATTENTION

G. C. PICKARD & SON

THE ATTRACTIVE WAY

Through the Southeastern States---

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

AMPLE AND EXCELLENT THROUGH AND LOCAL TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN

Southeastern Commercial Centers and Resort Points

Also Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York

Through Tourist Sleeping Car Daily to

CALIFORNIA

Southern Railway system embraces territory offering unusually attractive and renumerative places for investment in agriculture, fruit culture, farming and manufacturing.

For full information and particulars, apply,

J. O. JONES

Traveling Passenger Agent,
215 Fayetteville Street,
RALEIGH, N. C.

CALL AT

H. H. PATTERSON'S

OPPOSITE THE CAMPUS

Where you will find men's Furnishings, Trunks, Dress Suit Cases, Carpets, Rugs, Ready-Made Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Bowls and Pitchers, Hardware, Heaters, Stoves, and everything that is good to eat. All goods delivered promptly

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Andrews Cash Store Company

The store that patronizes all College publications, and sells High Grade Furnishings and General Merchandise, Walk Over Shoes, $4.00 and $5.00. Cluett Shirts, Arrow Notched Collars, Stetson and Chesterfield Hats. Glad to serve you.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

EAT AT THE

HENNESSEE CAFE

342 South Elm Street., Greensboro, N. C., Near R. R. Station

COME TO SEE US WHEN IN TOWN

EVERYTHING NEW AND PLENTY OF ROOM

Well Ventilated

J. R. DONNELL, Proprietor and Manager

WHEN IN RALEIGH, GO TO

Tucker Building Pharmacy

FOR YOUR DRINKS AND SMOKES, ETC.

(On the Corner)

THE ASSOCIATION STORE

All Kinds of Athletic Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Tobaccos and Drinks,
Student Supplies

J. L. ORR, Manager

The North Carolina State Normal & Industrial College

CULTURE — SCHOLARSHIP — SERVICE — SELF-SUPPORT

Five well-planned courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Music, and Home Economics.

Special courses in Pedagogy; in Manual Arts; in Domestic Science, Household Art and Economics; in Music; and in the Commercial Branches.

Teachers and Graduates of other colleges provided for in both regular and special courses.

Equipment modern, including furnished dormitories, library, laboratories, literary society halls, gymnasium, music rooms, teachers' training school, infirmary, model laundry, central heating plant, and open air recreation grounds.

Dormitories furnished by the State. Board at actual cost. Expenses—board, laundry, tuition, and text-books—$195.00 a year. Tuition free to those who pledge themselves to become teachers.

Fall term opens in September. Spring term begins January 26, 1914. Summer term begins June 1st.

For catalogue and other information address

JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

Zinzendorf Laundry

Winston-Salem, N. C.

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY REFUNDED

J. G. FEEZOR, Agent, No. 4 Old West

King's Business College

INCORPORATED.

CAPITAL STOCK, $30,000.00

A School with a Reputation for Doing High-Grade Work

One of the best equipped schools in the South. THE LARGEST. The strongest faculty. MORE GRADUATES IN POSITIONS than all other business schools in the State. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English. Write for our handsome catalogue.

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Raleigh, N. C., or Charlotte, N. C.

We also teach Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., by mail. Send for home study circular.

Address J. H. KING, Pres., Raleigh, N. C.

Murphy's Hotel

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. THIS NEW HOTEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED, IS THE MOST MODERN AND LARGEST HOUSE SOUTH OF NEW YORK. WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DESIRED BY THE TOURISTS AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. OUR HOUSE IS CONDUCTED ENTIRELY ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN AND OUR RATES ARE FROM $1.00 TO $5.00 PER DAY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE MEN

JAS. T. DISNEY, Manager

The University of North Carolina Magazine

Tolstoy

Looking Backward

The American Kipling

MAY, 1914

The University of North Carolina

Young Men Trained to be Leaders in Their Communities in the State

Faculty Numbers 94. Library of 65,000 Volumes
Equipment Valued at $900,000.00

Special Training for

Teachers, Lawyers, Physicians
Chemical, Electrical, Mining and Civil
Engineers, Pharmacists
and for Educated, Useful
Citizenship

For Catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR

CHAPEL HILL - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

THE JEFFERSON

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Most Magnificent Hotel in the South

European Plan ∴ 400 Rooms ∴ 300 Baths
Rooms Single and En Suite, with and without
Private Baths ∴ Turkish and Roman Baths

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS

LARGE CONVENTION HALL

RATES $1.50 PER DAY AND UP

O. F. WEISIGER, MANAGER

It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. Isham E. King, U. N. C. '06, has become identified with us in the capacity of Superintendent.

We consider the acquisition of Mr. King and his extensive experience another valuable reinforce- of our policy of Service and Quality.

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
DURHAM, N. C.

The Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company

LIFE ═══ FIRE
INSURANCE

Real Estate Bonds Loans

THE EMERSON

Baltimore's Newest and Most Complete Hotel
The Rendezvous of Southerners visiting
BALTIMORE

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF

Maryland cooking at its highest excellence. Convenient for shopping and theatre-going. European Plan. Running ice water in every room.

TO GET THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM YOUR VISIT TO BALTIMORE, STOP AT THE EMERSON.

ROOMS $2.00 A DAY UP. ROOMS WITH BATH, $2.50 A DAY UP.

STREET CARS FROM ALL RAILWAY STATIONS AND STEAMSHIP DOCKS TO THE DOOR.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TAILORS **HABERDASHERS**

"At the Sign of the Scissors"

EVERYTHING FROM HAT TO SOX FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN. EVENING WEAR A SPECIALTY. WRITE US YOUR WANTS—MAIL ORDERS WILL HAVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION. OUR SUITS ARE TAILORED TO SATISFY THE MOST PARTICULAR. OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE ON THE HILL WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF FURNISHINGS FOR SPRING. OUR CUTTERS WILL BE THERE TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE FOR THAT SPRING SUIT.

The Hill-Stockard Co.

RECEIPTS are gladly issued on payment of bills due THE MAGAZINE either for subscriptions or advertisements.

The University Press

ZEB. P. COUNCIL, Manager

PRINTING

THE KIND THAT PLEASES—ON STOCK THAT LOOKS GOOD

Phone 158

The University Magazine is published by the two literary societies of the University of North Carolina. It is issued six times each collegiate year, and its purpose is to foster literary spirit among the students of the University. It exists as the organ of our alumni and student body. Every student and alumnus should be on the mailing list.

If a subscriber desires to have his copy stopped at the expiration of his subscription, notice must be given to that effect; otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of subscription is desired. Always notify us when you change your post office address.

Subscription price $1.00 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

The following is a list of those who have made the existence of this **Magazine** possible. Were it not for the friends of the University who advertise in our college publications, this **Magazine** could not exist. Our subscription amounts to only about one-third the cost of **Magazine.** If you are a Carolina man, show it by patronizing those who patronize Carolina. Here they are:

CHAPEL HILL

University Press
The University of North Car.
The Association Store
Chapel Hill Ins. & Realty Co.
Bank of Chapel Hill
Kluttz's New Haberdashery
Kluttz's Book Store
Bill Jones
Gooch's Cafe
Orange Drug Co.
Patterson's Bros.
Pickard's Livery Stable
Eubanks Drug Co.
Andrews Cash Store Co.
H. H. Patterson
W. B. Sorrell
People's Bank
Strowd & Tilley
Foister
C. S. Pendergraft

DURHAM

The Seeman Printery
Hotel Lochmoor
Royal Cafe

GREENSBORO

Hill-Stockard Co.
Odell Hardware Co.
Southern Life & Trust Co.
State Normal College
Hennessee Cafe
Schiffman Jewelry Co.
Columbia Laundry Co.

WINSTON-SALEM

Phoenix Cafe
Zinzendorf Laundry
Winston-Salem Southb'd Ry.
Salem Academy
A. H. Galloway

RALEIGH

Jolly & Wynne
Giersch's Hotel and Cafe
King's Business College
Citizen's National Bank
N. C. College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts
Tucker Building Pharmacy

MISCELLANEOUS

N. Hess' Sons, Baltimore, Md.
Cotrell & Leonard, New York
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Southern Railway
Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.
Hotel Lexington, Richmond, Va.
Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va.
The Emerson Hotel, Baltimore.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
TOLSTOY	*Samuel Newman*	317
WHEN THE SHADOWS CREEP LOW—	*Claude Boseman*	326
CASUALLY OVERHEARD	*J. F. Pugh*	327
MEMORIES	*J. R. Latham*	334
LOOKING BACKWARD	*Lowry Axley*	335
THE VOICE OF NATURE	*Moses Rountree*	348
THE AMERICAN KIPLING	*George W. Eutsler*	349
PASTELS IN PROSE	*Lowry Axley*	356
EARLY ATHLETICS	*McDaniel Lewis*	358
THE KID	*W. D. Carmichael*	365
DAWN AT SEA	*D. H. Killeffer*	371
TWILIGHT SHADOWS	*A. L. Tyler*	371
SKETCHES		372
EDITORIAL		380
AROUND THE WELL		383
THE BLACK CAT	*G. A. Martin*	387
A SUMMER STORM	*G. A. Martin*	389
EXCHANGES		390

COLLEGE "SPIRIT" PHOTOGRAPHED

The day before the scheduled Wake Forest game a band of students voluntarily scraped snow off the diamond. "Bill" Shaver was the author of the idea.

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
MAY, 1914

Old Series Vol. 45 No. 6 New Series Vol. 32

TOLSTOY

SAMUEL NEWMAN

I have been asked by several of our university community to write an article about Tolstoy. This request seems to me to indicate the popularity of the name Tolstoy among the American reading youth and a just desire to know something about it.

At the very outset of this article I wish it to be understood that I am not undertaking to give a thorough critical valuation of Tolstoy in the many spheres of his creation and thought. Such an undertaking on my part would be rather too pretentious; and in the last analysis would add little to, or rather detract from what has been already said and written about him. In this article I wish to illuminate only a limited sphere of Tolstoy's activity; to emphasize more particularly his influence upon the Russian people and its fighting youth. I shall view him here as a Russian, and value his work also inasmuch as it had, and still has, a direct bearing upon Russian life. Though Tolstoy has become the possession of the whole of humanity the roots of his genius were planted in his native soil; his works of art, which now belong in the universal treasury of culture, are the reflection primarily of Russian environment. Tolstoy's great ethical doctrines and teachings surely have a universal tinge, for truth is universal; but, as the teachings of the ancient Hebrew prophets they were inspired at first by local and national needs and requirements.

Tolstoy's life was full of extraordinary events; it reads

like romance. It spanned through four eventful periods of Russian history. In his boyhood he saw the terrors of the Russian feudal system. Himself of the highest Russian nobility, he owned hundreds of serfs. Like most of the young noblemen he entered the army as an officer. He fought in the Crimean War and " amid the wreckful siege of battering days " he wrote his " Tales from Sebastopol," which gave him claim to his literary fame. After the war we find him in the Russian capital moving in the official and social circles and plunging in the currents of pleasure and gayety. In that atmosphere, however, started the germination of the moral and ethical Tolstoy.

The accession of Alexander II to the throne marked a new era in Russian history. A wave of progress stirred the higher circles of the Russian people; the emancipation of the serfs became a burning question. But above all others, Tolstoy was most deeply affected. " The People " became his watchword and life meaning. He wrote then *Polikushka,* a painful story treating with the evils of serfdom. At once he started to put into practice his teachings; the emancipation of his own serfs forestalled the Emancipation Act.

The scope of his humanitarian work began now to assume wider proportions. He became the pioneer in common education by establishing a free school in his own village, which was supported by his means. In this school he introduced such methods of teachings which we consider now as the last word in pedagogy. His democratic theories were now fully unfolded. " The people," he affirms, " are stronger, more independent, more just, more human, and above all, more necessary than the upper class. It is not they who should come to our schools; we should learn from them." Such a doctrine sounded very curious then in Russia.

Tolstoy entered into a more organic relation with the peasantry when he voluntarily acted for a certain period

of time as arbitrator between the peasants and the nobility. By means of laws and regulations the landlords tried to minimize the effect of the Emancipation Act; they sought to rob the peasants from the meager portion of soil which the Act had granted them. Tolstoy took a brave stand against the nobility, exposing their selfishness and moral depravity. Deputations of peasants from all around the country flocked to him for advice and guidance. By his constant contentions with the nobility he removed the suspicion of the peasants towards him; a suspicion which they felt instinctively and justly towards all the "silk gloved."

It is natural to expect that the question of religion should have occupied Tolstoy's mind. He necessarily had to bring into harmony his social theories with his religious thoughts. In this reaction between his social theories and religion the latter suffered modification. He passed through all grades of religious thought. As a child he had gone to church and confession unquestioningly. As a student and young man he had ridiculed religion. One day during the Russo-Turkish War he was filled with a spirit of revolt at hearing the priests pray for the destruction of the enemy beseeching the Almighty to help them kill their thousands. His whole being recoiled from the un-Christianity of these prayers and from the whole stupid and complex fabric of standard Russian Christianity, and then and there he renounced the orthodox faith. While living a life outwardly calm, he passed through great mental struggles; his great heart and soul seeking answer to his doubts, he built up a religion of his own.

Impressed with the conviction that the peasant's mental ease is the result of his life of physical toil, Tolstoy tried to adapt the same habits of life. He rose early and went to work in the fields. He also learned boot and shoemaking and enjoyed being praised for his skill. "Simplicity! simplicity!" became his life motto. Meat was given up, to-

bacco renounced, field sports—equivalents for cruelty and lust of blood—were abandoned, and his gun put away to rot and rust. Money was an evil thing in his sight, and he gave up carrying it about him, or even making use of it. "What makes a man good is having but few wants," he said. Acquainting himself more and more with the conditions under which the poor lived he decided to renounce all claim to his estates. He cared no longer for his material interests, but gave up himself to ethical questions, and endeavored day by day to bind himself more closely to the common people. He began now to write specially for their benefit a number of simple tales directed mostly against the crying evils of peasant life. True to his ideal as to what Art should be (Tolstoy, "What is Art?") he always correlated his teachings and practical work with works of art. Though his writings were always tendentical their high literary merit were seldom eclipsed. The following disconnected excerpts will fairly illustrate his politico-social ideas concerning the most burning problems of Russian life:

"Neither arson nor robbery is considered crime nowadays. The immorality of our people is terrible: they have all become thieves!" said someone.

'And in answer to those words, that man, combined of two, spoke as follows:'

"The peasants have stolen oaks and hay, and are thieves . . . Now in the Caucasus a chieftain used to raid the Aouls and carry of all the horses of the inhabitants. But one of them found means to get back from the chieftain at least one of the horses that were stolen from him. Was that man a thief because he got back one of the many horses stolen from him? And is it not the same with the trees, the grass, the hay, and all the rest of the things you say the peasants have stolen from you? The earth is the Lord's, and common to all; and if the peasants have taken what has grown on the common land of which they have

been deprived, they have not stolen, but have only resumed possession of a small part of what has been stolen from them.

"Only think of the life those millions of men have lived and are living, and of how you live! Only consider what they do, supplying you with all the comforts of life, and of what you do for them, depriving them of everything—even of the possibility of supporting themselves and their families! All you live on—everything in this room, everything in this house, and in all your splendid cities, all your palaces, all your mad, literally mad, luxuries—has been made, and is still being made, by them."—(From "A Dream." Translation by L. and A. Maude.)

But what means did Tolstoy suggest to reach a better state of affairs in Russia? What synthetic bridge did he see by means of which we could pass from the conditions of economic slavery and political oppression to a state of freedom? Here we touch upon a tragic point in Tolstoy's life. Here is where a deep schism lay between Tolstoy and young, revolutionary Russia. We considered his radicalism as palliative. He surely was the twentieth century's greatest rebel in denouncing everything bad and faulty in our civilization; he demanded a new earth and new people. In so far we understood him, looked up to him for inspiration; but would not look up for guidance. Young Russia differed with him as to the means of attaining the ideals common to both. Our revolutionary plans and methods were influenced by West-European revolutionary experience, and would not accept the Tolstoyan methods. The widely organized upheaval of the great masses of the people, with all its terrors and bloody consequences, was looked upon as the only means to attain the country's freedom. The Slavic-Russian nature is inert, but when stirred to its depth it knows no confines, as the waves of the Volga in whose terrific flow her soul is reflected.

Tolstoy saw the solution to the evils of Russian life in

Christianity, Christianity as interpreted and crystallized by himself. He maintained that it was the foreign elements foisted upon Christianity that alienated the best minds from it. The substance of Christianity according to Tolstoy is the inculcation of love, humanity, self-denial, and the duty of returning good for evil. In the Sermon on the Mount he saw the essence of Christianity, and in the words "Resist not evil" its key. The doctrine of non-resistnce was to him the Philosopher's Stone that would cure all social and political evils of humanity, a practical ideal which should supplant all other plans, methods, and schemes of human redemption. The following excerpts will show how Tolstoy conceived the practical application of what he considered the vital core in Christianity work and the solution of politico-social evils:

"

'Peasant—We have not enough land to live on. If we had land, we could at least live . . . but there is none to be had.

'Traveler—No land to be had? Why is there not plenty of land? Wherever one looks he sees land.

'Peasant—There's land, right enough, but it's not ours. Your elbow is not far from your mouth but you just try to bite it!

'Traveler—Not yours! Whose is it, then?

'Peasant—Whose . . . indeed? There's that fat-bellied devil lives over there. He seized 5000 acres . . . . .

'Traveler—What does he want all that land for?

'Peasant—. . . He sows on this land . . . . . .

'Traveler—How can he sow a strech like this and get his harvest in?

'Peasant—Laborers work for him.

'

'Peasant—But how can one help it?

'Traveler—Simply by not going to work for him, and not being his watchmen! Then the land would be free.

The land is God's, and the people are God's; let him who needs it plough and sow and gather the harvest.' "

Tolstoy offers also a simple solution to the question of militarism by non-resistance. He simply advises the people not to take the oath of obedience, for it is against God's law to swear. He sees all our foundations of evil eradicated without the loss of a single drop of human blood. During the dark and red days of Russian revolution, when both the government and the revolutionary forces converted the vast country into a field of fierce battle and terror, Tolstoy had the prophetic courage to come out with his mighty weapon, the pen, against the terrible display of animal passion and cruelty by both sides. I lived at that time in Russia and know, therefore, the heroic courage it required for one to put himself between the two fierce consuming fires. "I Cannot be silent" thundered, then, Tolstoy's mighty voice. The influence of that pamphlet was profound. He caused the contending parties to stop for a moment and look behind their bloody trails. It was the greatest denunciation in history against the idea of accomplishing good by means of bloody terror.

Before closing this article I shall sum up very briefly Tolstoy's influence in Russia from the above isolated facts. It will touch only on a very limited sphere of his influence; for it is not within the scope of one man to review the whole field of activity of a man whose voice and influence extended upon a great variety of subjects, religious, moral, economical, political, and artistic.

Take this great story "War and Peace," with which he conquered the world. Its far-reaching influence is especially felt in Russia. As a rule the Russian nation is not war-like. The mass of the soldiers, taken from the plow, look upon war as upon a calamity. It is only the officers who see in war a means for advancing their grades. The mass of the people thinks like our poet Lermontov, who wrote about his fatherland:

"Its glory in the battlefield
Does not appeal to me."

"War and Peace" consequently found prepared ground in the hearts of the people, and gave a new power to those who were opposed to war. It inspired many talents for the anti-war propaganda. Tolstoy had a great share in creating this anti-war feeling in the Russian people which has demonstrated itself in the later Russian wars.

"Anna Karenina," in which Tolstoy glorified manual labor on the land, had a profound influence on the glorious "Go to the People" movement. Thousands of young men abandoned then their wealthy homes and went to work with the peasants in the villages, or with the factory hands in the factories in order to help the emancipated serfs and the common masses of people in getting education, to help organize sanitary service among them.

Christianity won in Tolstoy one of its greatest exponents and defenders. It was quite a shame at that period for progressive young Russians to have the slightest connection with things religious. Christianity—in its embodiment in the Greek Orthodox Church—was equally fought against as the Tzarism, being rightly considered the enemy of the people. Tolstoy revealed for the Russian youth the ethical aspects of Christianity. My own first knowledge of civilized Christianity was drawn from Tolstoy's "Influence of Jesus." While he never established any sects, he was an adversary of the established church, and the millions of the Russian non-conformists looked up to him. His religious and moral pamphlets became a part of their literature, and the result was that they were inspired more and more with the moral aspects of Christianity. Thus he did a work in Russia not entirely dissimilar to that of Luther in Germany.

The death of this great Russian moral and intellectual genius is full of pathos. To my mind in the last minutes of his life he revealed more clearly his great humanitarian

soul than at any other occasion. His last words were the epitome of his whole life and teaching. They contain a message to humanity which no man with human sympathies can read without deep reflection.

Tolstoy sat up in his bed and seeing the room filled with physicians, attendants, family and friends, he said:

"There are millions of people in this world and many of them are suffering. Why are you all around the bed of one sick man?"

WHEN THE SHADOWS CREEP LOW

CLAUDE BOSEMAN

When it's evening and the shadows 'round about you 'gin
to steal,
And you're sad and you don't know why,
Then there comes a feeling creeping that you're half
ashamed to feel,
And you're 'most ready then let it out and cry.
It may be 'cause you're lonely, or it maybe just the spring,
Or it may be just the day that's done,
Or it maybe 'cause you're thinking then about a lot of
things
And you're worr'in cause they aren't all done.
Whate'er it is, it isn't half as bad as you may think,
In the evening when the shadows creep slow,
To let it out and cry, then let your whole soul sink
In the evening when the shadows creep low.

CASUALLY OVERHEAD

J. F. Pugh

"Blessed Book, precious Book, on thy dear old tear-stained leaves I—"

The suave sing-song melody filled the sordid space, darting in at broken window-panes, battered doors and in discarded barrels, as if it would permit no unhallowed spot to escape its chastising influence. And finally in its zeal it wandered over a sagging fence which separated a grog shop from a ten-cent shaving parlor and disturbed the auditory appendages of two sleeping Knights of the Road. (Doubtless a casual observer, however, would have called them tramps.)

Pug started, raised his canine visage, sniffed his stubby nose, listened for a moment, and then pitched his fist in the digestive area of his snoring companion.

"Sporty," he growled, "cut out dat gourd-sawin' an' set up an' take notice. This here dern Burg's holdin' revival services fer our special benefit."

The awakened Sporty raised up and peered sleepily over the fence at the small belittered area wherein a palely smooth-faced individual, was conducting a religious service and disturbing the peace of those around him.

"I never did like the looks of dis town nohow," Pug went on. "The first time I seed it I says ter myself dat it 'twas too pious lookin'. Let's hit the pike fer furrin parts. Some things kin be overlooked, but when a gent's disturbed in his own sleeping 'partments, I says dat's the limit."

"Blessed Book, precious Book, on thy dear old tear-stained leaves I—" The singer was at the chorus again.

"He'll rave an' he'll rare over de glory of playin' de Helen Gould stunt, an' de beauty of bein' pious, an' while we aint got no eats, he'll go sommers an' fill hisself up wid a warm supper, an' sing of his precious Book—"

"By God! That white-livered bloke to praise his Book!"

Sporty broke in vehemently, turning such a white wrathful face on Pug that he gasped from sheer surprise.

"I knowed it," he deplored, "it's ruining yer disposition already. I believe yuh'd punch his mug fer a little. But come, me frien', de fates has showed us dat we must move."

Sporty gave a short loud laugh. "Yep," said he, "let's hit the road."

* * * * * * * *

It was dark and two figures were trying to get over Farmer Wiggin's wire fence with their arms full of potatoes. The laws of gravity attended such a feat with difficulties, especially when the two top strands are barbed wire. The persons in question, however, were not to be discouraged. They were used to obstacles. So it happened that although Sporty came over with head up but with sundry rents in his ragged clothing and his whole skin, and that Pug landed head downward, they did not become pessimistic. They cheerfully withdrew themselves to a rather secluded spot in a nearby woods where they had collected a bit of dead wood for a fire. Pug lit a fire with some straw as a starter. Contentment emanated from him. His supper was assured, and not even the bruise on his forehead or the stings of ugly mosquitoes could irritate his cheerfulness. Sporty began to arrange the potatoes around the burning brush.

"Pug," he inquired, "will you have your potatoes au gratin or French fried?"

"I'll jest take 'em plain wid ole fashioned gravy, an' none of yer hifalutin fixins. Simple style for me, an' I'm glad to hear yer say somthin' cheerful. Yer grouch has bin eatin' yer fer the las' few days. But ever since dat Salvation Army guy woke us up yer've bin worse dan a defeated polytishun.

"Say, me conversahun powers has furnished amusement

fer our party lately, but I'll fergit it, if yer'll spiel a good yarn while we're waiting' fer dinner to be served. Yer speech-making powers is wonderful. Be a sport an' cum across."

Sporty punched at the fire for a moment. Then he laughed loud and sharp, and immediately assumed the bearing which had won for him his sobriquet.

" Pug, yer'r right, and I'll try to do my duty as becomes a fair pard. I'll hand yer some dope just as I heard one swell give it to another down at Palm Beach. I was strollin' in them parts fer easy pickins, and one night when I was hiding near a house I heard this yarn.

" There was a swell young guy goin' to Yale or some of them places of learnin'. And this guy what I'm speakin' of was havin' a swimmin' time. Course he had money. His old man was one of these kind as wears steel-rimmed specs and is wide across the digestive parts, and has the spondulix by the bag. There was a peach of a sister and the old lady with white hair and black silk. Sure he was fixed fer high livin' and take it from me, he was livin' up to it. Fer, as if all that want 'nough fer him, he got sweet on the swellest girl in the college town; and here Pug, as yer might expect, was the cause of the dope I'm givin' yer.

" Now that young guy got to lovin' that girl, jest as he played football or poker, hard. And there was another feller what had the same sentiments about the girl as the young guy I'm tellin' yer uv. Pug, they was playin' some game fer that girl, cause they both knowed that the one that fumbled was lost. In fact, they play got so fierce that the young lady in the case was drove to do somethin' so as to save trouble. Both of the young gents was a all the time askin' her to have 'em, and, she, not bein' anxious to decide, kept holdin' 'em off. But they go so fierce that she was drove to decide between 'em fer keeps.

There was goin' to be a dance in the college and both of the young gents tied in askin' her fer the honor of goin'

wid her. She saw, and they saw, that the one she let go would be the winner. 'N so she told 'em as how she would send a message to the one she wanted to go wid her. Pug, if that lady had expressed her sentiments straight from the bat, I should stop here. But she was a woman—and—

Well she decided in favor of the wild young guy, and sent a kid wid a note up to his room in the afternoon. Now when this kid come to the young guy's room, he was out havin' a game of poker in another guy's room. So the kid was up a tree 'cause the lady had told him that the young guy must have that note. He thumps his noodle fer an idee, and decides to leave the note in a book. Now he noticed one on the shelf that had gold-edged leaves and a piece of blue ribbon hangin' out'n it. And 'course he thought that young guy used such a book a lots, jest fer its beauty, so he slipped the note in it. Pug, that book was a Bible and that was the las' place in the world to put that note, as he might have knowed, ef he'd knowed anything about the ways of college fellers at—"

"Yuh seem ter be on to 'em a good bit yerself," interpolated Pug.

"Don't make no fresh remarks, Pug. Didn't I say I was spielin' just as I heard a swell—"

"Aw, go on wid de yarn, Sporty."

"Well, he put the book on the table, where the young guy would have piped it when he got back—but Pug, somethin' else happened which queered the whole blamed business,—and push them pertaters up to the fire more.

"In the shady side of that college town, Pug, like the parts we hang out in, there was the ordinary bunch of crooks. And there was one young tough what was as tough as ever sprouted in a back alley. He'd been born in the street, as ye might say, and had growed up like a stray pup. Now this time what I'm speakin' of was winter, and this young tough was down and out fer sure. Ever' purse he

picked 'long then didn't have nothin' much but duns, and as that was his business, he was low down.

"He noticed some swell college fellers goin' down the streets and he thought of the college, and then of goin' there. If he was anything, he was nerve, so he went up to the college about dark fer pickin's. He crawled through a winder and landed in our young guy's room. Well, he didn't see nothin' much to swipe but some cuff-holder's; the rugs and cheers was too unhandy. He was turnin' the air blue 'cause of his tough luck, when he heard somebody comin'. 'Twas his duty, you see, Pug, to take sumpin' after his trouble of comin' up to the college. He looked over things in a hurry, and he noticed that book with the gold-colored leaves on the table. He warn't acquainted wid books much on account of his training, but he thought that one was valuable from its style. 'N so he grabbed it and shinned out.

"You can see, I guess, Pug, that the young guy did not get the lady's message; and he was hit hard, 'cause he'd planned to marry that girl. But he wasn't one of this kind that shows their sore places. He tanked up till he was kind of top-heavy, and went to the dance. He saw that girl sailin' 'round wid that other feller and goes up to give 'em his congrats. Wid that the girl turned white and showed him her back."

Sporty's voice died away in a sort of hoarseness and he became silent.

"Is dat all?" queried Pug after a moment.

Sporty looked up as if he had not understood his companion. Then he shrugged his shoulders and began again.

"That was the las' straw. He drunk likker so heavy and played poker so fierce that the roughest got shy of him. He didn't burn no money, but he got shut of it faster'n he could by throwing it in the fire. The old gentleman wid the steel-rimmed specs sent some sharp notes to him, and the old lady sent some letters that was all

splotched. But it looked like nothin' could cool him down. Even the president of the college called him up. It wasn't no good. And one night 'long in May he was in a hard card game when another feller called him a cheat and give him the lie, and the young guy cracked his pate wid a cheer jest as the other feller was drawing a gun. 'Course they pinched him, but he didn't let anybody see that it rattled him. And while he was waitin' fer the officers, the tough that swiped the Bible showed up."

"Wot yer givin' me?" Pug broke in sarcastically.

" Sometimes things goes plum' backwards and this here was one of 'em. That tough had tried to sell that book in a pawn shop but the clerk got ready to call the cops and have him up fer swipin it, 'cause he knowed that tough didn't have no library. Well, as he couldn't get clear of it the young guy looked in the Bible—fer the first time in his life. There was a picture in there of the old lady wid white hair and black silk and a lot of things she'd written on the leaves. He read them things and they got on his nerve. He got to thinkin' 'bout what he'd been if he'd had a mother, and all that stuff. Then he decided that the book must have sumpin' to do wid the young guy's havin' money. On the face of that he took to goin' to the Salvation Army pow-wows, as he thought he might in some way get more cash and so on if he was religious. Well, the whole upshot was that he started out to be a preacher. Then he got to thinkin' as how he'd have to carry that Bible back to the young guy, if he was goin' to be preacher-like. That's how he came to bring it back, or that's the dope he handed out to the young guy. Then he went on to say as how he was sorry fer deprivin' the young guy of its use."

" The young guy was some tickled at the tough's stealin' his religion and joked him about it. But the crooked precher didn't seem to catch on to the joke, and told the guy that there was some of his things in the Bible. The young swell opened the book. There was the old lady's

picture and the young lady's message. When he saw the note he felt cold, 'cause he knowed the handwriting. But he opened it.

"He eyed that note fer a minute, as if he'd gone loony. Then he got wise to the whole thing. He saw what he'd lost fer the sake of this young tough's gettin' religion. He went blind, Pug, and he grabbed that young Billy Sunday and sent him out'n that winder in such haste that he broke his nose on the ground and swallered two of his grinders. I reckon he acted like he was wild, 'cause he felt it. It didn't do no good. The officers come in 'bout that time and took him to the lock-up, and he was sent up ten years fer hittin' the young guy in the poker game."

" Sporty's voice, which had become hoarse again, stopped suddenly. He leaned over and punched a potato to see if it was cooked.

" Wot about de young Billy Sunday?" asked Pug.

" Oh, he's feathered his nest," Sporty cried out, in an accent that was not a tramp's; "by ruining a man's life he has saved his own measly soul. He will go on preaching to the world about his 'precious Book," and with a harsh laugh, " waking up gentlemen who sleep in barrels."

" Yuh don't mean to say dat's de same codger what broke up our nap?" Pug excitedly asked.

" The same, damn him," Sporty replied with passion.

" Gawd!" gasped Pug. His face betokened the effort his intellectual powers were making to straighten out the situation. It was beyond him.

" But how'd yer know dat he—?" he broke out.

" The show is over," said Sporty, and he spoke in the language of the free-lances of the road again; " and the free lunch counter is open," as he tossed a hot potato to Pug.

MEMORIES

J. R. LATHAM

When as a trusting child I played
At the edge of the breaking sea,
I grew to know what the wild sea said,
For the water was speaking to me.

It spoke to me in a wondrous tongue
Which now I know not more,
And I have forgotten the songs it sung—
The songs of the wind-swept shore.

Gone is the gift of tongues which gave
A heritage of wisdom to me—
Gone is the lore of the white sand floor
Of the mother of waters, the Sea.

And now as I think of the long gone past
When I played alone by the sea
I long for the lore of the wild north shore,
But it can never come back to me.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Lowry Axley

"I wonder if there isn't a chance of having some of these old buildings such as the South and Old East torn down to make room for modern buildings." Such an expression from an intelligent student of the University of North Carolina is but typical of a spirit altogether too prevalent in the South; a spirit which discounts the value of a past rich in tradition and history, or perhaps, more accurately, it is a spirit of apathy and indifference in such matters.

Apropos of this, the attitude of the South is in sharp contrast to that of the New England section. Especially in Boston is the historical developed to its utmost. The care with which the old buildings of our early national history are preserved, and the reverential regard of the people for these buildings and other places of historical association, is, to say the least, very striking. In Boston all spots of historical interest are appropriately marked, principally by means of bronze tablets. This suggested an idea which could be worked out to excellent advantage here at the University. For example, fitting tablets should be placed in the rooms once occupied by men, during their student days, who have since become famous. It would be far more inspiring, and serve much better to keep the memory of such men fresh in the minds of each college generation and the public at large than to place mere formal tablets in Memorial Hall as is now done. A tablet placed in Memorial Hall is practically buried. The building is open to the public but twice a year, and even then the tablets are not read, because they are looked upon as having been placed there in a mere perfunctory way and they consequently do not serve any practical purpose.

There is probably no section of North Carolina that has

been more blessed by history than Chapel Hill and the immediate vicinity. The traditions and associations of men, great in the history of both our State and nation, form what should be deemed a treasure of incalculable value. And yet there is cause to despair of this when the University of North Carolina, looking at the matter from a mere pecuniary standpoint, changes its original plans for a location of the new dining hall, and sacrifices the old Gore residence which was the oldest dwelling house in Chapel Hill. This was the house built for the first president of the University. It was occupied for a short while by him and later by Elisha Mitchell, the noted scientist. The late Professor Gore lived in the house for a time, whence its name. The house was probably the last of the old eighteenth century dwelling houses of Chapel Hill. Its destruction was little short of vandalism. No justification can be made on the ground that the space was needed for a building, because the University has over five hundred acres of unused campus.

The purpose of this paper shall be to detail in as brief a compass as is consistent with any sort of completeness a sketch of the most important historic objects, chiefly of the University of North Carolina, together with mention of men and movements that helped to make these objects worthy of historical note.

DAVIE POPLAR

The General Assembly granted the charter to the University of North Carolina in 1789. The man who did most to bring about the formation of the institution was William R. Davie. He was pre-eminently the moving spirit in bringing the University into existence, and his unceasing labors in its behalf justify the title later bestowed upon him of " Father of the University."

Not until a few years later did these first efforts begin to bear the fruitage they were intended to bear. By 1793 definite steps towards the establishment of the institution were

taken. On the 12th of October of this year the commissioners whose duty it was to select a site met in Chapel Hill, which was then called New Hope Chapel Hill. They went about their work on the morning of this day, and at noon, so tradition avers, they rested from their labors and ate their lunch in the shade of Old Davie Poplar. For many years the tree was known simply as Old Poplar. Later, however, it was quite appropriately renamed in honor of General Davie.

Since that day there have been many incidents of one kind and another which go to make the old tree and its associations dear to the heart of the University student. Many famous men have passed within its shadow and many gatherings have been held beneath its ancient branches. A notable gathering of the early days was an informal reception held under the old tree by President James Buchanan, who was a vistor at the Commencement of 1859.

Within the past few years there has grown up a beautiful custom of holding the Class Day Exercises under Davie Poplar. This in itself does much to keep alive the traditions and cherished associations connected with the old tree.

Some years ago a stroke of lightning took off most of the top branches of the tree, and of late it has appeared to be diseased. Stringent efforts should be put forth to save the old poplar. If necessary, experts should be consulted and everything possible done to prolong the life of the tree. Once gone its place could never be filled.

OLD EAST BUILDING

The East Building was the first building to be erected on the campus. Its corner-stone was laid on the 12th of October, 1793, with elaborate ceremonies, conducted by the Masons, General Davie as Grand Master, officiating. With this event the University of North Carolina began its material existence.

The old corner-stone of the building has disappeared. Ex-President Battle believes that it is buried somewhere in the present walls of the building. If there is any indication at all as to the location of the stone, it should be dug for and carefully preserved, if found. If it is not possible to find the original stone, a new one should be set in the building, at least to mark its date.

Old East, as it is called to-day, remained the sole building of the University for about four years. It was thus vitally and intimately connected with all the important movements in the life of the infant University. Also men who were later to become leaders in the state and nation roomed in Old East, and in its class rooms received their early training.

The first student of the University was Hinton James. He arrived February 12, 1795, and for about two weeks was the only student. There is no record as to whether or not he roomed in Old East, but it is altogether reasonable to suppose that he did.

The literary societies of the University have always played a most important part in the life of the institution. The birth of the first one was almost coeval with the birth of the University itself. Dr. Battle in a conversation once said that the tradition is that the room in which the first society was organized is the first room on the left of the entrance looking toward the South Building. According to the present numbering, this is room No. 2.

Fortunately we are able through the excellent preservation of the records of the society to trace accurately the early development of the society, its struggles, and its subsequent division in the first year of its life into two societies, the Dialectic and Philanthropic. What is more inspiring still, we are able to read the record of the early attempts at debating of such men as Polk, Benton and Vance.

The earliest extant record of the old society begins its

first entry under date of June 3, 1795, with this statement: "The Debating Society on this evening, etc." The real organization of the society was doubtless effected shortly before this date. The first question to be discussed, of which there was any record, was this: "Is the study of ancient authors beneficial?"

As has already been noted, the society was divided in the first year of its existence into the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies. One of the first members of the Dialectic Society was the pioneer educator, Archibald D. Murphey. He joined the society in 1796, and immediately became one of its most active and aggressive leaders. Here he began to exhibit the same type of constructive statesmanship that made him such a power in the early educational history of North Carolina.

In the class rooms of Old East Thomas Hart Benton, the great Missouri statesman, received a part of his early training. Benton was born at Hillsboro in 1782 and had matriculated at the University in 1799. There is no record as to which room he occupied while he was a student here.

Benton became a member of the Philanthropic Society, which was located at this time either in Old East or Person Hall. His maiden efforts at oratory and debating were in this Society. This was the beginning of the kind of training which culminated in making him one of the most formidable figures in American politics of the time of Jackson.

The story of his brief career as a member of the Philanthropic Society is fairly complete in the minutes of the secretary. The record of February 5, 1799, contains this entry: "The petition of Mr. Thomas Benton to become a member of society handed in by Mr. William Cherry was read and sanctioned." The minutes of subsequent meetings make frequent mention of his name, characteristic of which is the following: "Messieurs William Cherry, George Long, Thomas Benton and Fleming Saunders

will open the debate on this question: Whether ought the Americans to wish success to the French or British in the present contest? Mr. George Long and Thomas Benton for the French." The minutes of a later meeting tell us the decision of the question in this wise, that "we (Americans) should wish success to the British."

Benton was expelled from the Society March 19 of the same year. Several years later, however, the society revoked its decision and the minutes relating to his expulsion were expunged. It is sometimes related that he wrote a very sarcastic letter to the society, which years after his expulsion had made a request for a donation from him for benefit of the society's library. This, however, must be a mistake, for good authority has it that he made the requested donation.

The Old East Building remained unchanged for over thirty years. In 1824 another story was added, and in 1848 the northern end was built for the use of the Philanthropic Society.

Old East has seen a long period of service. Since it was the first building to be erected on the campus, it remains now a sacred relic of the past, bridging the chasm between the early days and the present. Within its lecture rooms many a youth has received inspiration and training for a life of service. Its living rooms have been the college homes of many whose names today are great in history. Notable among those of more recent years who roomed in Old East are James Johnson Pettigrew and Matt W. Ransom. They both occupied No. 9, Pettigrew holding it during his Freshman year (1843-44), and Ransom holding it the following year, which was his Sophomore year. A short sketch of these two men is given later in this article.

SOUTH BUILDING

The corner-stone of the South Building was laid in 1798. On account of a shortage of funds the building was not completed, however, at that time. In fact, it remained

unfinished for several years. Later, by means of lotteries, and through the energy of Dr. Caldwell, money was raised for the completion of the building. By 1814 it was ready for occupancy.

The South from that day to this has been one of the most popular buildings on the campus. On account of its central location its rooms have always been in demand; and it has undoubtedly furnished more college homes to men who have since become famous than any other one building of the University.

The room most frequently pointed out is No. 18, the southwest corner room on the third floor. It is especially notable in that it was occupied by James K. Polk while he was a student of the University. Polk's roommate was William D. Moseley, who afterward became the first Governor of the State of Florida. This same room was later occupied by William A. Graham, one of North Carolina's ablest governors. Graham also represented North Carolina in the United States Senate and served as Secretary of the Navy under Filmore.

James Johnston Pettigrew roomed in No. 4 South during the last three years of his college course. This is a first floor room, the second from the corner on the south side of the building.

Pettigrew made a brilliant record in college. His chief inclination seemed to be toward mathematics. His remarkable mathematical ability attracted the attention of Matthew F. Maury, the geographer and astronomer, who visited the University with President Polk in 1847, the year of Pettigrew's graduation. As a consequence, young Pettigrew was given an appointment in the Naval Observatory at Washington.

It was in the Civil War that Pettigrew especially distinguished himself. He rose to the rank of Brigadier-General, and won an imperishable name for himself in the

famous charge of Pickett at Gettysburg. Pettigrew was killed in the retreat southward following the battle.

Matt W. Ransom, the classmate of Pettigrew and his greatest rival in scholarship, roomed in No. 32 South during his Junior year, and No. 15 during his Senior year.

Ransom, like Pettigrew, became a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army. After the war he was elected to the United States Senate, and represented North Carolina in that body for twenty-three years.

Ransom is best remembered as an orator. Few were his equals; fewer still his superiors. There are many living now who vividly remember the charm and persuasive force of his elequence. Ransom died suddenly from heart failure on the 8th of October, 1904.

Other noted men who roomed in the South Building were Thomas Settle, the great political rival of Zeb Vance, who roomed in Nos. 11 and 31, respectively, during his stay at the University; and Charles B. Aycock, the ardent apostle of universal education, who roomed in No. 5.

Although the South Building has always been pre-eminently a dormitory, it has not been used exclusively as such. It accommodated the two Literary Societies from 1815 to 1848. The Dialectic Society occupied the middle center room on the south side of the building, while the Philanthropic Society occupied the corresponding room on the north side. As a general rule a student would choose a room on the side of the building on which his society was located. Thus it was that Polk roomed on the south side, and Ransom on the north side. Pettigrew, however, though a member of the Philanthropic Society, chose his room on the south, or Dialectic side of the building.

In the old hall of the Dialectic Society James K. Polk received his early training in debating and literary work. The records show that he did good work in the Society;

and he is probably the only man who was ever twice elected President of the Dialectic Society.

There are several entries in the records of the time which mention Polk's name. There is also still preserved a composition by him in his own handwriting, with his signature attached. On the outside of the manuscript in clear characters is the following as he wrote it:

JAMES K. POLK

COMPOSITION

on

The Admission of Foreigners into Offices in the United States

Oct. 15, 1817

A specimen entry in the treasurer's book is the following, which is Polk's account with the Society:

	1816					
Feb.	21	Admittance	$ 1	50		
		Semi annual tax	1	50		
			3	00		
March	14	Absence		50		
			3	50		
March	21	Not discharging (duty)		35		
			3	85		
April	19	Interest		38		
			4	23		
May	6	By Cash in Full			$ 4	70
		Due Him				47
May	7	For a Badge		50		
		By Cash in Full				50
July	5	Semi annual tax	1	50		
		By Cash			1	50

OLD WEST BUILDING

Old West was built in 1824. At that time it was, of course, called simply the West Building. It was constructed as a companion building to the East Building. The northern end as it stands today was added in 1848 for the use of the Dialectic Society. Accordingly, in the fall of this year, the Society was moved from its quarters in the South to its new home in Old West. Dr. Kemp P. Battle was then President of the Society, and at the initial meeting in the new hall, James Mebane, first president of the Society, presided jointly with him.

Here it was that Zeb Vance, North Carolina's famous war Governor and United States Senator, began his career as a public speaker.

Vance was a student of the University for only one session, 1851-52. His name is in the University catalogue of that year as a "Partial Course" student. Vance took a very active part in literary society work; and from March to April, 1852, he was a member of the editorial board of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for which he wrote his first article. While a student, Vance roomed in No. 5 Old West, the southwest corner room on the first floor.

Two other rooms of Old West that have accommodated noted occupants are No. 3, where Matt W. Ransom spent his Freshman year; and No. 17, where Calvin H. Wiley, the founder of the present public school system in North Carolina, roomed while in college.

THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY

The first astronomical observatory connected with any college in America was built at the University of North Carolina in 1830. President Caldwell bought some instruments in England and had the building put up so he could make use of them. In accordance with his plans the Observatory was put southeast of the campus on the eminence to the north of the Raleigh road. Here both President

Caldwell and Elisha Mitchell made observations for several years.

This spot has been sadly neglected. Only the personal efforts of Dr. Battle have preserved the memory of the site in any way. Why will not some class in college undertake to mark the spot in an appropriate manner?

THE CALDWELL MONUMENT

Dr. Joseph Caldwell was the first president of the University. He was elected to this position in 1804, having before this time served as professor of mathematics. Previous to the election of Dr. Caldwell, the duties of the president had been discharged by the "presiding professor." Dr. Caldwell served as President of the University for thirty years. He died in 1827.

For several years after his death an old sandstone monument served as a memorial to him, but this was not at all fitting to the large memory of the man. Accordingly a movement was started in 1847 to raise funds for a new monument to displace the old one of sandstone. President James K. Polk, who was visiting his *alma mater* at the commencement of that year, became one of the first contributors to the monument fund.

Within a few years, a sufficient amount of money had been raised, and the monument was consequently erected and dedicated in 1858. Sometime later the remains of Dr. Caldwell were removed from their old burial place and reinterred at the base of this new memorial.

On the northern face of the monument is carved the following inscription:

"*In grateful acknowledgement of their obligation to*
The First President of this University,
JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.,
The President of the United States,
The Governor of North Carolina, and other Alumni,
Have Raised this Monument.
A. D., 1847."

The monument is located in the center of the campus and commands a good view from any part of the quadrangle formed by the surrounding buildings.

THE POLK ANNEX

At the Commencement of 1847 James K. Polk, then President of the United States, revisited the University whence he had gone forth as a graduate twenty-nine years before. In his company when he arrived in Chapel Hill were Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury of the United States Naval Observatory; Secretary John Y. Mason, a college mate of Polk's; Branch, an ex-governor, both of North Carolina and of Florida; Governor William A. Graham; and ex-Governor John M. Morehead.

Miss Nancy Hilliard, the proprietress of the hotel which is now the University Inn, had a special addition made to her building to receive the President. It is now known as Polk Annex, and is used as a dormitory. Over the front entrance of the annex is an unassuming metal plate bearing the simple inscription:

Erected to Receive
PRES. POLK
When he Revisited
His Alma Mater.

THE CRAIG CABIN

In the year 1826 Andrew Johnson, then a poor boy, left the home of his birth in Raleigh to seek his fortunes in Tennessee. On his way thence he passed through Chapel Hill, trudged down the principal street of the village, and at the edge of town he asked for lodging at the humble home of James Craig. His request was readily granted, the good man giving him besides enough provisions to last him through several days of his journey. This old cabin where he lodged for the night is still standing. It is a one story frame building in the western part of town near the railway station.

Andrew Johnson's next visit to Chapel Hill was when he was President of the United States. He made his visit in 1867, when he came as guest of the University at the Commencement of that year. In a speech at the time he related the foregoing incident, and spoke feelingly of the kind treatment accorded him by the good James Craig.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that Johnson was accompanied on his latter visit to Chapel Hill by his Secretary of State, William H. Seward and the military governor of North Carolina, under the Reconstruction laws, General Daniel E. Sickles.

Since it was the custom with the literary societies to take in such distinguished visitors as honorary members, Johnson was taken into the Dialectic and Seward into the Philanthropic. The Dialectic Society refused to admit General Sickles. This was not intended at all to show any personal animosity toward General Sickles, but to express on the whole disapproval of the Reconstruction Acts.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

MOSES ROUNTREE

I am faint with the dull world's clamor,
I reel 'neath the load of despair;
Each hope of success is shattered,
And dark are the days that were fair.
O God, I am sick of the struggle!
I yearn for the life of the free,—
But hark, there's a voice that is calling,
A voice that is soothing to me.

'Tis the call of spring-clothed Nature,
With a balm of an unknown peace,
And I turn toward the fields and woodlands
For there will all trouble cease.
As I list to the happy song-birds,
Unchained from each worldly care,
I am filled with the joy of their singing,
And Hope lights the load of despair.

THE AMERICAN KIPLING

George W. Eutsler

As Rudyard Kipling has made himself the expression of the moods and aspirations of the barrack room, so has Robert W. Service become recognized as the voice crying in the wilderness of the Far Northwest, the one poet who has so truly caught and expressed the spirit of the White Country that his verses have already appealed to the virile manhood of men from end to end of Canada. From Alaska and Yukon to the Sunny South is a far stretch and the two lands have little in common, but so graphically real is the "top o' the world," as presented in Mr. Service's books, that young men and men of action, held by the strong manhood and vigorous life pulsating through them, are increasing their sale through all parts of this and other continents.

Not less interesting than his works, is the career of the man himself,—an interest which is enhanced by the fact that little can be readily learned of him. Criticism of his writings and biographies of his life have not appeared to any extent in current magazines, and it is only through courtesy of the publishers that any meagre facts concerning the author could be ascertained. Only in skeleton form can the chief events of Service's career be presented here; he himself, in his latest book, "The Trail of '98," a northland chronicle and romance, has written for him who reads between the lines, an autobiography of a life lived to the fullest.

Robert William Service was born in 1876 in Preston, Lancashire, England, but five years later the family moved northward and Caledonia, home of poetry and romance, "meet nurse for a poetic child," nurtured the youth of the sensitive boy.

He received a high school education and for some time attended the Glasgow University. About 1897 the wanderlust bred into his being by stories of adventure and espec-

ially by those of Robert Louis Stevenson, became an acute, compelling disease, and in obedience to its demands he came to Canada and became a wanderer on the face of the earth. For five years he travelled—mostly on foot—up and down the Pacific coast through Mexico, California, and British Columbia.

The rush to the gold fields of Alaska in 1898 naturally attracted the aimless wanderer, and he became one of the vanguard of the in-pouring army. It was during this period that he experienced the fierce wildness, the brutality, the struggle, and withal the charm of the rough life of the North intensified in every detail. Here was laid the foundation for his best works.

It is a strange fact that after such a beginning Mr. Service was content to settle down to the staid and prosaic occupation of a bank clerk in the Victoria Branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. From Victoria he was transferred to the branch office at Vancouver, then to Kamloops, and finally in 1905 he became teller of the branch of the bank at White Horse, Yukon. During his first year's residence here he wrote most of the poems found in "Songs of a Sourdough," later republished as "The Spell of the Yukon, and Other Verses."

After a short stay in White Horse, he was moved to Dawson City, then in its prime of uncivilized prosperity. The strenuous animal life of the gold-crazed people he has since embodied almost in reality in his novel, "The Trail of '98."

In 1911 he came east from Dawson City but soon succumbing to an imperative wanderlust and the call of the wild, he left for Athabasca Landing and made a 3,000 mile trip down the Mackenzie and tributary rivers to Dawson City. Many hardships he endured on this journey, much of which he made alone, but as action and danger seem the essence of his existence, in a superlative degree they should be conducive to further poems of the North. For the man is now just in the prime of his manhood powers and

ROBERT WILLIAM SERVICE

confident hope is expressed that his pen will produce pieces as bold and virile and tempered more finely with the broader outlook of maturer years. His publishers, who apparently attempt to keep up with his whereabouts, can only say of his last journey that he has gone to the tropics in obedience to the ever-surging call of his nature for action, and when he will reappear, or what he will have produced, is only a matter of speculation and anticipation.

Most of his poems, Service composed while out-of-doors, probably in the presence of the very scenes he transposed to his pages. His descriptions reveal a personality in tuneful accord with the awe-inspiring wildness and solitude of the Arctic circle. His words flow with the greatest facility, and with unconscious art he produces a symphony of color and sound. The best illustration is the several descriptions of the Aurora Borealis:

And soft they danced from the Polar sky and swept in primrose haze;
And swift they pranced with their silver feet, and pierced with a blinding blaze.
They danced a cotillion in the sky; they were rose and silver shod;
It was not good for the eyes of man—'twas a sight for the eyes of God.
It made us mad and strange and sad, and the gold whereof we dreamed
Was all forgot and our only thought was of the lights that gleamed.
. . . . . And the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame;
Amber and rose and violet, opal and gold it came.
It swept the sky like a giant scythe, it quivered back to a wedge;
Argently bright, it cleft the night with a wavy golden edge.
Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy banners unfurled;
Sudden splendors of sabres gleamed, lightning javelins were hurled.
There in our awe we crouched and saw with our wild, uplifted eyes
Charge and retire the hosts of fire in the battle-field of the skies.
. . . . And on we went in our woeful way, wrapped in a daze of dream,
And the Northern Lights in the crystal nights came forth with a mystic gleam.

They danced and they danced the devil-dance over the naked snow;
And soft they rolled like a tide upshoaled with a ceaseless ebb and flow.
They rippled green with a wondrous sheen, they fluttered out like a fan;
They spread with a blaze of rose-pink rays never yet seen of man.
They writhed like a brood of angry snakes, hissing and sulphur pale;
Then swift they changed to a dragon vast, lashing a cloven tail.
It seemed to us, as we gazed aloft with an everlasting stare,
The sky was a pit of bale and dread, and a monster revelled there.
. . . . Day after day was dark as death, but ever and ever at nights,
With a brilliancy that grew and grew blazed up the Northern Lights.
They rolled around with a soundless sound like softly bruiséd silk;
They poured into the bowl of the sky with the gentle flow of milk.
In eager, pulsing violet their wheeling chariots came,
Or they poised above the Polar rim like a coronal of flame.
From depths of darkness fathomless their lancing rays were hurled,
Like the all-combining search-lights of the navies of the world.
There on the roof-pole of the world as one bewitched I gazed,
And howled and grovelled like a beast as the awful splendors blazed.

In such passages as these has Service unsurpassingly expressed the heart-breaking struggles of the gold trail, and proved himself a master in the local color of the North:

The spirit of the Gold Trail, how shall I describe it? It was based on that primal instinct of self-preservation that underlies our thin veneer of humanity. It was rebellion, anarchy; it was ruthless, aggressive, primitive; it was the man of the stone age in modern garb waging his fierce, incessant warfare with the forces of nature. Spurred on by the fever of the gold-lust, goaded by the fear of losing in the race; maddened by the difficulties and obstacles of the way, men became demons of cruelty and aggression, ruthlessly thrusting aside and trampling down the weaker ones who thwarted their progress. Of pity, humanity, love, there was none, only survival of the fittest, the most tenacious, the most brutal. Yet there was something grandly terrible about it all. It was a barbaric invasion, an army, each man fighting for his own hand under the banner of gold. It was conquest. Every day,

as I watched that human torrent, I realised how vast, how irresistible it was. It was Epic, it was Historical.

And,

Gold! We leaped from our benches. Gold! We sprang from our stools.
Gold! We wheeled in the furrow, fired with the faith of fools.
Fearless, unfound, unfitted, far from the night and the cold,
Heard we the clarion summons, followed the master-lure—Gold!

The primitive animal passions of men were uppermost in the early days of Dawson City, and intimate knowledge of rampant vice inspired some pessimistic verses:

Put your faith in the mountain cat if you lie within his lair:
Trust the fangs of the mother-wolf, and the claws of the lead-ripped bear;
But oh, of the wiles and gold-tooth smiles of a dance-hall wench beware!

The pity of woman's position was ever borne in upon him:

Fate has written a tragedy; its name is "The Human Heart."
The Theatre is the House of Life, Woman the mummer's part;
The Devil enters the prompter's box and the play is ready to start.

In delightful contrast to these are some of his lighter, lyrical verses. It is all too plain that Service's field is largely confined to the North and northern life. His poems on the usual serious and sentimental subjects are only commonplace. But under influences of a softer mood, he has produced several perfect lyrics, as the following:

UNFORGOTTEN

I know a garden where the lilies gleam,
And one who lingers in the sunshine there;
She is than white-stoled lily far more fair,
And oh, her eyes are heaven-lit with dream!

I know a garret, cold and dark and drear,
And one who toils and toils with tireless pen,
Until his brave, sad eyes grow weary—then
He seeks the stars, pale, silent as a seer.

And ah, it's strange; for, desolate and dim,
Between these two there rolls an ocean wide;
Yet he is in the garden by her side
And she is in the garret there with him.

Mr. Service wrote his poems for the delectation of no one but himself. He wrote them in response to his moods, and only by the insistence of friends was he brought to have them published in a limited edition, which he modestly thought would be circulated only among his acquaintances. He had no thought of winning fame, he simply said,

.....if one of you linger
Over my pages in the Long, Long Night,
And on some lone line lay a calloused finger,
Saying: "It's human-true—it hits me right:"
Then will I count this loving toil well spent:
Then will I dream awhile—content, content.

But, breaking all precedents for Canadian poetry, over a hundred thousand copies of his books have been sold and the demand is still a steady one. With this prominence came adverse criticism, the pettiness of which constrained the author to proclaim, through the mouth of a Klondike poet, a character in "The Trail of '98," a defence and a declaration of his poetic principles,

"Did you ever publish a book?" I asked.

"Sure! Did you never read my 'Rhymes of a Rustler'? One reviewer would say I was the clear dope, the genuine eighteen-carat, jewelled-movement article; the next would aver I was the rankest dub that ever came down the pike. They said I'd imitated people, people I'd never read, people I'd never heard of, people I never dreamt existed. I was accused of imitating over twenty different writers. Then the pedants got after me, said I didn't conform to academic formulas, advised me to steep myself in tradition. They talked about form, about classic style and so on. As if it matters so long as you get down the thing itself so that folks can see it, and feel it go right home to their hearts. I can write in all the artificial verse forms, but they're mouldy with age, back numbers. Forget them. Quit studying that old Greek dope: study life, modern life, palpitating with colour, crying for

expression. Life! Life! The sunshine of it was in my heart, and I just naturally tried to be its singer."

As it is inherent in every woman to desire beauty, so is man attracted by strength and courage. Service is pre-eminently the poet of manhood and its hardy virtues. In thought and form his verses are colloquial and vigorous even to the point of brutality. They ring with a joyful optimism; their spirit of never-say-die fighting infuses new inspiration, even as he says himself in the "Song of the Mouth-Organ."

> But somehow I have bucked you up a bit;
> And, as you turn around and face the wall,
> You don't feel quite so spineless and unfit—
> You're not so bad a fellow after all.

PASTELS IN PROSE

LOWRY AXLEY

FAITH

The rhododendrons had put forth their blossoms, and the violets were lifting their beautiful blue faces toward the sun. The birds were singing and the gentle ripple of the wind through the trees was like a smile on the face of Nature.

The maiden sighed. Her lashes were wet with tears that sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine. From the window of her room she looked into the West. She looked with a steady gaze into the West, straining her eyes as if to catch but a glimpse of someone. Then clasping her hands over her bosom, she murmured softly, "He will come back to me. I know he will come back."

The rhododendrons dropped their blossoms and the violets faded and withered away. The birds ceased their singing and sought the balmier air of the South. The snow came and covered the land with its fleecy whiteness. Day by day the maiden came to her window. And now she gazed again into the West,—far across the snow into the dismal West. Silently she folded her hands over her bosom. Her voice was low but steady as she whispered sadly: "But he must come, and I know he will come back to me."

YOUTH AND AGE

The day was new. Radiantly the sun beamed down upon the earth. The vast multitudes of people were scurrying to their tasks. The young man was impatient. He thought of the many things that challenged him to a test of his strength. Eagerly he rushed forward to the strife, nor for a moment turned aside. "So much to do," he exclaimed.

The day waned. The evening of life drew near. Halt of step the old man turned from his labors, swept with his

mind's eye the field of the past, and thought of the numberless opportunities that now were buried forever in the recesses of the Long Ago. Sadly the old man bowed his head. His gray beard lay lightly on his breast. His tone was one of untold regret as he said slowly: "So little done."

EARLY ATHLETICS

McDANIEL LEWIS

Since the introduction of modern athletic games at the University, athletics has done more than anything else to give to Carolina her great reputation as a college for the young men of the state. In fact athletics has been the nucleus for the building of interest and college spirit which so distinctly distinguishes Carolina from the other colleges of the state. Having taken the games in their primal stage of rudeness Carolina men have followed the developments along better lines of play and have conquered the finer points in football, baseball, and track athletics. Many students have taken part in the games here and the many stars who have been developed have made Carolina one of the foremost colleges in the South in regard to athletics.

I shall try to give the development of and principal facts concerning the various forms of athletics in which the students of the University have engaged at times before the Civil War and after the war through the period of the early nineties.

In the days before the war there was no gymnasium. On fair evenings couples would usually stroll along the paths of the forests. In those days Battle's Park was not as popular a walking ground as it is today, for it was then a pathless wilderness. Long walks and buggy rides were the fashion. In the summertime marbles drew much attention, especially from the Seniors who alone were "allowed" to play marbles and such other games as those which appealed to the natures of boys just about in their 'teens. Partridge and oppossum hunting was found very profitable and full of pleasure in those days. Fishing and swimming in the nearby creeks held attention at times. The woodland streams were as a rule used for weekly or monthly baths when the weather permitted. In this respect the students of many years ago resembled some of our present day students.

The following is a self explanatory letter which throws some light on the activities of that time:

"Chapel Hill, March 8th, 1852.

Dear Uncle:

"I received your long-looked-for letter in due time, and now, after giving you the pleasure of waiting some time for an answer, I will snatch a few moments from my study hour and write you the news.

"At the same time that I received your letter I also received one from Cos. George Winoberly, so you see I got the news direct.

"We had glorious skating at the first of the session; —but I will give you an entire history of it: One cold morning about the first of the session we all went to prayers. Just before the prayers commenced Dr. Mitchell arose and said to the students assembled that on account of the extreme cold then prevailing there would be a cessation of business for that day, and that it was fine time for skating. When this announcement was made such a shout as ascended from the throats of the two hundred and thirty youngsters there assembled had never been heard before. As soon as prayers were duly over we all dashed off to our rooms, seized our skates and trudged it to the mill pond with the greatest glee imaginable. Arrived at the pond we buckled on our "skeeters" and soon were gliding over the polished ice with many fantastic and gyratory curves. The ladies too, (bless their hearts) turned out "en masse." Each one, provided with a chair and an accommodating gallant to push them about, and wrapped up warmly in furs to protect their delicate forms from the driving blasts, seemed to enjoy themselves, as only ladies can. Each youngster tried his best, each trying to vie with the other in the praises of his lady-love. One young man in particular "bore the palm away" in the scientific art. He seemed to have been made of India rubber; his gyrations and circumvolutions pleased some of the Fresh to such a degree that they, in trying to

imitate him almost cracked their craniums for their pains. But I alas! having no lady-love on the pond in whose eyes to gain favor stood aloof from the happy throng, and tried to drown my recollections of former days by engaging in a game of bandy which was going on in another part of the pond. But nevertheless Richard has fun enough that day. I was chosen by Miss Mattie Hubbard (the girl who weighs one hundred and forty two, only eleven years old) as her gallant to push her chair. We went along quite smoothly on the thick ice, but when we came to the thin it cracked "awful" whereupon she wished to know the cause, and I told her the sun had been shining on that part of the ice therefore it was thinner than the other (it was about three inches and a half thick, I think).

" But enough of the ice, it is a cold subject," etc.

Dancing was quite popular and as many as could afford to learn took the opportunity. In 1850, a Mr. Frensley came to Chapel Hill to instruct in dancing. Stag dances were of course the style, and the halls or passages of the South Building were often filled with merry boys shaking the glad feet. Many engaged in boxing, fencing, and single stick. For a while a Capt. O. A. Buck taught large classes in these arts. General J. J. Pettigrew was among the most skilful fencers.

By far the most popular of all was the game called bandy or shinny which was played in cool weather. In this game a small ball of hard wood was struck by curved sticks in the strong hands of students. Nearly all of the students were engaged in a game at one time, the captains, picked arbitrarily, choosing their men by lot. Everybody could play and as much or little as they cared. The old athletic field which was situated where the gymnasium and tennis courts now are, was used for the playing of shinny, and sometimes the present field was put to the same use. The game was peculiarly exciting and dangerous, there being many severe accidents but fortunately no deaths. Dr. Battle says that with proper regulations to insure safety

this was one of the best of college games. It called for great physical endurance, pluck, and agility, and cultivated dexterity, quick thought and self-possession. This same game has been played in some form probably in all nations; it was played here as it was played in the highlands of Scotland. There were no inter-class games. Because of no railroads and no good traveling facilities inter-collegiate games were not attempted.

From the reopening of the University in 1875 until the earlier nineties, the students took a remarkable interest in football and baseball. At first the eligibility rules were not strict, most any colllege not deeming it wrong to hire players, though this was seldom done. The more modern games are significant because of the introduction of inter-scholastic relations. There was practically no supervision of games by the University authorities nor any complete organization for athletics until the games with other colleges began.

The American game of football was played for many years until about the year 1887 when Rugby football took its place. This American game had very few rules by which to play. Two poles were put up about ten feet apart at each end of the field forming a goal. The object of the game was to get the round ball on the ground between and beyond these two goal posts by carrying it, kicking it, throwing it, or by any way possible. Captains would be selected off hand and each choose his team by lot. Sometimes each side had as many as a hundred players, most every student engaging when he could.

The sophomore class of 1887 was the first organization to put out a Rugby team. After some points of the game had been learned, their team challenged a picked team from the whole University. Each team was composed of fifteen men, there being four backs and eleven forwards to a team. The teams played all the afternoon for two days before the sophomores finally won the game. Dr. J. M. Holmes was one of the best men on the University team

then. Elated by this victory the sophs challenged the Wake Forest College sophs to meet at the Fair Grounds in Raleigh in the fall of 1887. Wake Forest won this first inter-collegiate game by two goals to one, it being found out later that the opponents of the University sophs were Wake Forest 'varsity men. Prominent members of our soph team which then was our champion team were: Prof. A. H. Patterson; Dr. C. S. Mangum; R. W. Bingham of Louisville, Ky., Capt.; State Senator Gilliam of Edgecombe; Hon. J. M. Morehead, ex-congressman; George Graham of Durham; Dr. Fleming of Raleigh; and George Ransom, son of Senator Ransom.

Rugby football, it may be said, was first started in North Carolina by Trinity College. Trinity was one of Carolina's first opponents in football, and she won the first game by large scores because she had an experienced team. In the spring of 1890 the students decided to have a team and they hired Hector Cowan of Princeton, a great tackle, to coach the players in the Rugby style of play for a week. Since during this week practice was held in the morning as well as in the afternoon, all students who would take the coaching were exempted from recitations for the whole week. This same spring we won from Wake Forest and lost to Trinity. Judge Steve Bragaw of the Supreme Court bench was Captain of this team and Prof. A. H. Patterson was a tackle. Wake Forest and Trinity were played in the spring of 1891 and the score resulted with the same winners as before. Billy Graves of Yale coached the team in 1891. In 1892 we played Virginia twice. The first game with them, the regularly scheduled game, was played on Virigina soil and they beat us 17 to 11. In an exhibition game at Atlanta this same fall we won from Virginia by 26 to 0, Virginia's team having broken practice and most of her men being so drunk from feasting that they could hardly play the game. Nevertheless, the team of 1892 was our real champion team. After defeating Richmond College and Trinity by overwhelming scores, the

team went South and in four days defeated Auburn 68 to 0, Vanderbilt 24 to 0, and Virginia 26 to 0. This was a remarkable team in every respect, not a man being substituted or injured on the southern trip. The members of this team were:

Baskerville ..... Full Back
Barnard ..... Quarter Back
Devin ..... Half Back
Hoke ..... Half Back, Captain
Biggs ..... Right End
Bibbs ..... Left End
Pugh ..... Left Tackle
Little ..... Right Tackle
Kirkpatrick ..... Left Guard
Snipes ..... Right Guard
Murphy ..... Center

Other great football players of the early nineties were: Guion, Story, and Collier. The Virginia-Carolina football game became an annual affair and even today thousands of Carolina men go to Richmond on Thanksgiving Day to see the game.

Next in importance to football is baseball. This game, distinctly American, was played at times by the students immediately after the re-opening of the college. Baseball as it is today is a highly developed stage of the old game. At first the pitcher tossed the ball to the batter underhand and with little speed. No one used a glove or mitt of any kind. As the game progressed, hard and curved balls became the style and this necessarily brought about the use of gloves. As interest grew the call for match games was heeded.

The first inter-collegiate match game of baseball was played in the spring of 1884 with Bingham school as our opponent. We were victors in this game, which was played on our own grounds. Hon. J. M. Morehead was captain of this team and Dr. Isaac Manning was third baseman.

Other Carolina stars of the period of the eighties and early nineties were George Stevens, pitcher; Jesse Oldham, catcher; Sly Robertson, center fielder; and Ben Stanley, short stop, the greatest player Carolina produced. Some of our greatest games were played during this early period and a good foundation for baseball was established here by these early players. Our greatest rivals were Wake Forest, Virginia, and Trinity.

The beginning of track athletics, belong to a later period, there being no organization in this until about the middle nineties. Tennis attracted the attention of some but it was a later year before any great advancement of interest in this sport came about. Basketball at the same time was unheard of. In the fall of 1888 some gymnasium apparatus was installed in Commons Hall. Lacy Little was the first physical director. Dr. C. S. Mangum was physical director in 1890-'92, Little having gone to China as a Missionary. The Reverend Mr. Little, having recently returned from China, revisited the University and made a very interesting talk to the students about his great work in the new Republic. George Stevens became director after Dr. Mangum. In 1895 the gym was moved to Memorial Hall.

In February 1893 was started the *Tar Heel,* the official organ and mouthpiece of the Athletic Association. In its first issue it gave as the purpose of its publication, the paying of especial attention to our athletic interests and our progress in football, baseball, tennis, etc. Its first editor-in-chief was George Baskerville and its managing editor Walter Murphy, two very efficient and successful editors. The *Tar Heel* in its whole career has done excellent work in arousing college spirit and strengthening the stand of athletics at the University.

THE KID

W. C. CARMICHAEL

That's jest what she allus was and allus will be. She war—now Bill John jist look what we gone and went and done, busted the fust rule of writin' right at fust. Refered to the title and "Gone and went and done." Now look here we know better'n that, "Gone and went and done." We ought'er be shamed of ourself. But since we've gone and went and done it, we might as well let it stay. But as this ain't gettin' us nowhere in this here narration, we'd better go roun' and charge the ring bull right in ter place, so as the herd'll go straight. Here we've wasted a hull paragraph argurating with ourself when we ought'er be introducin' the characters.

Well it war Squint-Eyed Joe caused all the trouble so we'll explain that gentleman's traits o' life fust. He war a good fer nothin' cow puncher like the rest of us but jist a little more so. Never would work long as he had a dollar, and it took a good many dollars to keep him laid off any time. The eagles in his pocket jist seemed to quarrel 'bout which could git spent fust. He war squint-eyed as his name designates, and that war a good deal 'gainst him, fer I never seen a squint-eyed man that war wuth a cuss. Guess most orn'em git squint a squintin' at the sun to see how long it is to laying off time and I guess that kind'er irritates 'em fer they'er mostly mean, leastwise Squint-Eyed Joe war. Never did like anyone to call him "Succotash County's Mistake," jist a squint-eyed, piggin'-toed, knock-kneed, double-jinted, thick-headed piece of humanity. He use to git right irritable 'bout it at times. Blowed one fellows nose off fer it. He ought'er hit square fer he was right at 'im. We never did have much respest fer Squint after that, and when the Kid came and he—

Now I started off ter tell 'bout the Kid and I've got all twisted roun' and got this narrative started middle

pint fust tellin' 'bout that good fer nothin' Squint-Eyed Joe. I ought'er knowed better'n to git talkin' 'bout him; fer when I goes to explain his traits, I git so excited it's a wonder I quit when I did. Well as I war sayin' the Kid war jist about the most irresistamble piece o' humanity the good Lawd ever put in this world. She war anywhere frum fifteen to twenty-two, with brown eyes and black hair and little hands and pretty and—oh good Lord! I could jist keep a talkin' all night and never would git anywhere. She war jist the prettiest, sweetest, nicest girl in the world, ain't no need to try to explain cause I can't. She war—oh Lordy! Ain't I ever goin' to quit this and git to the main trail of this narrative. She war jist the onliest girl in the world, and when Squint-Eyed Joe—now look here Bill John. Here we've done forgot ter say who she war and we know no story can't be hitched t'gether so anyone can understand without explainin' who the leading characters are. She war the new Assistant Post-Mistress. Never did know where she hailed frum 'cept she come frum the East. Ole Mrs. Barnes war the old Assistant Post-Mistress and when she up and died Billy Brown that's the Post-Master saw he'd hafter git a new one. He decided to git a young'en; cause when he got her trained, she could do most the work. So he writ home 'bout gittin' one, and the Kid war sent. If he'd had any sense, he wouldn't have got a good lookin' one fer he might'er knowed what 'ud hap—

Here we are a gittin' the bull by the tail 'stead of the horns. Might knowed damn well he'd run and we'd have to follow. Gittin' all messed up tryin' to tell the interesting part without explaining fust.

Well, I war settin' in the Post-Office a gossipin' with Billy like an old ladies sewin' circle when Billy up and sez, "Bill John," (that being the way I'm designated to keep frum gettin' me and Billy mixed) "I got a new Postmistress coming. She's young and I guess she's pretty, leastwise her ma were." I begin to enquire when she's

'spected to arrive, so as I can spruce up a little. When that clog busted ole cuss Billy tells me she's gwine t' arrive on the next stage which is already due. Well 'bout that time the stage bumps in and the Kid sails out, and right inter the Post-Office fore I could 'scape. I war dressed in corduroys and looked er sight. I drapped in behind a barrel,—Billy runs a store in connection—and what did that blasted ole fool Billy do but call me out and introduce me. Wasn't nothin' to do but go and I crawled out. "How do you do Mr. Bill John," says the Kid, Bill John bein' the way Billy designated me 'stead of puttin' a handle and the hind quarter to my name. "I'm pleased to meet you," I stammered and stuttered roun' like a bull with his front feet in the rope. "Pleased t' meet you," says I and beat it like the ole fool I am. Well, I went and diked up best as I could, me never bein' much of a sport, and when I went back there were that Squint-Eyed Joe all diked up in store clothes and with a collar and neck tie as like a town dude. I was so mad I jist busted. Seemed like Billy had tole him the day before. And Billy a friend of mine and knowin' how I hated that squint eyed piece of humanity. Well, about this time all the boys began to file in. Them that hadn't called fer mail in six months went to the window grinnin' like a possum at a dead hoss feed. Billy stood there and introduced the hull cussed bunch.

When everybody has filed out 'cept those who lingers, and I helps out, I goes over to the Kid and asks if I might presume to call that night. Well, I jist cussed when she says that squint-eyed son of a gun has already asked her, Squint-Eyed son of a gun bein' my way of handlin' the same subject, not hers. I goes out lookin' fer Squint-Eyed Joe meanin' t' intercept that meetin' if I had to waste some lead a-doin' it. But the boys git wise and hustle me off to the bar. Course I didn't mean to take ernuff to keep me frum followin' out my line o' duty but I gits a little too much and the boys carry me off to bed.

When I wakes up next mornin' the fust thing I hears

wus Colonial talking to Dicky. Sez Colonial, "It war real funny to see Squint-Eyed Joe when we carries Bill John past him and Miss Allen"—that bein' the Kid. "Yes," sez Dicky, "it war real ridiculous what he said 'Yes, Miss Allen. Bill John is a real bad character, yes, quite a habitual drunkard and spendthrift.' " Well' 'bout that time I busted; I covered Dicky and Colonial. Sez I, "Did you and the rest of that boneheaded bunch of ole fossils presume to carry me past Miss Allen. If you did speak up. It's the last time you'll speak in this world." Jist when I figured it war time to have the departure begin, one of the boys comes up behind me and gits the gun. I was so mad I jist cried. The boys begin to see the unjustice of Squint-Eye's remarks and we holds a conference. A committee is apinted to look inter the trouble. They finally decides the best way is to settle on a time fer me and Squint-Eyed Joe to settle the difference. I agrees not to shoot till they see Squint-Eyed Joe. Squint-Eyed Joe agrees to abide by the committee's decision and finally I do. They makes us both sign a paper readin' like this:—

"We the undersigned agree to abide by the decission of the committee apinted by the boys of two bar ranch and vicinity. We agree to whatever they decide on and will not hold any prejudices 'gainst the Committee afore said mentioned. We agree to have no gun play with any of this committee as any of the voters who apinted this Committee unless the afore mentioned committee as Voters draw fust."

I wus mighty pleased fer I knowed the committee war mostly for me and I wanted jist one crack at Squint.

The committee adjourned to the bar and when they came back, Dicky as spokesman got up. "We, the committee apinted by the conference of two bar Ranch and Vicinity, have decided that nuther Bill John nor Squint-Eyed Joe shall see Miss Allen til after their difference is settled as the Committee wishes."

I war mighty pleased fer I didn't want Squint-Eyed Joe to git a chanct to propose to the Kid that they git hitched,

Squint-Eye having a mighty persuasive way with wimmin, and if I jined the party he'd be fool nuff to shoot without due preliminary of gittin' the Kid out o' the way. I couldn't shoot without goin' through them preliminaries, and that Squint-eyed son of a gun would have the pleasure of seein' my back. Course he couldn't hit a dog in the face with a paddle, but he might git close nuff to shove the gun under my shirt and fire.

Dicky went on. "We have decided that this meeting shall take place in the Crossed-Eyed Cat," that being the bar and feed house. "Two tables shall be filled with ammunition" Dicky stopped.

I war just 'bout to tell 'em they needn't take no trouble 'bout my table. One cartridge was nuff fer me, when that cussed Dicky started again. "This Ammunition shall be bread, jist bread. The man that gives out fust loses."

Squint-Eyed Joe war grinnin', fer he knowed he'd cheated me frum a notch as old Reliable. But I'm a cattle stealin' greaser if his face didn't drap when Dicky went on.

Says Dicky "This meetin' is to take place two months frum today."

I might'er knowed that bunch would double cross me. Here I was to sit fer two months while them yaller streaked, cattle thievin', double crossin' cow punchers went courtin' the Kid.

I got that cussed paper and read it. It warn't no use. I war boun' by honer not to draw a gun on 'em. I lit inter cussin' 'em. I called 'em everything frum a greaser to a cattle thief. I saw Colonial's hand go to his hip. That give me an idea. If I could only make him draw. But it warn't no use. Dicky saw what I was after and stopped him.

I spent the rest o' them two months a cussin' 'em and gittin' madder at Squint-Eye. I wanted to shoot so bad I spent nights tryin' to figger how to drap a gun so as it'd shoot a man. Squint-Eye said it was all my fault, fer I

started it. I tole him he was a liar. It was all his fault. If he'd been roun' when I come out the Post Office, I'd 'a shot his mouth out fore he could 'a lied to the Kid.

He got real irritable and I thought I war goin' to have the pleasure of a wastin' a little lead. But then I remembered that the difference had to be settled accordin' to the committee's wishes as I couldn't see the Kid.

At last the day come. I set at one table, Squint-Eye at the other. Jim Crow the bar keep, war referee. I never did see a man eat like Squint-Eye. His pile drapped so fast Jim war goin' to git more, but his throat wasn't big as his mouth and the bread got stampeded. I caught up while Jim brung him to. Then I got strangled and we both stopped. I asks Jim fer sompin' to drink but he said it war agin the rules. Squint-Eye said it war alright to him, so long as he had sumpin'. I tole Jim I didn't wan' nothin'. I wouldn't hove agreed with Squint-Eye if he called himself a hoss thief. I war jist 'bout gone when I saw Squint quit.

I hauls m'self outin' the chair and sets off fer ole lady Hicks, that bein' whar the Kid stayed. "Where you goin' " sez Jim. "I'm goin' to ole lady Hicks'," sez I. "What fer," sez he. "Ter see Miss Allen" sez I gittin' somewhat irritable. "You can't do it." sez he. "Like to know who's goin' ter stop me" sez I tryin' to reach roun' my stummick fer ole Reliable. Jim not bein' one of the afore said mentioned committee or voters. "No one," sez he "she ain't Miss Allen no more. She's Mistress Billy Brown.

DAWN AT SEA

D. H. Killeffer

The waning moon moves slowly toward the West.
Behind, it leaves each wave with silver tipped,
A silv'ry path to lands unseen, unknown.
The few remaining stars relax their keep,
The golden sun sends forth his banners in the East,
The moon descends below the western sea,
The stars have hid themselves before the sun,
The East becomes a brighter gold, until
At last the fiery sun himself comes forth,
The ship's bell chimes, the watch is changed, for now—
'Tis day.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS

A. L. Tyler

The sun sinks behind the distant hill,
And shadows steal across the skies;
The busy bustle of the day grows still,
While the last vestige of day dies.

Faint stars peep from 'neath their misty beds.
And glimmer on the fading crest;
Night o'er all her mantle spreads
And bids the weary world to rest.

SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY TOM LINN, JR.

DOES OUR IGNORANCE APPROACH INFINITY OR OUR KNOWLEDGE APPROACH ZERO?

Of course our modesty tells all of us at times that we are ignorant, hopelessly ignorant. Yet the following letter will serve to show that we have all been more ignorant than we are at present, and may still entertain hopes of becoming less ignorant. Yet, if we base our ignorance on the amount of things in the world that we do not know, our ignorance approaches infinity; and as our ignorance approaches infinity, our knowledge approaches naught, and is less than any quantity we may assign, however small. Suppose we assign a two-cent piece dated 1857; in that case even our modesty rates us too high in the possession of knowledge; for who in this world, or the next, would ever state through modesty or a telephone that he knows less than a two-cent piece. (For theory see Cain's Calculus, Article 108). The letter which follows is a letter from one of our past selves to one of our present selves, from one of our younger brothers, copied letter for letter.

"DEAR——: I am in scool right now and I hade finished My Milnes before the others and I go to jim class every wensday and Satirday and I go in the poole and try to learn how to swim and I can swim half of the linthed of the poole and we play basket ball every time we have jim class and we are having a big time in scool right now and we are saving up our money to get firecrackers and the bell is ringing for little recess and I will have to go down to eat my lunch and I have just come back and I have to have ritten spelling and Smith's baby dide today and Robert Smith is over at the scool playing today at recess

and Barnum and Bailey cyrcus was here October 13 and the youngerr barackers have got a football team and I am on It so I just rote you a few lines so good bye from young tinker."

Using again a mathematical theory, that of probability, we will say that this boy at our age will know as much as we do now. Well, if we can advance that much in that many years there is still hope of being able to assign some quantity greater than a two-cent piece.

—MEB. LONG.

MISFORTUNE, OR BAD LUCK, AND HOW IT HAPPENED

God bless the girls, I love 'em all,
The medium, the short, the tall,
The stout, the thin, the large, the small
The shy little Miss, the fickle coquette,
The blue-eyed blonde, and the dark brunette.
(That is my consolation.)
They're jewels rare, they're pearls we prize,
With golden hair, or otherwise,
The fairest gems of all the earth;
The tale is old.
And then you know that they are worth
Their weight in gold.
(That's my consideration.)
I see them on the college ground
A few
And then sometimes we stroll around,
Just two.
And then again on class
I catch the eyes of a pretty lass
And wink
And think:
I'll take you out to church,
My dear:
Or else you'll leave me in the lurch

To tear
My hair.
I then sit down and write
Somewhat like this:
My dear, dear Miss,
Will you grant to me
The choice pleasure of seeing thee
To church next Sunday night.
(Now let me see, that sounds all right.)
I ask the service of a mutual friend
And then to her the missive send:
And while I wait
I meditate
On what I'll say
And how I'll say't
While we are on our way.
(O sweet anticipation!)
Oh yes, I know, I'll say:
"You are the fairest girl in town,
The cutest trick for miles around.
Your equal I seldom ever see,
You surely do look good to me."
And then I guess
Her hand I'll press
While under stress
Of sweet delusion—
Divine confusion!
Be sure of this,
I'd like to kiss
That pretty Miss.
But it's the verdict of the quorum
That 'twould violate decorum
To kiss
A Miss,
That 'twould be a kiss
Amiss
To kiss

A Miss,
And, 'tis mighty nice
Self-sacrifice
To miss
A kiss.
But custom's laws
Have many flaws
To pester men, I vow it.
It is a sin
'Gainst us poor men.
I think they should allow it.
But then,
Here is my friend,
A friend indeed,
With note in hand.
I then the contents scan
And read:
(To my utter consternation)
"I'm sorry, awfully sorry
Your offer to refuse.
It really gives me grief,
But surely you will excuse
Me.
But, candidly and brief,
There is really no relief,
You see,
This message must be sent.
You're just too late,
I've got a date,
I go with t'other gent.
(That's to my exasperation.)

—E. J. Perry.

A SUMMER STORM

It seemed as if behind a cloud-curtain celestial forces were reproducing some divine tragedy, such as the fall of

the rebellious arch-angel. The sky "as one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames no light; but rather darkness visible." The livid scars of fire revealed castle-like heights of cloud and bottomless abysses of space that awed me into quiet and continued enjoyment of a scene that seemed nothing short of man's wildest and grandest conception of divine power and glory.

—FRANCES F. BRADSHAW.

JOBS

"Yes, John, I used to be a detective."

"A detective, where?"

"In a pool room, in Durham."

"Why, what could a detective do in a pool room?"

"Why, I spotted the balls."

"Did you ever work any where else?"

"Yes, I had a job as manicurist in a bakery."

"Why what did you manicure in the bakery?"

"The lady fingers."

"I had another job in the bakery though."

"What was that?"

"Well, some people say that a decayed tooth doeth no one any good. But do you know I actually lived for quite a while on account of mine?"

"Why, that is strange, how's that?"

"Biting holes in doughnuts."

"When I quit the bakery though I went into the retail business."

"What did you retail?"

"Why, I had quite a big business. You know the state passed a law that no more dogs should be trimmed. Well, this scared the people up pretty bad, and since then I have been kept busy retailing dogs."

"You know one of those dogs bit me on my leg when I was retailing him and poison set in, that is why I wear

a peg leg, but that old wooden peg caused me to get a job in Armour's Hash Factory once."

"Why, what you do in a hash factory and how did that leg help you?"

"I mashed the potatoes with it."

"When I left the hash factory, I got a job in the bank as teller."

"As teller, why a very important job indeed."

"Yes, I stood in the door and told all the people which direction to go."

"I lost that bank job on account of being drunk, as the boss says, but I was not drunk and I told him that it was only the frog legs that I had been eating that he noticed."

"Well, how on earth did you get drunk off of frog legs?"

"The hops, you know."

"I have settled down now to the simple independent life. I am a carpenter."

"Well, I guess you have not had much work during the last two weeks of bad weather then."

"Yes, I have been getting lots of work here of late during the bad weather.

"That is strange, tell me what doing?"

"Why, putting storm doors in split skirts."

"Well, you have had quite a number of jobs I must say."

"Yes, I am a jobber."

Collected and arranged by Ed. Reid, Jr.

DE GOOD OL' DAYS

Things ain't lak dey use' to be
'Bout fohty yeahs ago,
When chickens didn' roos' so high,
An' locks wa'n't on de do'.

Foh now traps has come in style,
An' dogs is so durn mean
Dat decent folks cain't 'pro'prate
A fowl an' not git seen.

Times is changed considerably,
An niggahs gits no show
Lak in dem ol' timey days
'Bout fohty yeahs ago.

—LOWRY AXLEY.

JIM'S REVENGE

Jim sits on a rock and fishes. As he vigorously puffs an old clay pipe, a broad grin occasionally illumines his swarthy countenance. He chuckles to himself and puffs all the harder. His thoughts are not concentrated on the prospects of a big catch. He is thinking of a plan of revenge. About an hour ago some big mouthed negroes insulted Jim. They guyed him because of his aversion to taking a bath. They even went so far as to question his intention of ever bathing again. Dirt, said they, had accumulated in such a great quantity on Jim's black carcass that if he were to take a bath, he would catch cold from exposure and die of pneumonia. All this Jim bore without saying a word. But now that he is in a quiet spot, he has the chance of thinking out a means of revenge. He'll show those impudent fools the foolishness of trampling a man's personal rights. He'll not bathe at all. Perhaps then they will let him alone.

Having determined this plan, Jim turns his attention to fishing. But the fish are evidently not at home today. The stream is calm and the day is pleasant and from the drowsy effect, Jim begins to nod. Presently there is a splash, and Jim sinks beneath the water. A moment later he swims towards the bank, unharmed, but in a decidedly disagreeable mood. His plan of revenge is shattered. He has been forced to take a bath.

A. C. LAMM.

THE EXTENT OF HIS JURISDICTION

An old negro and his mule were standing before a hotel. The mule must have been at least twenty-five years old. He was sway-backed and the knots on his legs were more numerous than the ribs which showed through his sunken sides.

A group of traveling men were standing on the hotel porch. One stepped out and began to look the mule over as if he meant to buy him. Finally he spoke to the negro.

"Mighty fine mule you have, Uncle."

"Yassuh, boss, fine mule."

"Kind of favors you, Uncle."

"Naw suh, boss, he only wall-eyed in one eye suh."

The man looked the mule over carefully.

"What kind of a mule is he, Uncle."

"Jist a mule, suh, never knowed but one kind, suh, jist a mule, suh, but a mighty fine mule, suh."

"What is his pedigree, Uncle."

The old man drew himself up proudly, "Petigree, suh, petigree, suh, his petigree, suh, is far beyon' yuh jurisdiction, suh." And he drove off.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

BOARD OF EDITORS

W. P. FULLER, Philanthropic, Editor-in-Chief
LOWRY AXLEY, Dialectic, Assistant Editor-in-Chief

DIALECTIC
G. W. Eutsler, Literary Editor
T. C. Linn, Sketches

PHILANTHROPIC
J. S. Bryan, "Around the Well"
C. A. Boseman, Exchanges

T. C. Boushall, Philanthropic, Literary Editor
M. R. DUNNAGAN, Dialectic, Business Manager

J. V. Whitfield, Philanthropic
P. Woolcott, Philanthropic
} Assistant Business Managers

EDITORIAL

THE VICTORY IN DEFEAT

When I was a kid of the athletic-worship-age, I read somehow an article by some probably famous professional athlete. After telling of his record he wound up by saying: "But if I had the ordering of my boy's college life, I would arrange his successes and defeats in the ratio of nine defeats to one success." He then went on to show how that would make him successful. I remember wondering how the poor boy could ever be successful if he were doomed to such an overwhelming per cent. of defeats. I knew he would never make a ball player. But that man knew what I am beginning to find out. That's the way it always is anyhow. We go on calling certain men and ideas foolish until

gradually or suddenly we realize they were very wise and we were the fools.

But about quitting. The quitter reminds me very strongly of the man who wrote "Go to h—" below the following notice, which somebody had written on one of our dormitory walls: "Gentlemen do not deface the walls." Both have by their actions convicted themselves; the latter of being no gentleman, the former of disbelief in himself or his cause. The quitter who quits because he has no interest in his task I dislike more than the man who lacks the guts to stick.

If you go out for football, stay until the Thanksgiving game is history; if for baseball, until you get the "can." I don't believe a fellow can quit trying for a team or a college honor in midseason without despising himself if he is a true man. And if you do fail, don't feel bad about it. There are other seasons or other prizes. If you fail because of your weakness, you know how to strengthen yourself for the next trial. If you succeed in spite of this you are apt to overlook the fact that you have it, which last may lead to the bitterest of all doses to pride—the seat of the "has been."

BUT "LET US MAKE AN END" Our lives and our literature are full of the commonplace. But what are commonplaces but the fundamental truths of life —as known in Chapel Hill, Bagdad, New York and every town everywhere? We cannot get away from the commonplace. And saying farewell is a commonplace. Glancing over the last editorials for several generations of the *Magazine* I find the same undercurrent of feeling running through them all, and that is sorrow at the event. But to you, the casual reader, it means little or nothing. It's a commonplace. To me the position had become to an extent a matter-of-fact acceptance too—until I came to quit. Then I found, as you have too, that when we come to end a task we suddenly find we like it more than we thought.

We unconsciously glance back over the past and are thrilled with what was. I find in these pages a little history of myself. It is hidden from all but him who lived it; but he did; and is glad. The tendency has been to measure this work beside the thousand more important enterprises that roar and overshadow around, but as I and myself sit in the twilight and the world currents do not bother or matter,—for a while we are glad that our hands have had something to do. We are not ashamed of our mistakes and more, for we know they are honest mistakes. And now this last word, born of the experiences of this year's work. No matter who or where you are, if you believe a thing is right, if you think a thing is good, if you fear a thing is bad, if you do nothing else, just say so. My year's gold can be cradled down to this one sentence: "Nothing good is ever lost, whatever you do counts." If you were marooned on a South Sea coral reef and shouted your beliefs on woman suffrage to the gulls, it would have its influence.

So kind friend—for if you happen sympathetically over this you are a friend—farewell.

AN APPRECIATION The Magazine Board wish to take this opportunity to publicly thank Professors J. M. Booker, E. K. Graham and J. F. Royster for their interest in the Magazine this year. Dr. Booker we consider almost as a member of the Board. The other two gentlemen have rendered invaluable service. The assistance of all three has been voluntary and invaluable. We believe this unofficial, this voluntary, and to a degree this familiar participation of the Faculty in student activities is their only true solution.

AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY SHEP. BRYAN

THE READERS' EDITORIAL PAGE

VICE-PRESIDENTS

You've never thought of it, but if you had, wouldn't you think it right and logical that the vice-presidents of the classes should have seats on the Greater Council?

Consider a moment: We elect a man to a position that carries with it honor to a very negligible degree and absolutely no responsibility or opportunity for service. As a consequence, just anyone is elected without regard for the fact that he is the second-in-command of the class, and may at any time be called upon to assume duties for which he is absolutely incapable. For instance, the Senior vice-president might be suddenly thrust into the presidency of the Council to pass upon a weighty matter of expulsion. Without experience in this serious duty, is he to be trusted to lead the Council to a just decision?

On the other hand a strong man, really the second best in the class, may be elected to the vice-presidency. Then more's the pity—he should not be snowed under but should have opportunity to devote his ability to the benefit of his class.

There is no real argument to be advanced against this progressive step. It should have been incorporated long since in our scheme of representation. We don't need honorary offices—the fewer, the better. And those offices we must have we want filled with strong, capable men, men whom the class will never hesitate to have represent them in any way, if occasion should demand. The best way to do this is to make the office a responsibility and an honor, and better men will invariably be elected.

It's up to the individual classes. In the elections soon to come, a motion made by some right-thinking man will give the class, instead of a figure-head vice-president and two representatives, a first and a second vice-president, say, whose duty it shall be to represent their class on the Greater Council.

GEO. W. EUTSLER.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

Our town is one of the garden spots of the State; people love to come to Chapel Hill, because it is such an antique, lovable place. We all love it here, and we love it for its simple expressive beauty unadorned, which inspires us, leads us on to higher and nobler things. In recent years, however, the place has become more attractive; the new dormitory has added its share, Caldwell Hall and the Peabody Building have added theirs. Extension work has been inaugurated in order to make our community a still better place in which to live, and to make our town a clean, wholesome one, an ideal "city beautiful." But just at present there is something which is vitally important to our community as well as to the University, it is a question of health and hygiene.

Within twenty feet of main street there is a filthy livery stable. A fly hatchery, a germ nursery in the very midst of our garden spot! What a deplorable state of affairs! And thirty feet above this table stands a boarding house for students, where swarm the flies directly from the filth of the stable. A dozen yards beyond this boarding place a group of fraternity houses are built. This is a wretched state of affairs, and while extension is still fresh in the mind, let us consider this problem. Should beauty come before sanitation; before health? We can have both here. We owe it to ourselves; we owe it to our community, and we owe it to the State.

Who is responsible for such poor sanitary conditions? It is a question neglected or overlooked by the town authorities, and yet it is demanding immediate attention. It is the duty of the town to remedy such conditions, but if the authorities continue neglectful, then it is time for the University to act in behalf of her students.

—G. A. Mebane, Jr.

---

let's have true democracy

Did any of you fellows ever stop and think whether our system of student government is democratic or not? We all think we are having a voice in this student government business when we elect representatives from our respective classes and from the student body at large. These representatives of ours which compose the student council and the greater council make up our system of student government. Did it ever occur to you that those men who are on these councils, very rarely, if ever, consult as to how they should act and that we never instruct them, our representatives, as to how they should act or vote? You will find that nine times out of ten they act on their own initiative. Is this true democracy in student government? I think that you will bear me out, when I say that it is not. For our system of student government to be democratic we ought to be consulted by our representatives and be able to instruct them how they should act. It will be a great deal easier for the councils to consult as a body than to consult us through the medium of the class representatives.

I have a system in mind which, will I think, make student government more democratic. This plan has been tried and proved to be a success by many of the large universities all over the country. Let us do away with the athletic association and organize the student body instead. Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean to do away with the functions of the athletic association. As it is now every student is a member of the athletic association. Let us

elect a president and minor officers of the student body. The business of the athletic association will be a part of the business of the student body. Things that had before been impossible will then be possible. Let the student council and the greater council be parts of the student body and be responsible to it for their actions. The real function of the councils should be to bring up questions and then let the student body decide whether they should be carried out or not. Fellows, let's have true democracy. It will be all right just so it gives us a say-so in what is going on around here.

—R. T. BRYAN, JR.

THE BLACK CAT

G. A. Martin

I don't know whether witch stories are true or not, but I do know a man who knows there used to be witches. He has heard "old folks" say so; he has had personal experiences with witches; and finally he can prove by the Bible that they once existed. Here is one of his experiences as I heard him tell it one day at a corn-shucking:

"Boys, the feller thet says they ain't no sich things as witches don't know what he is talking about. I've seed 'em, and what's more I've felt 'em, and what I've seed and felt I know. Let me tell you how I got hitched up with one. Y'all know Aunt Nancy Wiles. Well, one day her ole man, Uncle Jim, went to Winston with a load of terbacker. Aunt Nancy wuz afeared at nights with nobody 'round' but her and Sallie, thet's her girl—'cause people said their house wuz hanted; so she sent Sallie round' to ax me if I wouldn't come and stay with them at night.

"When Sallie got up home ole Mealy Myers wuz there. I'd hearn some people say ole Mealy wuz a witch, but I didn't believe them. Sallie comes in and says:

"'John, mamma wants you to came and stay with us tonight 'cause papa is gone and we are afraid.'

"Fraid of witches, are ye? All right, I'm not. I'll come and keep the witches off till yer daddy gets back.'

"Sallie went home, and purty soon ole Mealy turned to me and says:

"'John, you spoke mighty disrespectkful of the witches 'while ago. Don't you believe there is any.'

"I seys: 'I don't know, and what's more I don't care. But if they is they had better let alone er somebody'll get hurt.'

"She didn't say a word fer a long time. Then after a while she said:

" ' John, I speckt you'd better not go down yander tonight; the witches might get you.'

" ' Well, let 'em get me,' I seys.

" Ole Mealy didn't say much more, and purty soon she went home.

" Well, I fergot all about ole Mealy, and jist afore dark I went down to aunt Nancy's. We sot roun' and talked till 'bout nine o'clock and went to bed.

" I couldn't go to sleep. I guess I had been in bed more'n a hour when all at once I heard an awful racket up the chimney. I hadn't more'n looked toward the fireplace 'fore a great big black cat come biling out. Boys, she wuz a big 'un. She got up on her haunches and licked her 'fore feet. Then she come closer to my bed and looked me in thet look I had seed before.

" The next thing I knowed thet cat had jumped upon the foot of my bed and before I could do anything she grabbed me by my toes with her fore feet. Well, sir it paralyzed my whole body from my hips down. I couldn't no more move my legs than if I hadn't any. We stayed there thet way fer a long time. I done some hard thinking, and all the time thet cat sot there and looked me straight in the eye with an expreshun thet I knowed I had seed before somewhere.

" All at once I remembered thet my arms wuz loose and my body from my hips down wuz not paralyzed. So I riz up right slow til I wuz setting up in my bed. Then I doubled up my fists and hit thet cat jist as hard as I could right under her right eye. Well sir, I knocked thet cat clear to the fire-place afore she hit the floor, and when she fell she fell a-rolling. Boys if ye ever seed a surprised cat, thet wuz one of 'em. She turned round and looked at me sorter quare like. I didn't say a word but just grinned. She couldn't stand thet. She shot up the chimney like a streak of black lightin', and I wuzn't pestered any more with cats thet night.

"Now boys, thet might not have been a witch, but two or three days later when ole Mealy Myers come up to our house, she had a big white rag tied over the right side of her face; and when ma axed her what wuz the matter with her face, she said she had fell down and hurt it. When she said thet, I looked at her and grinned. She didn't say a word to me, but she got up and went home."

A SUMMER STORM

G. A. Martin

Piercing a cloud of darkness,
Out the regions afar,
To light the life of my soul
There came one day a star.

One year it lived, then vanished
To light another's soul,
Leaving my life in darkness,
Casting away my goal.

The clouds once dark turned darker
And made of love a scar;
My aim, my soul, my all died
And vanished with the star.

EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY CLAUDE BOSEMAN

"SCISSORS, NOT THE PEN"

Boston—"Why didn't that fellow make a fraternity?"
Landrigan—"He couldn't get enough men together."
—*The Punch Bowl.*

"Pray let me kiss your hand," said he
With looks of burning love.
"I can remove my veil," said she,
"Much easier than my glove."

—*Cornell Widow.*

THE DEBUNTANTE NOW AND THEN

1814

7:30 a. m.—Arise and dress.
7:35—Family prayers.
8:00—Breakfast.
8:30-11:30—Sewing.
12:00—Dinner with cabbage.
1:00 p. m.—Walk in the garden.
2:00-4:30—Read the family album.
5:30—Tea.
6:30—Supper.
8:02—Jonathan calls.
10:01—Jonathan leaves.
10:03—Slumber continued.

1914

7:30 a. m.—Return home and retire.
7:45 a. m.-1:00 p. m.—She sleeps.
1:15—Breakfast-lunch in boudoir.
1:30—Harold calls to show the steps.
2:30—Harold leaves.
2:32—Off with Alfred in the motor.

4:00—Tea with sister's fiance.
5:00—Open consignment of French thrillers.
6::00—Dinner in seventeen layers.
7:00-9:00—Dressing, etc., for the real world of life.
9:00—The dance begins.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"It's a long corridor that has no ultimate termination," remarked the absent-minded professor as he paddled patiently around in a revolving door.—*Minnesota Minnehaha.*

Dr. Libby—"When did the revival of learning begin?"
Cole—"Just before the exams."—*The Student.*

TEN THINGS EVERY MAN WOULD LIKE TO DO

1. Own one thousand shares of Pennsylvania stock.
2. Be captain of the football team.
3. Take Gaby out to dine.
4. Drive a car like Bob Burman.
5. Be able to get good marks without working.
6. Be a "lion among ladies" (always vigorously denied).
7. Look like an "Arrow Collar" ad.
8. Do the Castle well.
9. Have a cutting Chapel monitor.
10. Embrace "Billie Burke."—*Yale Record.*

POST-IMPRESSIONISM IN LITERATURE

Proposition: One June night, one moon, one maid, one man, two chairs, two shadows, three little words.

Result: One June night, one moon, one maid and man—inextricably combined—one chair, one shadow, silence.

Three years later: Words, words, words.—*The Acorn* (Meredith).

TERPSICHOREAN LORE

Ah, Let the Bunny Hug the Dip,
E'en let the Tan-go share it:
But should the Gaby Glide away,
How could the Grizzly Bear it?
—*Randolph Macon Monthly.*

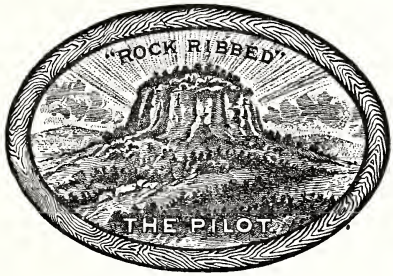
THE WRECK

The murky moonbeams' ghostly light,
A night-owl's distant, eerie screech—
The swish of waves on the long, gray beach,
A vessel's sail so wan and white.

The slender shadows of the pines
Stretch grimy fingers towards the sea;
And lying prone within the quay
A ruined schooner's broken lines.
—*The Hollins Magazine.*

There is sweet music here tonight. For now the sea,
The shimmering moonlit vibrant sea with joy doth sing;
And lazy winds awandering far, the melody
In lingering cadence sweet unto my ear do bring.
To-night, a placid sea is breathing calm
Into its song; the hushed waves with single tongue
Sing peace; the sifted moonlight and the breeze's balm
Tempt drowsy sleep. The hundred songs the sea has sung
This night, would plunge a master into black despair.
Not even Wagner, with his interweaving melodies,
Could ever hope in wildest dreams to equal these.
Begins the wondrous theme, marked off with surging beat,
The throbbing theme; and through its mazes steal
A thousand tunes that wildly rise, and then retreat
Again, until I, rapt and charmed listening, feel
The solemn grandeur and the deep intensity,
The soul of all the restless, murmuring mass—the Sea.
—*The Loyola Magazine.*

APPROVAL



OUR Policyholders, with unmistakable emphasis, have placed their stamp of approval on "The Pilot Company." Over ***one-tenth*** of the entire business of last year was written on the lives of people who already held "Pilot Policies." No stronger endorsement of this faith in the Company and its future and their approval of its policy can be given.

Many Carolina Alumni have made good in the ranks of the "Pilot Men." You can do likewise. Give us an opportunity to confer with you before you enter other work.

Southern Life & Trust Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

A. W. McALISTER, Pres't — R. G. VAUGHN, 1st Vice-Pres't
A. M. SCALES, 2nd Vice-Pres't — R. J. MEBANE, 3rd Vice-Pres't
ARTHUR WATT, Secretary

COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y., Makers of the

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To the University of North Carolina, University of the South, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford and the others.

Class contracts a specialty. Reliable materials. Reasonable prices. Bulletins and Samples on request

WE DO GENUINE FRENCH DRY CLEANING

and Sample Dyeing as well as High Grade Laundry Work. We Will Appreciate Your Patronage. Write for Price List and Terms to Agents

Columbia Laundry Company

112½, 114, 116 Fayetteville St.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SCHIFFMAN JEWELRY COMPANY

LEADING JEWELERS

Opposite McAdoo Hotel - - Greensboro, N. C.

Diamonds, Fine Gold and Platinum Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Novelties, Etc.

COLLEGE AND CLASS PINS, MEDALS AND COLLEGE JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

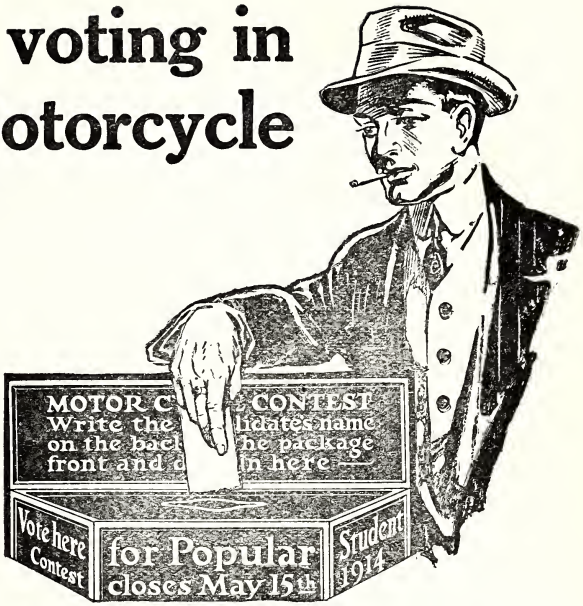
Wirt, Waterman and Edison Fountain Pens

(All Guaranteed)

ALL PENS REPAIRED

W. B. SORRELL, Jeweler

Are you voting in the big Motorcycle Contest?



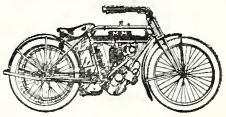
You will find a Ballot Box in every tobacco store in town. It costs nothing to vote—and it takes only half a minute to write the name of your choice on the back of a Fatima, Piedmont or Chesterfield package front. So look over the list of nominees and vote for one of them—or if you have another choice, put him in the race. The more the merrier.

Standing of Nominees

George Eutsler	142,690
R. W. Jernigan	118,200
David Heath	106,830
J. L. Parker	18,520
A. H. Moore	6,440
L. L. Abernethy	2,450
H. A. Tolson	1,860

Contest Closes Promptly at Noon **May 15**

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



This Trophy is for our most Popular Student

It will be a big honor to win this handsome $200 M-M Motorcycle—and every student in this college should help decide who shall receive this honor. The voting value of cigarette package fronts is as follows:

Fatima . . 60 votes
Piedmont . 20 votes
Chesterfield 10 votes

THE

Citizens National Bank

RALEIGH, N. C.

With ample resources, offers its services and its facilities for business to the young business men of North Carolina

---

All kinds of COMMERCIAL BANKING handled, and through the RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY it takes care of Savings Accounts, and all classes of Trust Business

---

Four per cent. interest paid quarterly on time deposits

KLUTTZ'S NEW HABERDASHERY

Everything in UP-TO-DATE Men's Wear: Florsheim Shoes, Stetson Hats, Eclipse and Manhattan Shirts, Underwear, Gloves and Neckwear from the best manufacturers. Agency for Spalding Athletic Goods. The latest Novelties in Souvenirs, Pennants, Pillows, Banners, Gold and Silver Jewelry. Shields and College Posters, Cards and Stationery.

KLUTTZ'S BOOK STORE

Everything for the student. Something nice to eat, Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Sunshine Cakes and Crackers; Canned Goods, Pickles, Olives—the best variety—fresh and nice.

The best line cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes in town. Trade with the Original—ADAM.

"ESTABLISHED 1883"

FOISTER

KODAKS—SUPPLIES

FINISHING FOR THE AMATEUR

STROWD & TILLEY

FURNITURE
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

FAMOUS STAR BRAND SHOES

J. D. WEBB, President
C. B. GRIFFIN, Cashier

E. V. HOWELL, 1st Vice-Pres.
R. H. WARD, 2nd Vice-Pres.

The Peoples Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
AT YOUR DISPOSAL

"My Grandmother's School, My Mother's School and the School for My Daughter."

Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

One hundred and twelve years of unbroken history.
Beautiful and historic environments, with thorough modern equipment. $300,000 endowment.
Last year's enrollment six hundred and twenty-two (622). Faculty, fifty-three (53).
College course, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Academy (high school), average cost, $325.00 per year.
A safe, high-grade, conscientious school, best known through the thirteen thousand southern women it has trained.
Address, PRES. HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Jolly & Wynne's

JEWELRY, CUT GLASS, CHINA, FLAT, HOLLOW AND FANCY STERLING WARE

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, COLLEGE JEWELRY WEDDING PRESENTS

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Company

128 FAYETTEVILLE STREET : : : RALEIGH, N. C.

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

M. C. S. Noble, President — H. H. Patterson, Vice-President — J. C. Taylor, Cashier

OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN ORANGE COUNTY

WATCH FOR THE OVERLAND

It's Always in the Road and Phone Fifty-Eight or Twenty-Three, and Get the OLD RELIABLE

C. S. P.

FOR GOOD AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Prompt Attention to all Orders. Two Machines at Your Service Day and Night

C. S. PENDERGRAFT - - - CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

American Plan $2.50 to $4.00

European Plan $1.00 and Upwards

TWELFTH AND MAIN STREETS

RICHMOND : : : : : : : VIRGINIA

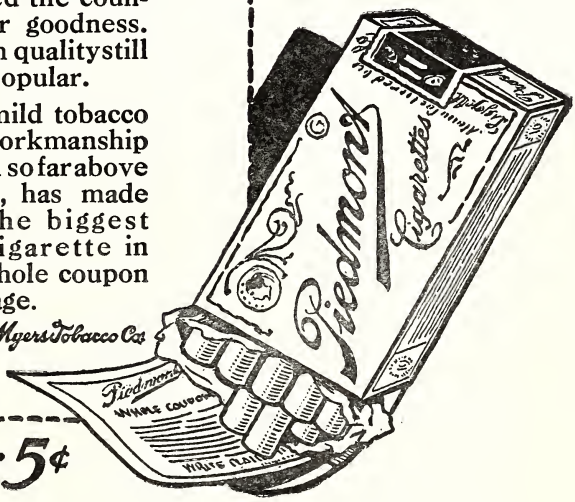
Piedmont

The Cigarette of Quality

Years ago Piedmont Cigarettes captured the country with their goodness. And their high quality still keeps them popular.

The choice, mild tobacco and careful workmanship that puts them so far above all imitations, has made Piedmont the biggest selling 5c. cigarette in America. Whole coupon in each package.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



10 for 5¢

Boys, let "LONG" BILL JONES

DO YOUR PRESSING
CLEANING—ALTERING—REPAIRING

Same Good Work — Same Old Stand

WINSTON-SALEM

"The Live Wire" City of North Carolina

ALWAYS SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT AT

GOOCH'S CAFE

Opposite the Campus

"OLEY"—AT YOUR SERVICE

WHEN IN WINSTON-SALEM EAT AT THE

PHOENIX CAFE

Clean Cooking—Wholesome Fare
EVERYTHING IN SEASON
THEMIS DEMETRELIS - - - - - - Proprietor

AGENCY
Whitman's
Famous Since 1842
Chocolates & Confections

ORANGE DRUG CO.

Patterson Bros.

DRUGGISTS

The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

All the courses of study in this College are technical and lead to graduation in Agriculture and allied subjects, in Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering; in Textile Art; and in Industrial Chemistry. Short courses are offered in Agriculture, in Mechanic Arts, and in Textile Art. One hundred and twenty scholarships are obtainable. For catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR, West Raleigh, N. C.

Winston-Salem Southbound

RAILWAY

The connecting link between the North and West and the Southeast

Short Line

Between Roanoke, Va., Winston-Salem, Lexington, Albemarle, N. C., etc., and Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and other southern points.

S. P. COLLIER, JR.,
Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHEN IN RALEIGH, STOP AT

GIERSCH'S HOTEL AND CAFE
(European Plan)

MAKE OUR PLACE YOUR HEADQUARTERS

BEST and CHEAPEST

Velvet

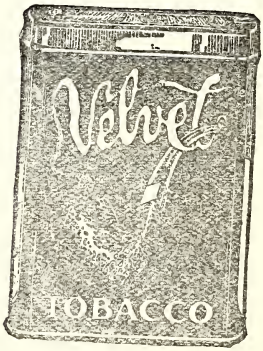
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

IN a debate, there is no evading the issue. Does your smoking tobacco bite or doesn't it?

Velvet is aged 2 years—which eliminates the leaf harshness and mellows and tones the richness. Produces a fine flavor and a smoothness that smokers appreciate above all else.

Gentlemen—there is only one side to this smoke question—that's the smooth side—"Velvet." Ask for Velvet at your dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



10c

Full Two Ounce Tins

"GET IT AT ODELL'S"

FOOTBALL, BASKET BALL, BASE BALL, TRACK AND GYM SUPPLIES, SWEATERS, JERSEYS, ETC.

Complete Stock of Ansco Cameras and Supplies.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

TWICE A YEAR when our representatives call, Chapel Hill and vicinity has an opportunity to see "what's new and desirable" in superior footwear.
IN BETWEEN TIMES we welcome the opportunity to serve you by mail—always assuring you of prompt, careful attention to your every wish—your satisfaction is our whole thought.
N. HESS' SONS, 8 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY

Offers 21 Years Experience

UNIVERSITY BOYS

Meet your friends at the only BEST cafe in Durham

ROYAL CAFE

You Know You Will be Satisfied—Chapel Hill Auto Station

PICKARD'S LIVERY STABLE

PHONE NO. 30

NEAR THE PHONE EXCHANGE. THE BEST LIVERY IN TOWN. SPLENDID HORSES AND CARRIAGES. QUICK ATTENTION

G. C. PICKARD & SON

THE ATTRACTIVE WAY

Through the Southeastern States---

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

AMPLE AND EXCELLENT THROUGH AND LOCAL TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN

Southeastern Commercial Centers and Resort Points

Also Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York

Through Tourist Sleeping Car Daily to

CALIFORNIA

Southern Railway system embraces territory offering unusually attractive and renumerative places for investment in agriculture, fruit culture, farming and manufacturing.

For full information and particulars, apply,

J. O. JONES

Traveling Passenger Agent,
215 Fayetteville Street,
RALEIGH, N. C.

CALL AT

H. H. PATTERSON'S

OPPOSITE THE CAMPUS

Where you will find men's Furnishings, Trunks, Dress Suit Cases, Carpets, Rugs, Ready-Made Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Bowls and Pitchers, Hardware, Heaters, Stoves, and everything that is good to eat. All goods delivered promptly

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Andrews Cash Store Company

The store that patronizes all College publications, and sells High Grade Furnishings and General Merchandise, Walk Over Shoes, $4.00 and $5.00. Cluett Shirts, Arrow Notched Collars, Stetson and Chesterfield Hats. Glad to serve you.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

EAT AT THE

HENNESSEE CAFE

342 South Elm Street., Greensboro, N. C., Near R. R. Station

COME TO SEE US WHEN IN TOWN

EVERYTHING NEW AND PLENTY OF ROOM

Well Ventilated

J. R. DONNELL, Proprietor and Manager

WHEN IN RALEIGH, GO TO

Tucker Building Pharmacy

FOR YOUR DRINKS AND SMOKES, ETC.

(On the Corner)

The North Carolina State Normal & Industrial College

CULTURE — SCHOLARSHIP — SERVICE — SELF-SUPPORT

Five well-planned courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Music, and Home Economics.

Special courses in Pedagogy; in Manual Arts; in Domestic Science, Household Art and Economics; in Music; and in the Commercial Branches.

Teachers and Graduates of other colleges provided for in both regular and special courses.

Equipment modern, including furnished dormitories, library, laboratories, literary society halls, gymnasium, music rooms, teachers' training school, infirmary, model laundry, central heating plant, and open air recreation grounds.

Dormitories furnished by the State. Board at actual cost. Expenses—board, laundry, tuition, and text-books—$195.00 a year. Tuition free to those who pledge themselves to become teachers.

Fall term opens in September. Spring term begins January 26, 1914. Summer term begins June 1st.

For catalogue and other information address

JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

Zinzendorf Laundry

Winston-Salem, N. C.

SATISFACTION

OR MONEY REFUNDED

J. G. FEEZOR, Agent, No. 4 Old West

King's Business College

INCORPORATED.

CAPITAL STOCK, $30,000.00

A School with a Reputation for Doing High-Grade Work

One of the best equipped schools in the South. THE LARGEST. The strongest faculty. MORE GRADUATES IN POSITIONS than all other business schools in the State. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English. Write for our handsome catalogue.

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Raleigh, N. C., or Charlotte, N. C.

We also teach Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., by mail. Send for home study circular.

Address J. H. KING, Pres., Raleigh, N. C.

Murphy's Hotel

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. THIS NEW HOTEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED, IS THE MOST MODERN AND LARGEST HOUSE SOUTH OF NEW YORK. WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DESIRED BY THE TOURISTS AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. OUR HOUSE IS CONDUCTED ENTIRELY ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN AND OUR RATES ARE FROM $1.00 TO $5.00 PER DAY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE MEN

JAS. T. DISNEY, Manager